Saturday Review

December 17, 1966 35¢

EDUCATION

THE DAY THE MAILS STOPPED

By Charles Remsberg

DESEGREGATION NORTH AND SOUTH

Articles by Gerald Grant and Jim Leeson

U.S. Commissioner of Education Harold Howe II—Growing pains at the Office of Education (see Education).

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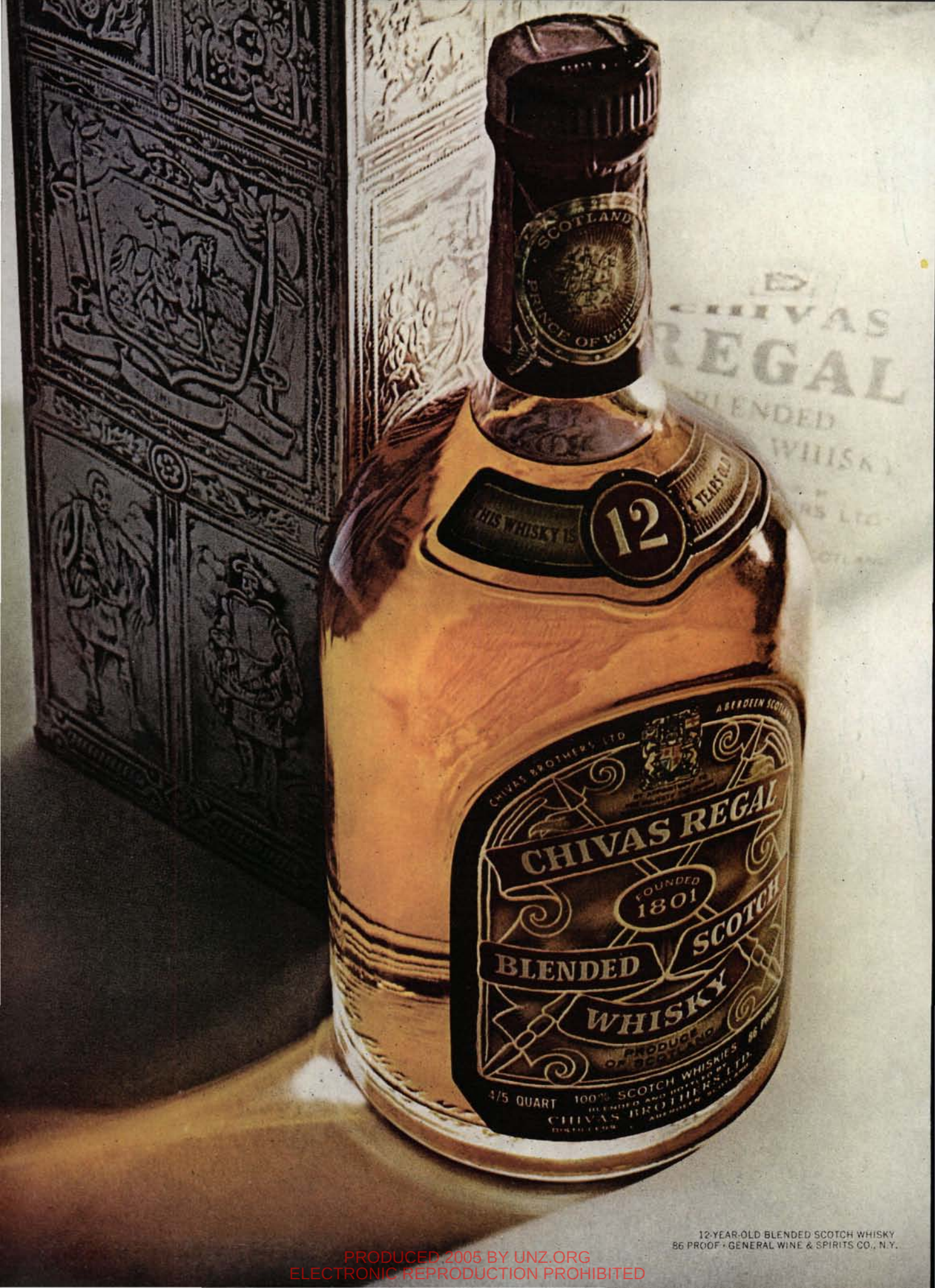

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This time of year, publishers' ads are full of "gift books." If a publisher's list is good, his ads exude Ho-ho-ho. If he's having an off season, they're Ho-ho-hum.

My favorite book on other publishers' lists is George Plimpton's *Paper Lion* (Harper, $5.95). Plimpton comes down out of the stands to become one of the pro football players. Winningly, losingly, he Walter Mittigates for us all.

A most important book—and a personal adventure story—is John Bartlow Martin's *Overtaken by Events* ($7.95). Martin, too, came out of the audience, where he had been a superb journalist, to become a mover and shaker—as JFK's and later LBJ's diplomat. His book takes us backstage at the embassy, where striped pants are no longer the uniform of the day. Wrote Richard Rovere: "It is surely the finest as well as the frankest diplomatic memoir ever written by an American."

Thomas Merton's *Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander* ($4.95) is by a fine writer who is anything but a passive observer. One man who *is* looking on is Harry Reasoner. In his "take-outs," *The Reasoner Report* ($3.95), the CBS newsman and commentator shows why reason is part of his name. You might also give Hope for Christmas: Bob's latest is *Five Women I Love* ($4.95). His presence with the troops in Vietnam may be the diplomatic thrust—or counterweapon—we have been searching for.

The Hallmark books—*Flowers of the Holy Land* ($2.95), *The Miracle of Christmas*, or *Christmas Treasures* (each $3.95)—are for those who care enough to send the very best but can't spend the very most. On the other hand, *The Horizon History of the Classical World* is two matchless volumes on Ancient Greece and Rome at a pre-Christmas bargain price of $30.

Finally, give your family, your church or churchman, or anyone you love, *The Jerusalem Bible* ($16.95), or any single volume or a subscription to *The Anchor Bible* ($5-7 apiece, 10 volumes in print). Each has its ecumenical spirit and each makes man both witness and participant.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

All books mentioned here may be obtained at your own bookstore or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 48 Maryland Plaza, St. Louis, Missouri 63108.

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Cover photo by Fred Ward (Black Star).

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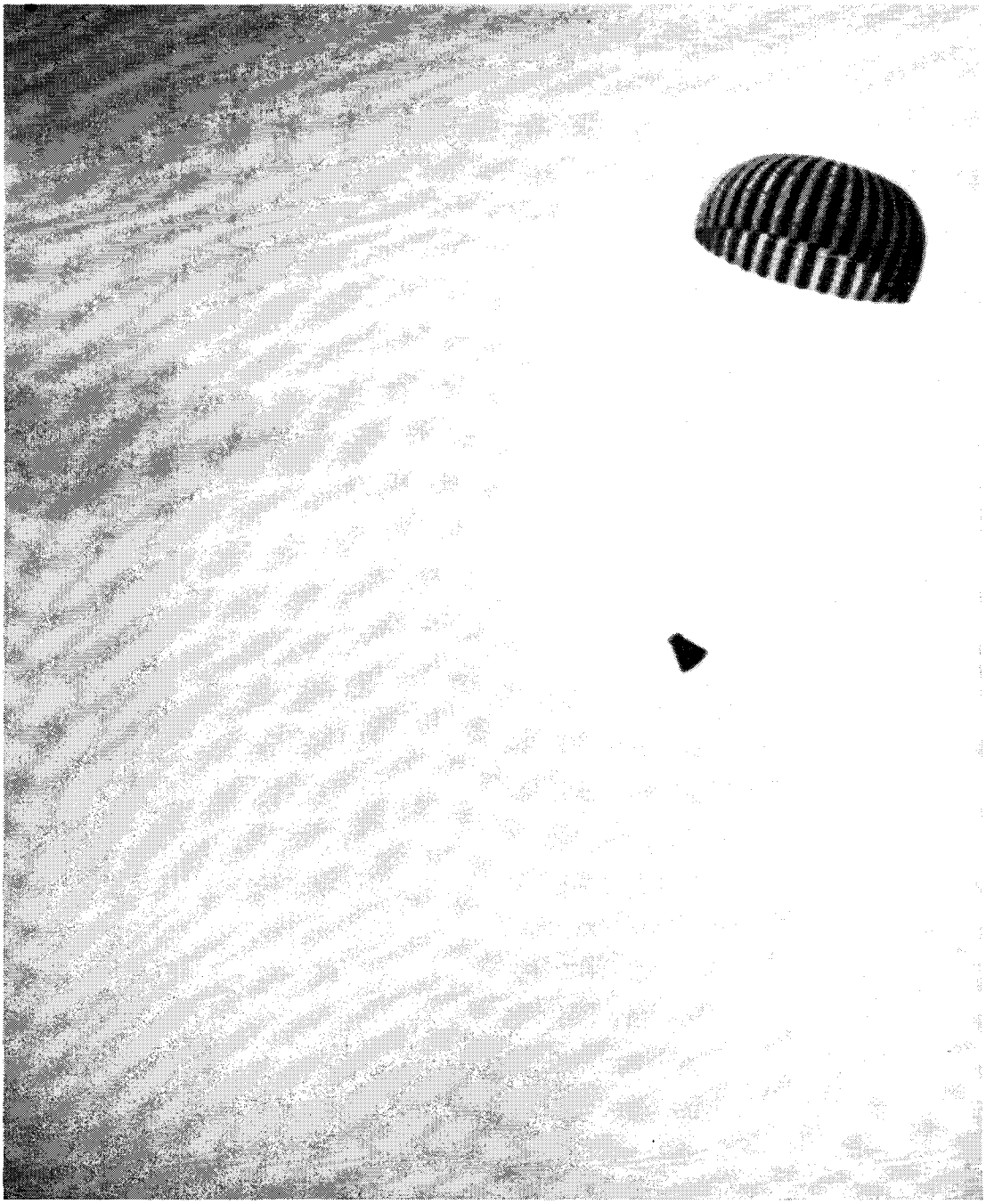

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Stop Breathing: It's Dangerous

Fie upon you, AMA
If I smoked a pack a day
Who could tell with air so clogged,
Dirty, germy, and besmogged
If my badly blackened bellows
Were caused by me or by my fellows?

—Virginia Brasier.

Italics Subtracted

UNLESS I am misreading the signs, there is a shortage of italics in the nation's composing rooms—or, if not an actual shortage, a threatened one. I'm not worried; we are a rich country and I am sure that, in an emergency, we could pull through. One of the big foundations might arrange for a continuing supply of italics if the government doesn't start stockpiling them.

What has happened to our once bountiful store of italics? I can remember when long prefaces were italicized and when someone, in a mood of profligacy, published a whole book set in italics. The book was hard on the eyes and the prefaces seemed pretentious, but these were extreme cases and I cite them merely to show that nobody talked about an italics shortage.

We didn't ask where italics came from; they were there. In the midst of an abundance unknown to our forefathers, we used italics freely and with no concern about tomorrow. And yet there were thoughtful men and women who wondered at the uncontrolled use of italics. Writers of articles and books would abruptly break from roman into italics for a brief typographical dance ending with an "(italics added)." The reader was to assume the italics were intended as a form of emphasis, but in many cases they seemed little more than self-indulgence. It was a dreadful waste.

Even so, I was not prepared for the shock of "(italics mine)" which lately has been appearing with greater frequency to the virtual exclusion of "(italics added)."

I can't recall when "(italics mine)" became dominant. At first I regarded it as a silly boast and whenever I encountered it I remarked mentally: "What of it!" Then I began to comprehend dimly that maybe at last our prodigal use of italics was leading us to famine and that authors who said "(italics mine)" were either selfish or showing off their prudence.

I felt sensitive about the future of italics because I had once been witness to an extraordinary occurrence on a New York newspaper called *The World Telegram and The Sun*. The paper was accustomed to emphasizing certain points in some stories by running one-sentence paragraphs, each preceded by a symbol that looked like a large black ball—an outsized period set above the line. It was called a bullet and was a handy makeup device.

But one day a reporter named Tom Furey, who was writing an unusually long feature story, went berserk. There was no fault with the story—writing, construction, or accuracy. What was shattering was that Furey used no fewer than thirty-eight bullets, virtually depleting the paper's supply.

The composing room was in an uproar as men searched everywhere for fresh bullets—in their pockets, their lockers, among the playing cards, the racing sheets, the weekly pool lists. It was in vain.

The next day an order was posted. Bullets were not to be used in stories for at least ten days. The paper had gone on for years without umlauts; possibly it would forgo bullets.

I doubt that anything as drastic as that could happen with italics. We all love italics in moderation. But I am still uneasy when I see "(italics mine)" in place of the old "(italics added)." Is humility no longer a virtue?

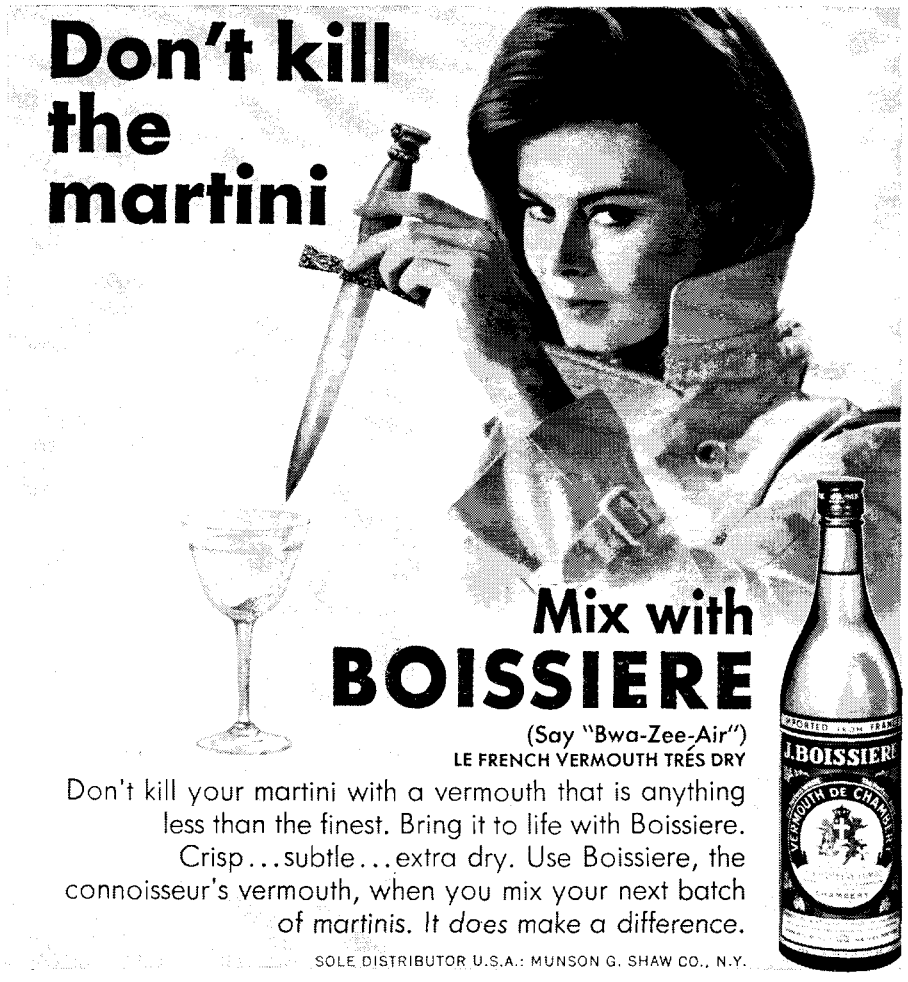
—John Ferris.

Furdsley's Reading List

WAITE FURDSLEY, the eminent American novelist, slept late on this snowy Saturday morning in early December. He had been up half the night reading a Western titled *The Lawless Border*, by Allan V. Elston.

He carried the book downstairs and, before breakfast, placed it on the ledge by the bay window where he kept those volumes that were next in line for his reading pleasure. He glanced over the dozen titles, trying to decide which one he'd take to bed with him tonight.

There was *The Twisted Thing*, by Mickey Spillane, and *Harlow*, by Irving Shulman. Also *Sex and Everything Else*, by Helen Gurley Brown; *Octopussy*, by Ian Fleming; *The Bank Shot and Other Great Robberies*, by Minnesota Fats; *The Wit and Wisdom of Billy Graham;* and *Flying Saucers—Serious Business*,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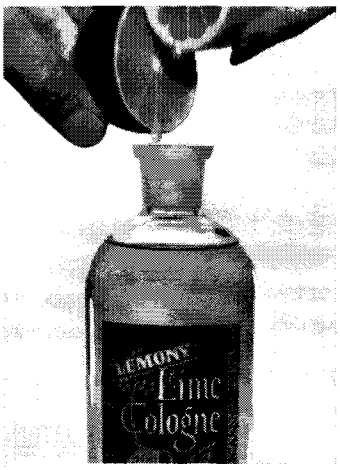
JOCKEY CLUB. A century old and still as sparkling as champagne! A brilliant, racy scent that is a great way to start your day.

NEWPORT. Admittedly snobbish. It deserves to be worn to only the right places. Formal enough to be used for evening.

LIME. Smells good enough to drink. We use the oil of real limes to give it its sunny zest. Which is surpassingly pleasant.



LEMONY-LIME. Fresh little squirt! Twice as invigorating as most citrus scents, so even winter winds can't daunt it.

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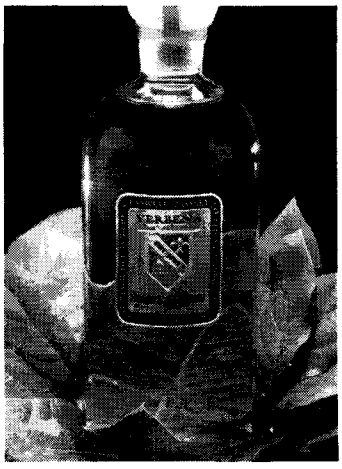
TRICORN. A new kind of fragrance that's modestly Revolutionary. Do you detect the hint of colonial sandalwood?



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Hallmark Gallery
5th Ave. at 56th St.

by Frank Edwards. Plus the latest Erle Stanley Gardner and the most recent Rex Stout."

While he was having his eggs, Mrs. Furdsley brought him his mail. Monthly bills, for the most part, but there was a letter from the editor of the *Sunday Gazette Book Review*. It said:

> Dear Mr. Furdsley:
> As is our custom each year, when we bring out our Christmas issue, we are asking prominent American authors to cite the five books they most enjoyed reading during the last year. The books need not have been published during the year. Could we have your five?

Immediately after breakfast, then, Waite Furdsley went to his study and sat down at his typewriter and made up his list. This is the way it went:

> Dear Editor:
> The five books I've most enjoyed during the past twelvemonth were:
>
> *Selected Letters of Malcolm Lowry.*
> *The Days of Henry Thoreau*, by Walter Harding.
> *Dag Hammarskjöld: A Spiritual Portrait*, by Sven Stolpe.
> *Freedom in the Modern World*, by Herbert J. Muller.
> *John Hus at the Council of Constance*, translated by Matthew Spinka.
>
> Much thanks for asking me in.
> Sincerely,
> W. G. FURDSLEY.

Waite Furdsley put the list into an envelope and sealed it, stamped it, and then settled down to Chapter XI of his work-in-progress, a novel called *Brazen in the Back Seat*. He hoped he'd be able to finish the chapter by mid-afternoon. There were a couple of television shows he wanted to watch. And he had decided to take the Mickey Spillane to bed later on. —H. ALLEN SMITH.

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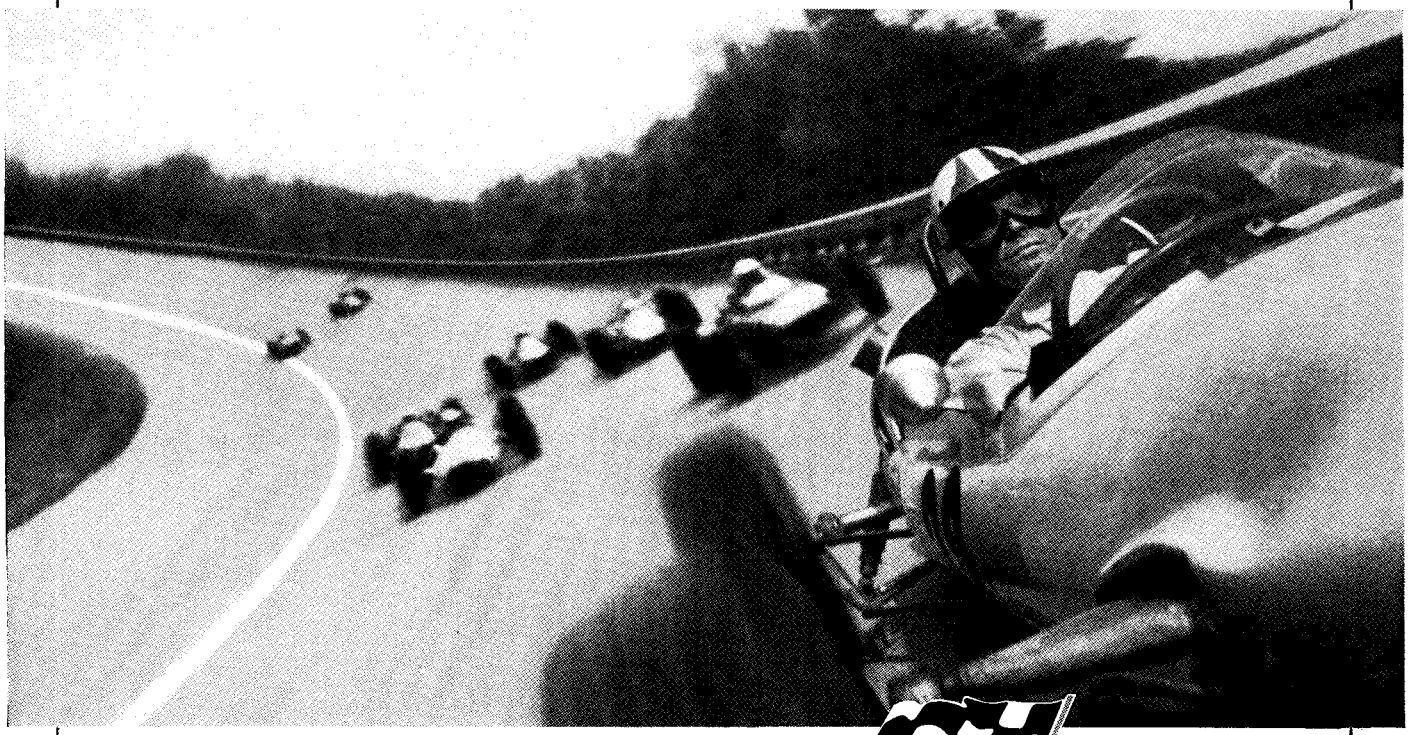

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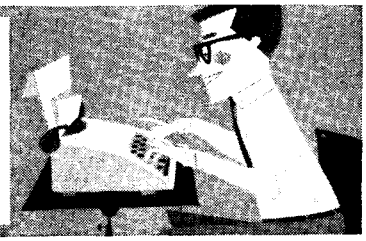
Top of My Head



How Not To

THE MAN in the electrical supply shop listened attentively while I explained that my electric razor was working well. All I wanted was an extension cord that would reach from the wall socket in the bathroom to my bed, a distance of twenty feet.

"Twenty feet?" he asked.

"Yes. I can't stand looking at myself in the mirror before I'm shaved."

One eyebrow shot slightly upward but his eyes never left the razor as he made a mental note to tell his wife about this one. She'd never believe it.

"OK," he said. "Have it for you a week from today."

"A week just for an extension cord?"

"That's right. Don't you know there's a war on?"

Now it was my turn. That was one epiphonema for which I wasn't prepared. I couldn't recall having read that the President had asked Congress to declare war. Nor had I heard that Lucky Strike green had gone to war. But if this was austerity time again I could be as patriotic as the next fellow. I said I'd be back in a week.

And that's when I bought *The New York Times Complete Manual of Home Repair.*

"When was the last time you called a handy man to fix a dripping faucet?" the ad asked. "Have any luck? *The New York Times* to the rescue! Here's a book that gives you clear, up-to-date instructions on how you can take care of every repair problem that may arise."

Let it be shown that I'm as unhandy a handy man as there is. But, armed with this manual, I went about keeping the home fires burning. I came across a diagram showing how to replace a noisy wall switch with a silent wall switch.

We've been having a lot of problems with our noisy wall switches. Neighbors have been complaining. So I bought a noiseless switch and went about installing it.

"First," the instructions with the diagram said, "remove the outer switch. Two screws remove it." I put the screw driver in the first screw and it knocked me out of the room. I had skipped an instruction which said to turn off the power by unscrewing the fuse. I climbed up a small ladder and unscrewed the fuse. That knocked me back into the room.

I removed the outer cover. Now the instructions were to remove the two screws which remove the wires from the switch. I did that. Then it said to attach the same wires to the new switch. I did that. I clicked on the switch and sure enough it was noiseless. Only one thing —the light didn't come on.

Then I remembered I hadn't turned the power back on. I went to the fuse box, climbed the ladder and did that. I looked at my watch. It was lunch time. And then like any handy man I knocked off for an hour's nap.

Refreshed, I came back to the job. The power was now on. I tiptoed over and silently turned on my noiseless switch. The ceiling light didn't light up but the crystal lamp on the piano did. I went back to the fuse to see what was wrong. I climbed up again and felt in back of it. There was an accumulation of dust which I cleaned out. After which I went to wash up. And sure enough, just as the manual had said, my faucet was dripping.

Now I was beginning to envy Lucky Strike green. It had only gone to war. It didn't stay behind and fix a noiseless switch and a dripping faucet. I hadn't ever noticed that it dripped. But the Devil and *The New York Times Complete Manual of Home Repair* find work for idle hands. I sat down to read the instructions about the dripping faucet. They were even more simple than the instructions about the noiseless switch. Which made them more suspect.

So I went to this other handy-book I have. It's called The Yellow Pages. I let my fingers dance across the pages until they came to Handyman. It said "See Fixit Shops." I turned to Fixit Shops. No, it did not say "See Handyman." There was a list of several fixit shops. I called one of them. I now have an appointment for a man to come fix our dripping faucet. February 10, he'll be there.

"I'll be there at 6:30 in the morning. Will anybody be home?" he asked.

Sure, we'll be home. Wide awake. Who can sleep with that noisy faucet? But our switch is noiseless, all thanks to *The New York Times Complete Manual of Home Repair.* —GOODMAN ACE.

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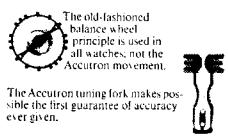
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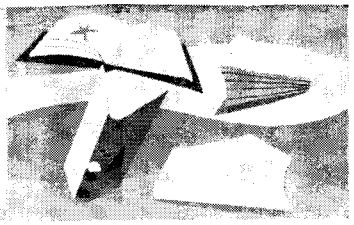
Trade Winds



Those little elves at the North Pole just never run out of ideas. You might think that for a nation that has everything, Santa's workers would give up. But, no siree, they realize how much the joyous Christmas holiday means to America, so they have hammered together some really delightful presents for us.

Hilarity seems to be a keynote in 1966. There is the Amusing Go-Away Mat. It's a doormat that reads GO AWAY instead of WELCOME. Put this down in front of your door "and watch the fun start," says the catalogue. (Hot dog!)

How about a pair of gorilla hands for Christmas? "When the party gets dull, run a hand over someone's arm. Instant panic!" If your own face isn't horrible enough, you can get a horrible mask to match the hands. Another new wrinkle is the Bald Wig Disguise. "Your friends will flip when they see you with a shiny, billiard-ball head. . . . You'll be the party sensation." (Wow!)

Lots of folks are more serious about the Yule season, however, and for them Santa lists imaginative gifts such as the electric vibrator which you hold to the back of your neck to keep you awake while driving your car. Or a Clever Pedo-

meter to record the distance you walk. "Fascinating fun for salesmen and housewives." (Oh, yeah?) Or the Hand-woven Rattan Beverage Baskets. (Just what we needed!) Here's a nice thing: a wastebasket made out of an elephant's foot. (What can we do with this sow's ear?)

There's nothing more unsettling than empty wall space, and Santa has much to offer us to ease the situation. This will be a great rack year: Spice Rack, Cosmetics Rack, Hat Rack, Spoon Rack, Sea Shell Rack, Wine Rack, Five-Way Paper Rack, Cookbook Rack, Soda or Beer Rack, and the Fractured Rolling Pin Rack for Pot Holders.

In the space between the racks you hang the Olden Telephone that is Really a Pencil Sharpener, the Combination Thermometer-Barometer-Humidity Meter, the Ship's Figurehead, the Cigarette Dispenser labelled "Coffin Nails," the Magazine Rack with Paper Towel Roller, and the Giant Calendar.

But you will pass up all those goodies when I tell you about the Surprise Box offered by a Southern California firm. They don't tell you what's in it. Just send them $5.55 and you will receive the Surprise Box. It contains "$15 worth of merchandise!" (I think I'll just ask Santa for the cash instead.)

One of the toughest problems for the comic-strip artist is how to get a vacation. He has to meet a deadline every day and he can never seem to get ahead. One solution has been to hire others to do most of the work. Another solution—a unique one, I believe—is that reached by Dick Brooks, creator of "The Jackson Twins," which appears daily and Sunday in more than 300 newspapers. He has taken his family and gone to Europe for a year. How?

Well, by an incredible application of effort, he finished a whole year of Sunday pages in advance, while meeting the regular deadlines. Then he built special fittings for his suitcase which will carry all his art supplies; he will keep drawing the daily strip and mailing it back. All

the while he plans to visit Italy, Switzerland, Greece, France, Spain, and Portugal.

If you open the paper some day and find the twins missing, you'll know that someone stole that suitcase.

Letters, photographs, and other documentary material relating to the life and work of Jawaharlal Nehru are being collected by the Nehru Memorial Museum and Library in New Delhi. Associates, friends, and admirers (and anyone else, presumably) of the late Prime Minister are requested to help in this collection by donating their letters, photographs, press clippings, films, etc. Copies will be supplied to the donors, or the originals

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If she doesn't fill out that rental form in 2 minutes flat, strip her of her Avis button.

The record: 47 seconds, Aileen Gray, Denver.

Time her.

(Many Avis girls break 90. After record holder Gray's 47, there's Alice Webb in Seattle, with 48.)

So if she goes over 2 minutes, her Avis button is yours.

And don't think it won't hurt.

When you wear a button that says, "We try harder," and somebody tells you to take it off, they're telling you something about yourself.

Try it the next time you rent a shiny new Plymouth from Avis.

2 minutes. If she takes a second longer, tell her to hand the button over.

Please don't try to remove it yourself.

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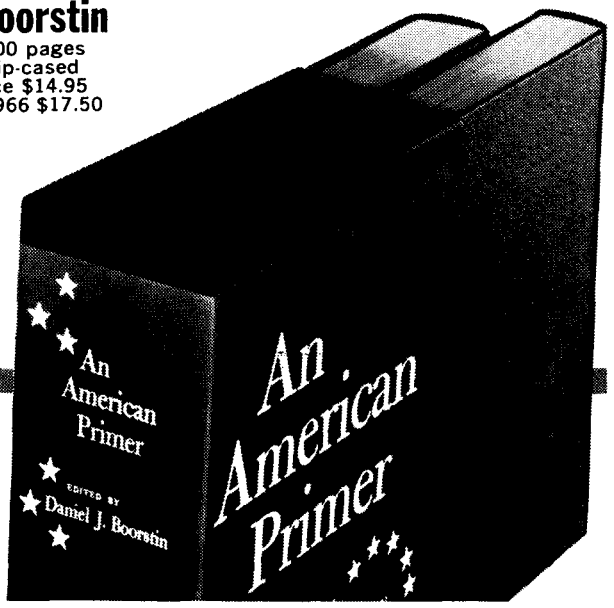

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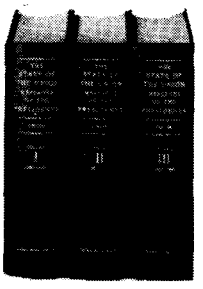

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Perhaps the subject has been covered before, but I think *America's Exciting Cities* by Alvin Schwartz is a good guidebook when you are traveling with children. Twenty-three metropolitan areas in North America are described. In the New York section I found some errors, such as the wrong bus and taxi fares and the suggestion that one read the *Herald Tribune*. Yet it is helpful to see listed sights just for children.

A restaurant where hamburgers are delivered by electric train was news to me. Kids ought to like the Museum of Famous People, where 160 animated, plastic figures re-enact events such as the burning of Joan of Arc and Houdini's escaping from his underwater box. The Chase Manhattan Bank has a money museum with wooden nickels, doubloons, and a steel check cancelled by submachine-gun bullets.

Sharps and Flats: Did you know that there is a book called *Children's Letters to God?* We adults have been intercepting letters to Santa Claus for many years, but this is going too far.

► The United Church of Rowayton, Connecticut, sent out a call to its members for a special meeting. A postscript added that "Since this is an evening when AA meets in the basement, will you plan to park on the West and North sides!" At least it was dark.

► Remember the old days, when you just walked into a movie at any old time? If it was in the middle, you sat through the beginning and then left, saying, "This is where I came in." How come we don't do that any more?

► Pretty soon George Wallace will be the first man in history to kiss a Governor of Alabama in public.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1705)

(WESLEY) MARX:

KELP FORESTS OF THE PACIFIC

(From *The Atlantic*, Sept. 1966)

Kelp concentrates marine life. Kelp is the fastest-growing plant on this planet and one of the most prolific. This stature has been achieved without any extra aid by chemical fertilizers, pesticides, and agricultural services.

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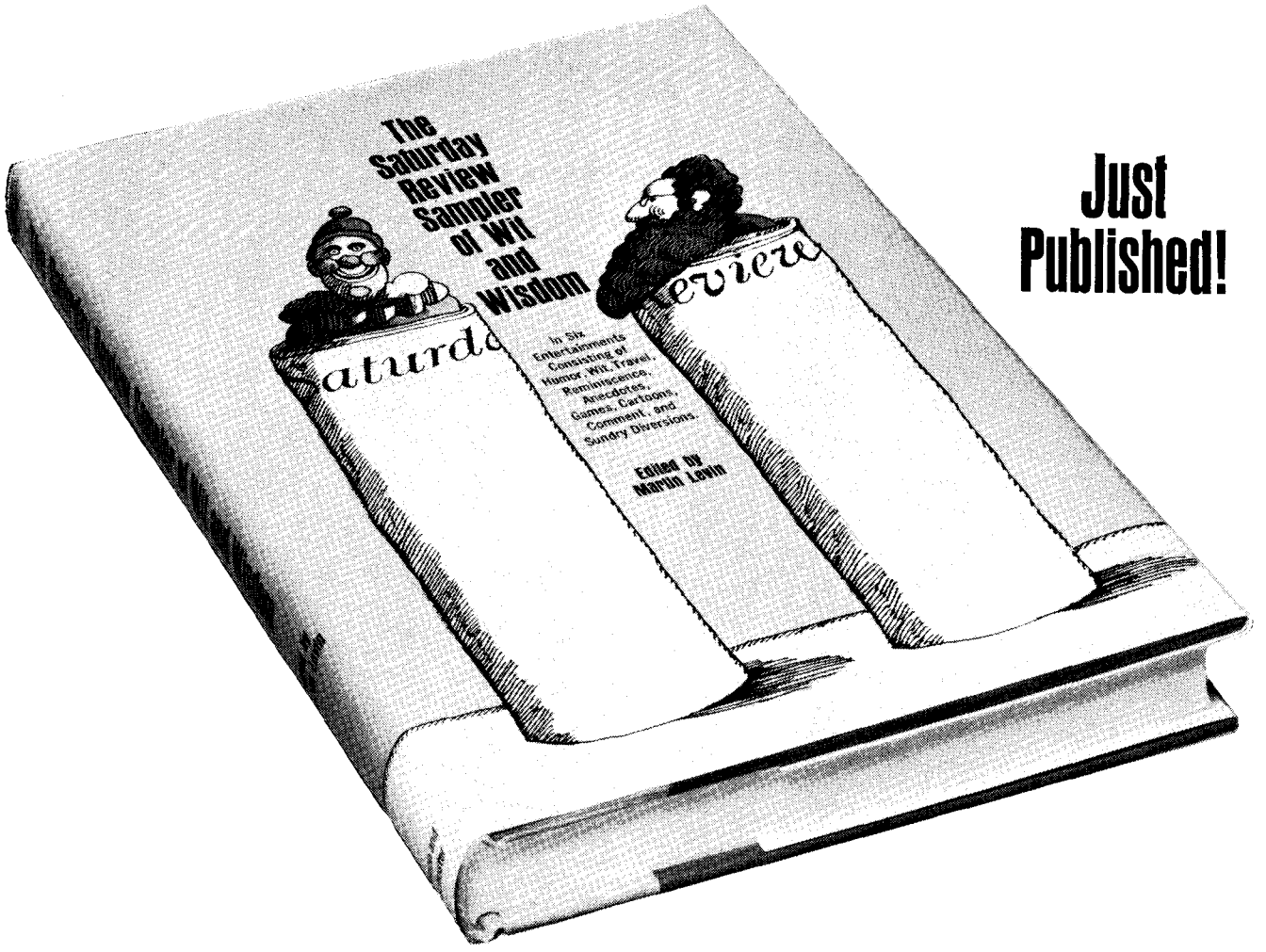
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In Six Entertainments Consisting of Humor, Wit, Travel, Reminiscence, Anecdotes, Games, Cartoons, Comment, and Sundry Diversions.
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- Melvin W. Lackey demonstrates the courteous art of Programmed Instruction
- Malcolm Cowley's *A Ghost Story of the Jazz Age*
- Horace Sutton's definitive monograph on the breakfast rites of Miami (and the Great Bagel Controversy that followed)
- Peter De Vries on how to be a Primitive Critic
- Mary Hemingway on Havana
- Brooks Atkinson on being a Night Worker
- And a lavish supply of table talk and travel talk, thrusts and riposts, intellectual nourishment and sundry diversions by Cleveland Amory, George S. Kaufman, H. Allen Smith, Jerome Beatty, Jr., Goddard Lieberson, Howard Lindsay, John Steinbeck, and many more.

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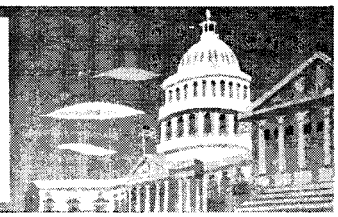
State of Affairs



Reformer at HEW

WASHINGTON.

HE IS a quiet, modest, almost retiring man, not one to hog the conversation around a dinner table. When he does speak up, though, he speaks with conviction and lucidity. He is one of the most interesting men to talk to in Washington these days: John W. Gardner, the Secretary of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

He is both the navigator and chief engineer of the Great Society program, at least in some of its principal areas of operation; yet he is absorbed not only in his current problems, but thinks ahead, quite far ahead. Sometimes he even indulges in the luxury of playing with ideas that go well beyond the scope of his job. Though once a "foundation man," he does not have the typical attitude of one: That is, he does not conform to certain norms in order to avoid getting into unnecessary trouble, nor does he think that giving away money is a natural human occupation.

John Gardner has the kindly look of a convinced Medicare doctor, the thoughtful, penetrating eyes of a scientist, and the slightly absent-minded manner of a scholar. Yet the way he dealt with Medicare proved him to be a man of action. The advance planning was so well conceived that the dire predictions of overcrowded hospitals and overworked doctors proved false. Instead, the majority of doctors, rather than boycotting the scheme, are helping make Medicare work, and considerable desegregation has been achieved in the hospitals. Next year, the President has hinted, he may extend Medicare to include children.

When Mr. Gardner, in a particularly relaxed mood, allows his mind to sweep across the national scene and the reforms that may be needed in the long term, he talks persuasively about the growing problems of the federal government, especially in the social field, and wonders how it can continue to carry the responsibilities of being Mother Superior. For a long time, he feels, there was no alternative to the federal government's initiating programs and administering them, setting the pace and general priorities. The federal government had the necessary power, the money, and the brains. Thus the emphasis had to be on centralization to force the states, by various inducements, to progress.

In the process, however, the state governments came to rely inordinately on Washington and atrophy set in. The quality of local government deteriorated as its scope narrowed. Governors and mayors complain that they have lost much of their independence and freedom to act, and that they have difficulty in maintaining skilled and intelligent men around them. Washington is the Mecca for the young and the talented who look for opportunity, experience, interesting work, and a promising future, for Washington remains the laboratory of ideas and their executor.

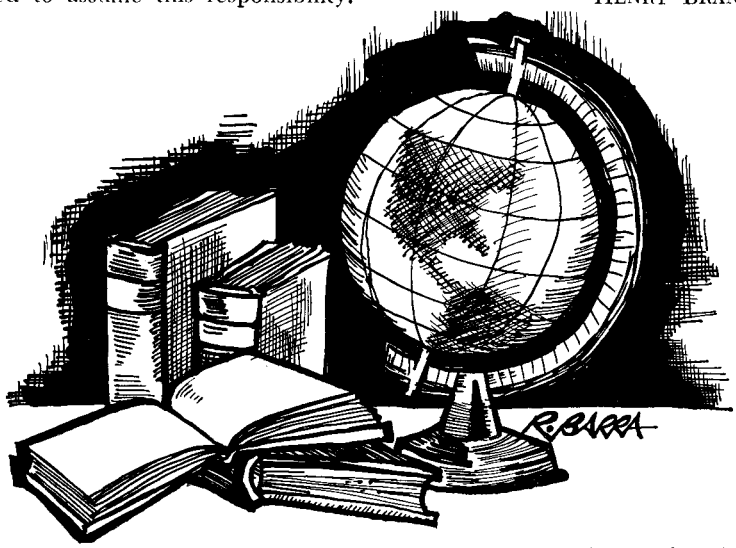
Gardner thinks that the pattern set for dealing with the roots of the problems troubling American society has become obsolete. A crucial moment has been reached: The mammoth problems of yesterday have become so much more vast in scope that the trend to rely mainly on the federal government for solutions needs to be reversed. The nation requires a gradual shifting of responsibilities to the states. The problems of urban society are of such magnitude and are so diverse that it is increasingly difficult to deal with them by remote direction and supervision from Washington. In fact, unless the balance of responsibility is shifted, trouble will build up and the authority and popularity of the federal government will suffer. The rumblings of discontent created by the poverty program are a case in point, but there are others. Diverse local needs require more and more individual handling, which requires the development of greater local responsibility and people qualified to assume this responsibility. Gardner thinks that if state and local governments are given more responsibility and more means to attack their problems, talented people will stay home to serve them.

Walter Heller, one of the most inspiring men to come to Washington from the Middle West in the last few years, suggested, when he was still chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, a scheme by which the federal government would turn over a large percentage of federal taxes to the states for use according to their assessment of priorities. Some such scheme would have to be the basis for the reforms Gardner envisages.

THERE are signs—the demonstration-city program is one—that the White House is conscious of the need to help stimulate local initiative and ingenuity according to local needs, but there is even greater evidence that Republicans would like to make this idea a new theme of their policy. Gardner's thinking and the picking up of the idea by the Republicans are not primarily due to the fact that Secretary Gardner has been a lifelong registered Republican. His thinking is influenced not by politics but by experience—and there are few men in Washington who have more experience in directing, from the center, complicated programs that reach into virtually every community.

The issue of rearrangement of governmental relationships may well become the subject for a Great Debate. It needs careful study, and some of the great institutions devoted to the analysis of government ought to examine it in the light of the latest social and scientific developments. For the answers, I suspect, are not simple, and there are still valid arguments for the present system. It would be unfortunate if the issue became a political football because, as Gardner says, the nation's long-term welfare may well depend on this kind of basic reallocation of resources.

—HENRY BRANDON.



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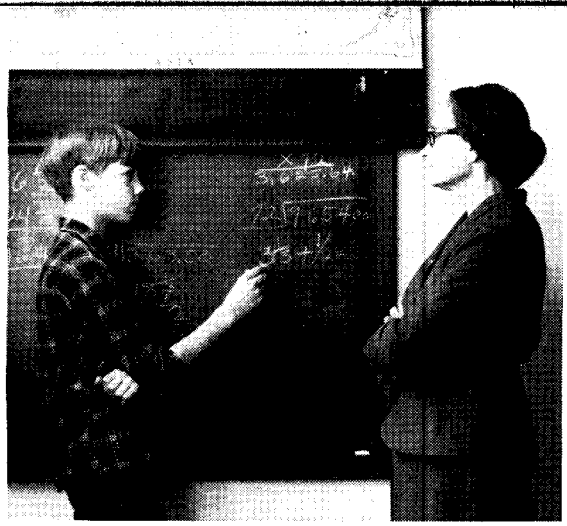
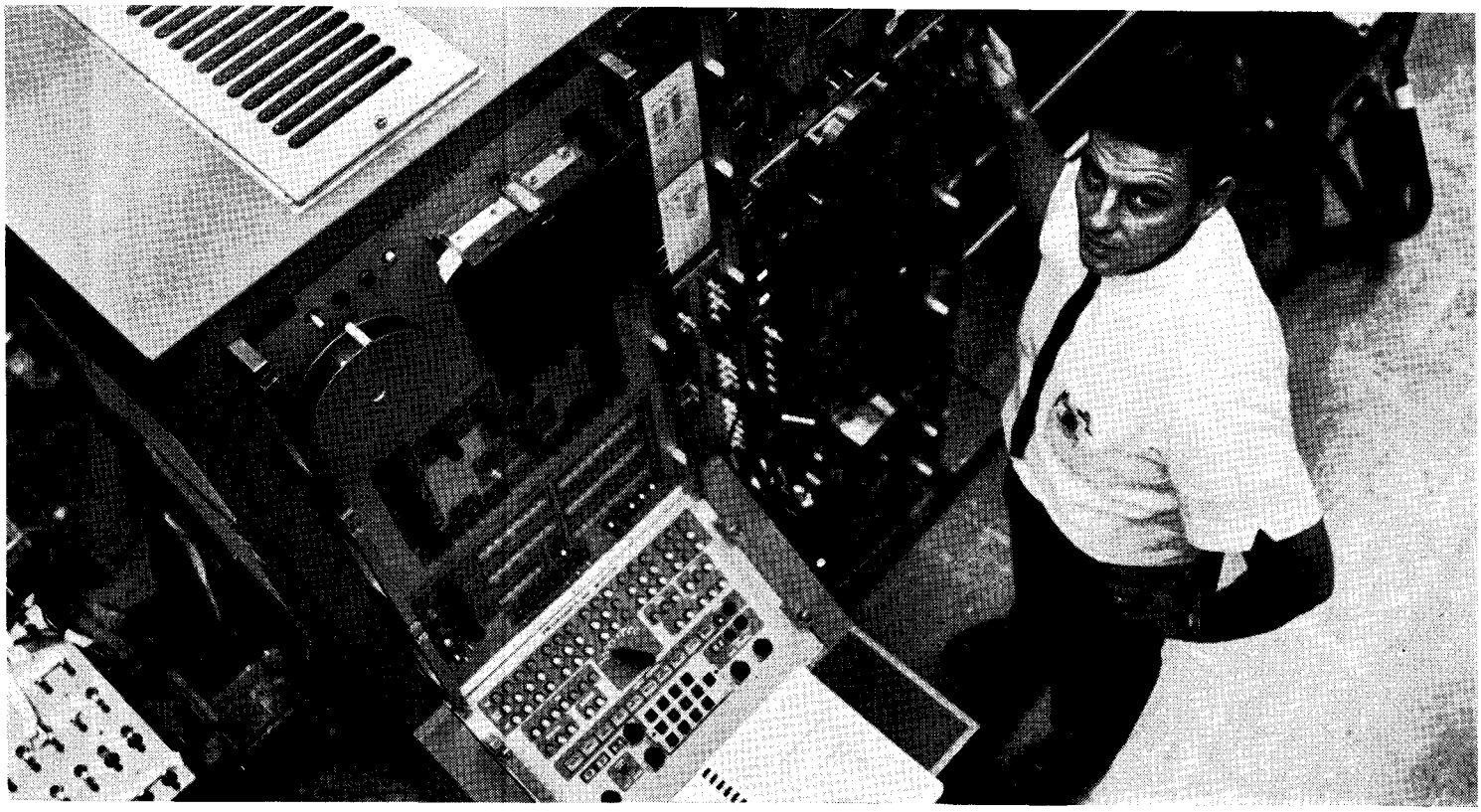


A science-fiction buff with straight "A" in math...

now Blair Tyson plots a course to the moon.



From simple addition to analytical geometry, math was a snap for Blair Tyson. He was not only a whiz kid at mathematics, but he had an absorbing interest in any and all types of science fiction.

Graduating from the Milwaukee School of Engineering in 1958, Blair began working with computers for an electronics company. Here is where his background in science fiction and his aptitude for mathematics merged and were given direction. This combination of interests led him one way . . . to the AC Electronics Division of General Motors in Milwaukee.

Now he works on airborne digital computers. It is AC's job to integrate these computers into the guidance systems for space project, Apollo.

The goal is the moon, and GM's Blair Tyson helps chart the way.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthology

THE SATURDAY REVIEW SAMPLER OF WIT AND WISDOM. Edited by Martin Levin. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

Art, Architecture

ART AT AUCTION: Ivory Hammer 4/The Year at Sotheby's and Parke-Bernet. Edited by David Ellis-Jones. Horizon. $15.

CHINESE SCULPTURE, BRONZES AND JADES IN JAPANESE COLLECTIONS. Selected by Yuzo Sugimura. English adaption by Burton Watson. East-West Center Press, Honolulu. $17.50.

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT: His Life, His Work, His Words. By Olgivanna Lloyd Wright. Horizon. $7.50.

ITALIAN ARCHITECTURE. By Carroll L. V. Meeks. Yale Univ. Press. $25.

JACQUES LIPCHITZ — THE ARTIST AT WORK. By Bert Van Bork. Crown. $7.50.

Business

THE HOUSE OF MORGAN. By E. P. Hoyt. Dodd, Mead. $6.95.

Civilization

BEYOND THE PILLARS OF HERACLES: The Classical World Seen Through the Eyes of Its Discoverers. By Rhys Carpenter. Delacorte. $6.

A CONCISE HISTORY OF LATIN AMERICAN CULTURE. By Pedro Henriquez Ureña. Praeger. $5.50.

THE TRADITIONAL NEAR EAST. Edited by J. Stewart-Robinson. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Crime, Suspense

A FRAGMENT OF FEAR. By John Bingham. Dutton. $3.95.

SLEUTHS & CONSEQUENCES. Edited by Thomas B. Dewey. Simon and Schuster. $4.95.

Current Affairs

DEADLY LOGIC: The Theory of Nuclear Deterrence. By Philip Green. Ohio State Univ. Press. $6.

Government

HARRY S. TRUMAN, 1952-1953. Public Papers of the President's Series. Compiled by the National Archives and Records Service. Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. $9.

International Affairs

BASIC TACTICS. By Mao Tse-tung. Translated by Stuart R. Schram. Praeger. $4.95.

SINO-SOVIET MILITARY RELATIONS. Edited by Raymond L. Garthoff. Praeger. $7.50.

Miscellany

NICHT WAHR? Text from *Kaputt* by Curzio Malaparte. Edited by Tomi Ungerer. Paragraphic Books. $1.95.

PAULA PECK'S ART OF GOOD COOKING. By Paula Peck. Simon & Schuster. $7.50.

PUPPETRY. By Desmond MacNamara. Horizon. $5.

QUEST FOR PEACE: The Story of the Nobel Award. By Mortimer Lipsky. Barnes. $6.

A ROOM FOR THE NIGHT: Hotels of the Old West. By Richard A. Van Orman. Indiana Univ. Press. $4.95.

A SAND COUNTY ALMANAC, with Other Essays on Conservation from *Round River*. By Aldo Leopold. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.50.

WIN AT BRIDGE WITH JACOBY & SON. By Oswald and James Jacoby. Putnam. $4.95.

Music

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF JAZZ IN THE SIXTIES. By Leonard Feather. Horizon. $15.

THE INFINITE VARIETY OF MUSIC. By Leonard Bernstein. Simon & Schuster. $6.50.

Personal History

THE INCREDIBLE FRIENDSHIP: The Letters of Emperor Franz Joseph to Frau Katharina Schratt. Edited by Jean de Bourgoing. Antioch Press/State University of New York. $10.

MATTEI: Oil and Power Politics. By P. H. Frankel. Praeger. $6.

MY SECRET LIFE. Introduction by G. Legman. Grove. Two volumes. Boxed set, $30.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER. By Dorothy Laird. Putnam. $6.95.

Poetry

HALLELUJAH ANYWAY. By Kenneth Patchen. New Directions. $7.50.

Psychology

WHEN WE DEAL WITH CHILDREN: Selected Writings. By Fritz Redl. Free Press. $8.95.

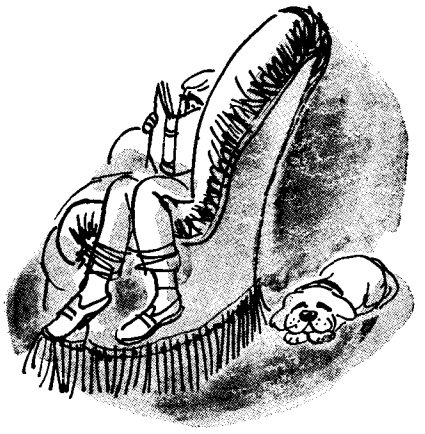
Religion, Philosophy

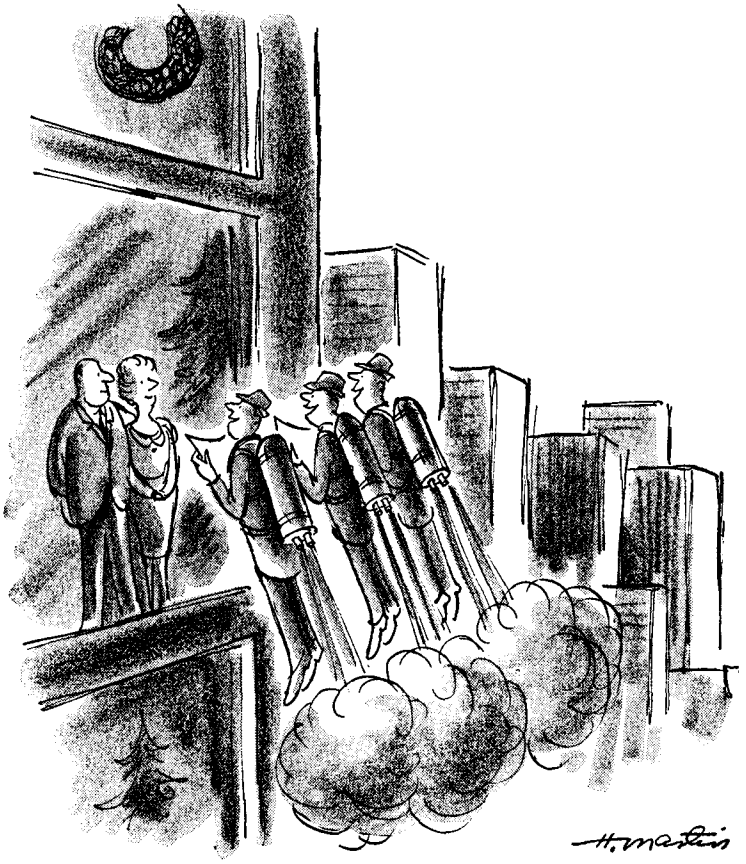
ATHENS AND JERUSALEM. By Lev Shestov. Ohio Univ. Press. $7.50.

JOHNSONIAN MISCELLANIES. Edited by George Birkbeck Hill. Barnes & Noble. Two volumes. $20.

TRANSCENDENTALISM AND ITS LEGACY. Edited by Myron Simon and Thornton H. Parsons. Univ. of Michigan Press. $6.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.





"Hark! The Herald Angels sing . . ."

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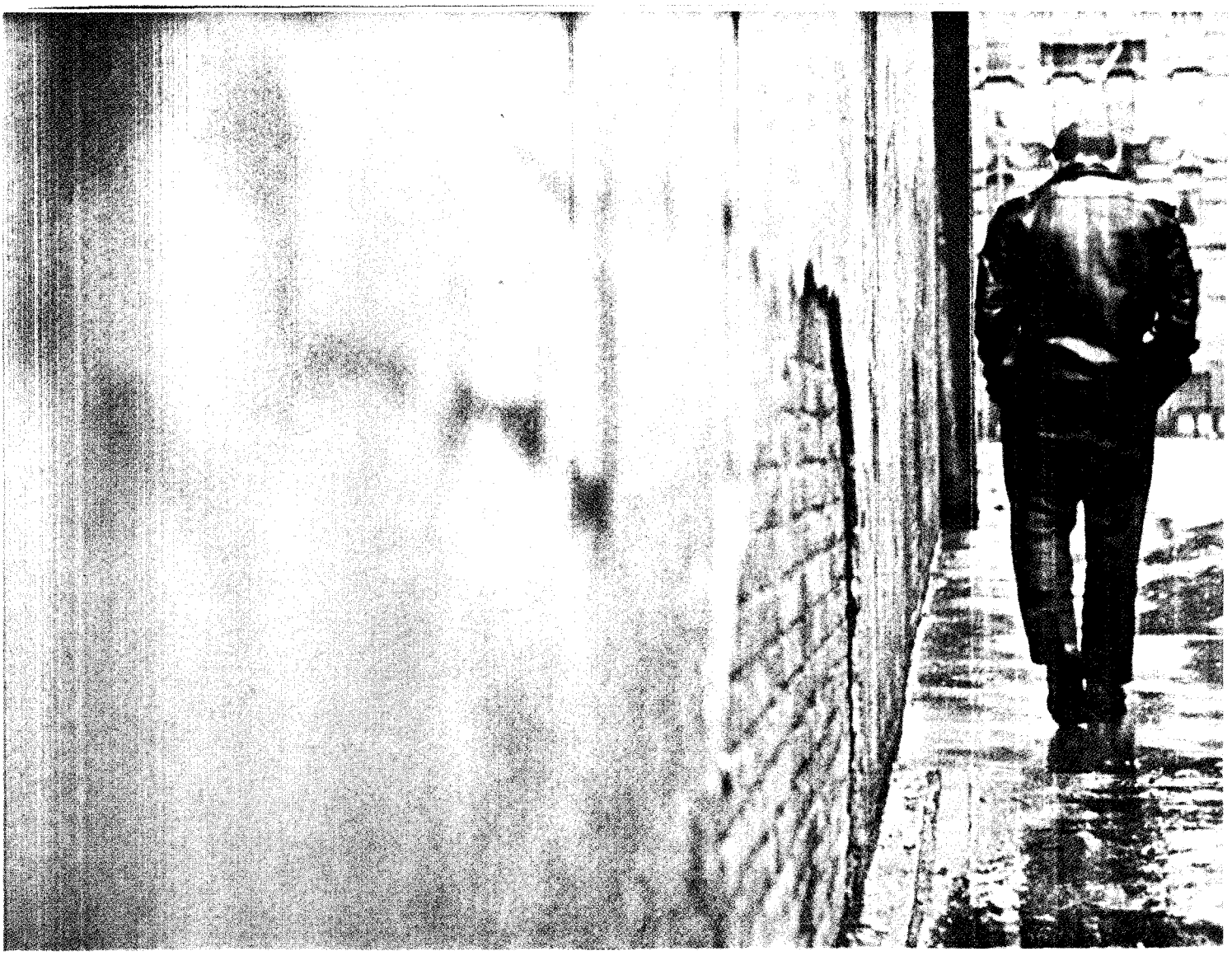

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INTERNATIONAL PAPER

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Saturday Review

December 17, 1966

The Day the Mails Stopped

This was the great Chicago postal tie-up: mountains of parcels and carloads of letters—10,000,000 pieces in all—going nowhere for days. Was it only a preview?

By CHARLES REMSBERG

LAST OCTOBER 9, Chicago's police superintendent dropped a "symbolic" letter to his department into a mail sack in his office. The letter was to demonstrate how citizens can mail information to the police under the city's crash program against crime. Then, in just ten seconds, the envelope was plucked out and "delivered" to a nearby desk by the city's beaming new postmaster. Timing, however, lent an ironic ring to a press agent's claim that this constituted "the speediest mail delivery in history."

Had the letter gone the normal route, it might not have emerged from the postal maw for two weeks, and whatever clues it contained would have been icy indeed. For erupting that day in Chicago's massive main post office was the most incredible snarl in mail movement since the inauguration of the U. S. postal system—and, in the view of some experts, a nightmarish preview of mail-service horrors that lie ahead.

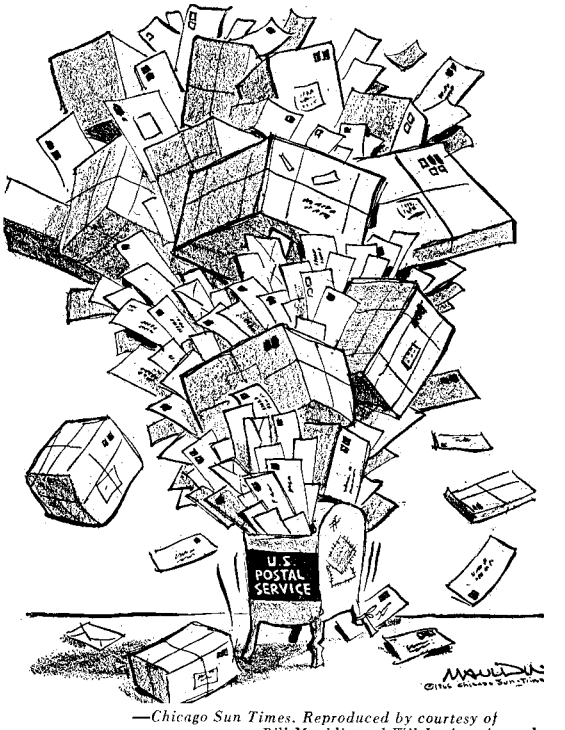
As Postmaster Henry McGee was hand-carrying that single letter past cameramen, the world's largest post office had all but broken down. Outside the building railway cars and semi-trailers were crammed with mail, but there were no workers to unload them. Docks and sorting room floors were jammed with more than 5,000,000 letters, parcels, circulars, and magazines that could not be processed. Gray mountains of outbound mail sacks filled storage garages, and the staggering backlog mushroomed by the minute. Before long, 10,000,000 pieces of mail were sitting in the post office, untouched from one day to the next.

Chicago area residents expecting dividend checks from one local corporation found that first class letters took as long as twenty-one days to get from the Loop to the suburbs. Advertising brochures heralding a department store sale were delivered weeks after the sale had ended. Even post office press releases announcing National ZIP Code Week arrived late. And because Chicago is the postal system's most important processing point for mail in transit to other cities, the impact of the paralysis was felt coast to coast. At one point, troubleshooters who had been rushed to the scene from Washington even talked seriously of setting fire to some of the outdated bulk mail as a way out.

As it developed, nothing was burned. But even with normal postal procedures altered to give Chicago every possible advantage, three frantic weeks passed from the time the historic logjam reached emergency proportions until authorities finally sounded the all-clear.

One of Chicago's major mailers, Arthur Moore, whose firm annually channels 50,000,000 pieces of bulk mail through the post office, recalls: "One of our truck drivers called at 10:30 on Friday night, September 30, and said he'd been waiting five hours at the post office and still hadn't been unloaded. It's usually about an hour's wait. We sent him back Saturday morning and it was late Saturday afternoon before that truck was finally emptied. The next week one of our trailers, carrying 350,000 pieces of advertising, was tied up over there for three whole days. Finally, the post office called and said, 'Please don't send any more mail.' That's the most alarming thing a mailer can hear. When the post office goes stuck, there's no competition to turn to."

And stuck it was. With a quarter of its dock space already filled with construction equipment from an ill-timed remodeling project, the post office's unloading area became mired in traffic. Lines of trucks stretched around the mammoth building, and at one point an estimated 300 trailers awaited attention. Railroad cars sat for days in the yards,



—*Chicago Sun Times. Reproduced by courtesy of Bill Mauldin and Wil-Jo Associates, Inc.*

"Chronic Indigestion".

Charles Remsberg is a former reporter for the Chicago *Sun-Times* who now is a free-lance writer in Evanston, Illinois.

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and conveyors running from the Union Station platform into the post office were jammed continually. Because of the long delays in unloading, a shortage of transportation carriers developed, and moving out mail that had been processed became an added headache.

Inside the building, the 60 acres of work space were dominated by overwhelming mountains of mail. Some stacks of parcel post and bulk matter towered 30 feet high and 50 feet long. Walkways were squeezed so narrow that workers had trouble getting through with handcarts. When space ran out in the main building, thousands of bags were heaped in the postal garage, and when that was full, mailers were told to stockpile mail on their own premises.

NOW, with the realization that persistent, deep-seated problems rather than some fluke helped produce Chicago's crisis, some experienced observers fear that the return to normalcy is only temporary. Even, they say, if the postal system somehow survives this Christmas season, which threatens to generate an unprecedented tidal wave of mail, it is only a matter of time until the troubles that stayed Chicago's couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds come to roost in post offices across the land.

Chicago's catastrophe was spawned, significantly, in a physical plant that has been tailored by the times into an arena of chaos. Built in 1933 astride the maze of railroad tracks feeding Union Station, the enormous main post office, stretching two blocks long and a block wide, served adequately when most mail was moved by train and sorted in transit. But now that trucks and planes are increasingly important carriers and on-route processing has been cut back—while mail is flooding through at 6.6 billion pieces a year (double Chicago's volume for 1954)—the building is, like postal facilities in many other cities, painfully obsolete. Semitrailers waiting to unload become snarled in traffic from a major expressway that tunnels beneath the structure into the Loop. Sharp, narrow turns into dock areas demand slow, shoehorn maneuvering. Dock space is drastically limited, and once mail is unloaded it has to flow on antiquated elevator and handcart systems throughout the building's fourteen stories for sorting and reloading. The place is so vast that some workers spend thirty minutes just getting to and from its single canteen for coffee breaks. "Yet huge as it is," says Joe Cohen, whose local Brodie Advertising Company annually sends 15,000,000 pieces of mail through the Chicago office, "that building is too small and poorly designed to efficiently handle the mail explosion."

Into this big white elephant pours a work force whose composition in recent years has changed radically. The key to smooth, swift mail service traditionally has been the long-tenure employee with fast reading ability and a good memory who devotes a career to mastering the post office's intricate behind-the-scenes operation. But the job benefits which lured ample numbers of such men into postal work in Depression years—security, insurance plans, sick leave, retirement pensions—have today been surpassed by private industry. And the post office is feeling the impact. In the last six years alone, nonretirement turnover among Chicago's letter carriers and mail clerks has leaped from less than 12 per cent to more than 18 per cent, and at the time of the mail crisis 3,000 of the 14,900 clerks at the main post office had been on the job less than one year. "Some months," says Donald Swanson, director of the Midwest postal egion, "we lose more help than we gain."

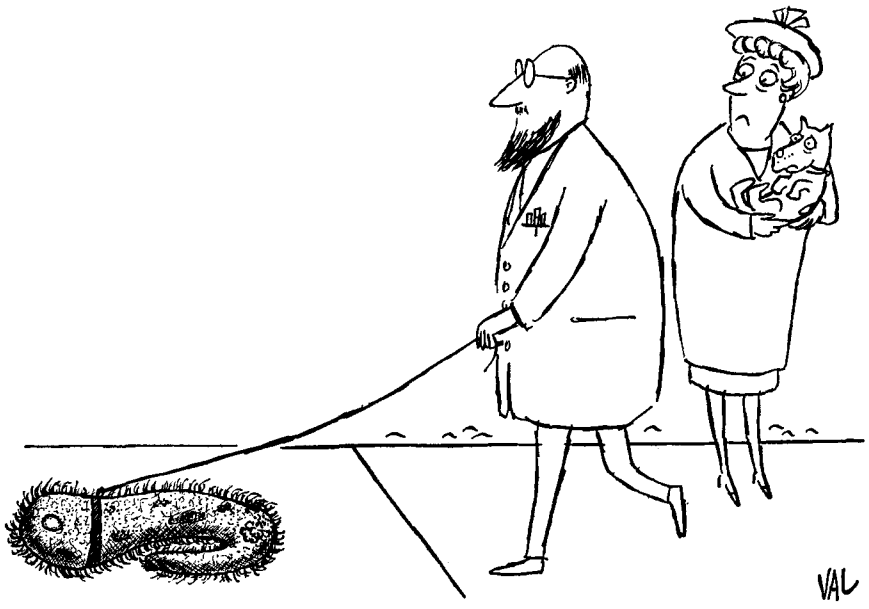
The current economic boom and the war in Vietnam have placed a premium on the kind of unskilled labor which the postal service most vitally needs. With unemployment at only 2.1 per cent in Chicago, some labor-hungry local industries award $50 bonuses every time an employee brings in a new man who is willing to work for even four months. But bus drivers start at $3.13 an hour, while the post office offers novices only $2.64. "Consequently," explains J. W. Strong, personnel manager for the Chicago office, "when we call people off the civil service register to fill our jobs these days, the response is very sparse until we reach the low scorers."

TODAY'S low scores, incidentally, are lower than those of the past, for civil service scoring has been markedly relaxed in recent years in an effort to build up a pool of available labor. Moreover, among the 3,000 "temporary" employees without definite tenure in the Chicago system are carriers, clerks, and mail handlers who have been hired with no testing whatever. "In some cases," notes a close observer, "the post office today is getting little more than warm bodies."

Nevertheless, the Chicago post office has done little to strengthen its job training programs, which, in the words of Henry Jackson, a Washington management consultant who was engaged in the wake of the backlog, "have been in a deprived state for as long as the post office has existed." Citing "limited funds," Swanson concedes that employees are put to work despite their "not understanding their jobs" and not having been trained sufficiently to "perform them with dispatch." Union leaders cite instances of letter carriers so uninformed about what to do with misaddressed mail that they stash it in alley trash cans and of clerks who can "scheme" (direct) mail toward its proper destination only if it bears ZIP code numbers.

Personnel problems are complicated by a swelling contingent of workers with physical limitations. At least 7,000 of Chicago's 26,556 postal employees are women, and among the newly hired they outnumber men three to one. "There's no doubt they slow things down," explains Everett Ellis, an official of the Chicago Postal Union. "A man can carry a heavy tray of mail from one place to another like nothing, but a woman has to make three trips to empty it. And, of course, absenteeism is always higher among females, especially those of child-bearing age."

The absenteeism most characteristic in Chicago, however, has been more closely tied to a long-brewing collapse in supervision than to any physical predisposition. According to management, supervisors began losing control over their employees in the early 1960s when discipline procedures were revised in the



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workers' favor and when unions began zealously turning nearly every reprimand into a *cause célèbre*. "A lot of supervisors decided it wasn't worth the battle to try to enforce rules," declares one high-ranking official. Employees, on the other hand, insist that unexcused and unexplained absences have been tolerated in the Chicago post office for years, with some workers permitted to go AWOL for as long as two months without punishment. As one ex-carrier puts it, "The world would have to turn in reverse for you to lose your job." Some observers also believe that increasingly, supervisors—who predominately are white—are reluctant to crack down on employees—65 per cent of whom are Negro—because of fear of physical reprisals.

Whatever its origin, the atmosphere of laxity toward both attendance and productivity worsened in the months preceding the crisis. Last December, Chicago lost its most experienced supervisors when 185 of the 1,300-man supervisory force retired prematurely to take advantage of a special bonus pension that had been voted by Congress. (Nationally, the post office lost 30,000 seasoned supervisors this way.) Then last March, Postmaster Harry Semrow resigned to run for political office, leaving Chicago without a postmaster until President Johnson appointed Henry McGee in September. In the interim, says Swanson, the local postal system was "a rudderless ship." Some days when a work force of 10,000 was expected at the vital main post office, unexcused absences ran a crippling 10 per cent—nearly double the national average. Says a member of the Postmaster General's mailers' technical advisory committee, "Those people were getting away with murder."

To this setting, then, were added several special circumstances which culminated in the great mail disaster.

First was a budgetary decree by Postmaster General Lawrence O'Brien, effective last July, that the nation's postal employees would be limited to one hour of overtime for every 100 regular hours worked and that postal manpower would be frozen at its present level. "The order applied across the board, regardless of special conditions that might exist in any region or city," recalls Henry Zych, president of the Chicago branch of the National Association of Letter Carriers. "There was no flexibility to allow for common sense."

Chicago workers, accustomed to liberal extra allowances, were furious. Although postal authorities officially deny it, some union leaders and members of O'Brien's advisory group assert that a deliberate slowdown took place.

Minor backlogs developed sporadically during the summer, but the main post office always managed to produce a "clean house" before any situation became critical. However, when college students who had been hired for the summer returned to school, the local system was short-handed by perhaps 1,000 workers. Then after Labor Day Chicago, historically the nation's capital of printing and mail-order commerce, was slugged with an unprecedented avalanche of mail. Because of population increases and the economic boom, postal authorities had predicted an autumn increase in mail volume for Chicago of about 4 per cent over last year. Instead, heavy local mailings and in-transit interceptions soon had the main post office awash in twice that amount, with a daily average of about 16,000,000 pieces surging in.

"It's all being taped, Madam, so you can hear what your little boy wants on a replay, at your leisure."

At least a third of this volume was third-class bulk mail, which most of us —to the distress of the direct mail industry—call "junk mail." Chicago's big advertising mailers now say that their fall output was increased at least 25 per cent, to record levels, in part by a push from direct-mail advertisers to circulate as much material as possible before January 1, when expensive ZIP coding becomes mandatory for bulk mailings. But another important influence was a sudden shift in printing contracts from the East Coast to Chicago, apparently prompted by New York City's controversial new local taxes. Arthur J. Wolff, head of a Washington task force now analyzing Chicago's postal operations, confirms that at least 15 per cent of the mail that eventually became part of the backlog had previously been entering the postal system in New York.

At the same time that this unannounced volume upsurge hit, some other post offices around the nation, pressured by volume changes of their own, were dumping on Chicago mail that they should have been sorting for distribution. "Chicago for years has been the big post office that could take anything," Donald Swanson explains. "So if the Milwaukee office were short-handed, say, it might sack up a load of circulars and label it CHI DIST. and it would show up for Chicago to work. There's no way of knowing how much of this was going on, but it was more than there should have been, for sure."

BY the time McGee, who started in the postal service thirty-seven years ago as a substitute carrier, was sworn in as postmaster on September 26, unworked mail already was beginning to stack up. Trapped by the overtime and hiring restrictions, his staff could do little but concentrate on moving first class matter and leave everything else for any spare moments. When he juggled work schedules to increase production on some days, critical new gaps arose, and at a time when speed and manpower were crucial the raging absenteeism and sluggish performance of ill-trained employees swiftly took their tolls. With arrival of the usual "first-of-the-month" business mailings at the end of September, Swanson says, "the merry-go-round collapsed of its own weight."

"Mail was coming out of our ears," recalls McGee. "We couldn't even get it into the system to get an accurate count." At points, though, the post office was swamped with an estimated 28 per cent more mail than a year ago, and at the peak at least 10,000,000 pieces were logjammed. Adding to the confusion, a Negro mail handler named Robert Lucas, who doubles as head of the Chicago chapter of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), threw pickets around the building and declared—without evi-

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dence, he now privately admits—that the mail emergency was deliberately plotted by whites to protest the appointment of McGee, the city's first Negro postmaster.

By the time the huge clot became public knowledge on October 4, O'Brien's personal emissary, transportation expert William Hartigan, and a sixteen-man task force headed by Arthur Wolff already had arrived on the scene from Washington. As one newsman described it, Hartigan stood inside the vast post office "like a plumber in a flooded basement" and tried to "turn off the spigots" that were spewing mail into Chicago.

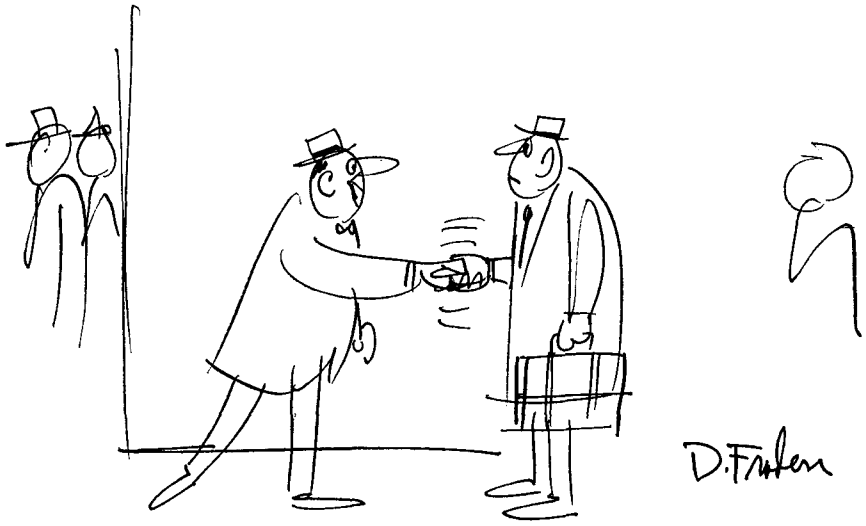
Asserting authority that both McGee and Swanson lacked, he immediately ordered other post offices, large and small, to stop dumping their problems on Chicago. Then, to further cut the input, he arranged that mail normally programed for sorting in Chicago be diverted for processing in Atlanta, Omaha, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and twenty-one other major cities. When he learned that the Texaco Corporation planned to mail 14,000,000 credit cards in Chicago, he asked that they be so carefully sorted that they could be taken directly to appropriate railroad terminals and thus bypass the post office. Other major mailers, too, were instructed to "terminalize" mass mailings and some, such as the McCall Corporation's giant printing company in Dayton, Ohio, were told to call back dozens of loaded freight cars and trucks for resorting and rerouting of newly printed magazines.

Then, with dark predictions rampant that the tie-up would last through Christmas, he turned his attention to the backlog. With election day approaching and Republican candidates playing eagerly on postal patrons' discontent, Washington's previously unyielding attitude on overtime and extra help quickly vanished. On Hartigan's recommendation, Chicago was promised 345 extra temporary workers, and the hiring of the usual Christmas substitutes was advanced to November 1. (By mid-November, Chicago had taken on 1,600 new workers.) Moreover, Washington officials decreed, overtime could be used "as necessary," and $3,000,000 in extra pay reportedly was earmarked for clearing the crisis and keeping it cleared. Before these orders filtered down, however, Hartigan already was enlisting as many as 500 postal workers to stay on the job voluntarily on their days off.

As the crisis entered its second peak week, postal officials gloomily proposed to mailers that they be allowed to burn sale circulars and other third class matter that had become outdated while it lay heaped in the post office. Refunding postage on it, they said, would be cheaper than processing it. But mailers, claiming that postal refunds would by no means cover their costs, insisted that the circulars go through.

By October 14, Hartigan was chopping down the stockpile by as many as 750,000 pieces a day. Although he and other postal authorities steadfastly maintained that first class mail was never affected, some local deliveries allegedly took as long as three weeks. But the biggest bottleneck was in the third class category. Some conventions reported sharp declines in attendance because would-be participants didn't receive notices, and one Loop department store claimed a loss of $2,000,000 because sale flyers were late getting out.

Finally, as October drew to a close, Hartigan announced that things were once more running smoothly—"better," he claimed, "than before the crisis." But when the mass moved out of Chicago, other post offices, particularly suburban installations, became so inundated that carriers had to work on one Sunday and even then fell several days behind.



"How do you do, sir? My name's Warren Owens, I'm not running for any public office, I just feel like shaking hands."

As Christmas approaches, much mail is still being diverted around Chicago, and Wolff's reorganization task force—often over the protests of unions and disgruntled employees—has begun revamping internal operations to simplify and speed processing wherever possible. Mail tables are being rearranged for more efficient flow. Workers who cull mail from collection boxes have been ordered to stop wearing gloves, which hamper dexterity. Early-morning starting times are being advanced forty-eight minutes to allow a head start on predawn mail arriving from the East Coast. And under a beefed up system of supervision, loafing and chronically absent employees are being suspended. Officials in both Washington and Chicago have vowed publicly that such a tie-up "will never happen again." But even now, McGee admits, "We are lucky as hell to get the mail out some days."

Once the Christmas crush is past, postal officials are counting on the new mandatory ZIP code regulations to cut markedly into the burdens of handling and sorting, and in the long run they hope mechanization such as the automatic scanners now being tested in Detroit will eliminate many of the system's personnel woes. But some observers are not optimistic. They point out, for example, that some big mailers may choose to escape expensive ZIP coding by using regular third class rather than bulk, which would place new sorting burdens on our post offices. As for automation, unions already have announced their intention to sternly oppose any large-scale changes. Says a spokesman for the Direct Mail Advertising Association: "There is no real reason not to consider the Chicago experience a grim warning of further trouble."

Although no other post office has suffered like Chicago's, a number, including those in Milwaukee, San Francisco, New York City, and Washington, are reporting record mail volumes and processing problems. In light of this, Representative Edward Derwinski of Illinois, a member of the House Post Office Committee, has demanded that Congress early next year launch a thorough investigation of national postal operations. Already, he reports receiving "many constructive suggestions from postmasters, clerks, and carriers on how to improve postal service." But, he says, until the service's "politics, incompetent innovations, and lag in facilities" are publicly exposed, little progress can be expected.

Meanwhile, according to Senator Daniel Brewster of Maryland, "There is a backlog of mail in almost every major post office in the country. What is going to happen as mail volume continues to skyrocket is collapse and chaos—unless we do something about it in a hurry."

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The Works of Ben Jonson

By KENNETH REXROTH

POETS AND PLAYWRIGHTS are seldom intellectuals in the English-speaking world, at least in the sense of being men of general ideas, a vocation which in America has always been left to the professors, as it was in England to the clergy. Only Shaw in modern times is an exception, and his general ideas were both limited in range and eccentric.

Ben Jonson was very much part of the European intellectual community of his time, as was Milton shortly after him. We forget that the great movement of re-evaluation of all values that made both the Renaissance and Reformation was led by what today we would call literary critics. Whether the reference is to Erasmus or Ficino or Scaliger, whether the Bible or Plato or Horace or Aristotle, the questions, "What is the authentic text?" and "What does it really mean?"—followed by the answers and translation into the vernacular—these were the intellectual germinators of revolution, as, in our time, are economics or physics, or psychology—Marx, Einstein, or Freud. Only if we keep this in mind can we appreciate Jonson as a source of power to his colleagues.

He was not just a roisterer or prince of poets in the Mermaid and the other bohemian taverns of his day. He was a systematic literary critic, a grammarian, an esthetician devoted to the re-establishment of poetry and drama as formally controlled, socially normative arts—this is what revival of classicism meant. *Volpone* is purposive in a way that no Shakespearean comedies before *A Winter's Tale* and *Twelfth Night* are, and it is far more deliberately purposive than any of Shakespeare's tragedies, except possibly *Julius Caesar* and *Coriolanus*. Only Machiavelli's *Mandragola* can be compared with *Volpone* as equal to equal—Machiavelli was a revolutionary intellectual, a man of wider general experience than all but a few writers in history. Jonson was no Machiavelli. He never had his hands on the levers of power, but he seems to have had a much greater range of experience than other Elizabethan dramatists. He knew all kinds and conditions of men and evidently sought deliberately to live as full a life as he could.

Most writers about Jonson begin by apologizing for him. He was scholarly in a way that no literary scholars are today—literary scholarship mattered at the beginning of the seventeenth century; it was harder work. Jonson knew much more about erudite matters than scholars know today. And then, of course, he was not an academician but a creative artist, a bohemian intellectual, and a man who was largely self-educated. These are all great virtues, but not to modern critics. Besides, he was patently a man of the world—his plays are intensely worldly, in a positive sense. They baffle the cloistered literary mind and antagonize the schoolmaster. A play by Jonson is often presented as "hard to read" or as "seldom performed closet drama." Nothing could be less true.

Volpone, The Alchemist, and *Bartholomew Fair,* are among the most theatrical and most entertaining plays ever written. They are immense fun to see, to act in, to design for. They are as far removed from closet drama as can be, for, above all English playwrights, Jonson, in his three great comedies, uses words as springs of action; there is business lurking in every line—funny business.

One thing they are not is topical satire. They deal, like the plays of Plautus, Terence, and Menander, with generalized follies and vices, with enduring sin rather than the passing crimes of politics and history. They could take place anywhere. The topical jokes and allusions that abound are not only inessential; today they go unnoticed unless explained in a footnote. Shaw wrote lengthy prefaces as notes to his plays. In a hundred years they will have to have even lengthier notes, and even then will be difficult to grasp emotionally. In a hundred years, Jonson's plays will still be emotionally comprehensible with no notes at all.

Taste in drama has changed; once again the playwright is the scourge of folly—not of capitalism, industrialism, or the double standard. Artaud, Genet, Ionesco, and Beckett are moral rather than political or "social" playwrights. We have come to realize that greed and covetousness, power-hunger and hypocrisy, are more important than the temporary social arrangements that facilitate them. So Jonson has been revived with great success all over the world, on both sides of the tattered Iron Curtain. *Volpone,* a situation comedy, based on a purely Roman situation as unreal to a seventeenth as to a twentieth-century audience, is nevertheless completely germane to the *human* situation—in New York or San Francisco or Berlin or Moscow or Tokyo.

Luxury, greed, avarice, covetousness, fraud—all the evils of which money is the root—are analyzed and parsed out, but in action, in a kind of savage hilarity. Is this the business ethic? Critics have said the play was a sociological criticism of the new mercantile bourgeoisie. If this were all, it would never go on the modern stage. The lust for gold is not a peculiarity of a class or an epoch.

Although every moment of *Volpone* is funny, the cumulative effect is grim indeed, so grim that it ceases to be a comedy, even a black comedy, and becomes a tragedy of human folly.

It generates a growing horror, and rightly so, for it is a feast of death—a double death—for the feast is fraudulent. The characters are named after creatures that feed on carrion, so Jonson drives home Dante's point—the worship of money is life-denying, a love of corpses, and a feeding on filth. What saves the play from melodrama is Jonson's remorseless logic. It is put together like a fine precision instrument. Every speech, every action, counts. All move together like the gears of a watch. We don't see the wheels go around unless we are deliberately focusing on them, but Jonson's dramatic wheels grind like the mills of the gods.

It is this perfection of structure and function that ennobles the play. The purity of form redeems the evil—not in the plot, but in us. And this, says Jonson, is the only way we cope with analogous experiences in life. Rational control transcends the chaos of the world.

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Short Story

Shortly after they landed on the moon, the astronauts found a number of metallic objects partially buried in the crust. The objects were about two feet in length and an inch in diameter, tapered at one end and looking like mammoth pencils. What excited and mystified the astronauts most of all was the fact that the metal objects did not lie in the crust in haphazard form but seemed to be positioned, arrow-like, in one direction. This direction was followed and the astronauts came to a small crater, no more than twenty feet across, in the center of which was a large metal disc, more than a foot in diameter. The disc had been fixed in place, being removable with a half turn. Underneath, the astronauts found a cylinder containing a series of thin metal sheets on which were engraved double rows of markings.

Examining the metal sheets carefully, the astronauts saw that the top row consisted of letters that belonged to a systematic language. The bottom row contained ideographs, which indicated an intent to provide meanings for the letter script. The astronauts used their carbon 14 instruments on the tapered rods, the disc, and the metal sheets. These tests fixed the age of the objects at about 34,000 years. Next, the astronauts set about identifying the ideographs, making the essential correlations with the alphabet markings. They were then able to assign meaning to most of the words, make reasonable guesses about the missing ones, then add their own punctuation. This was the text that emerged from their efforts:

17,320 Solar Calendar.*

THIS MESSAGE is engraved by inhabitants of the planet Earth. We came here by means of space-ships. Our species has devised means for traveling from one planet to another, for communicating orally and visually across great distances, for improving and increasing the food supply, for controlling weather, for eliminating disease, for stabilizing the size of populations. Formerly, many basic functions were performed by individuals in the group, such as digging into the earth for valuable materials, or building tall structures in which to live, work, or worship. But all this occurred during an early part of our development. In recent times, machines have taken over these operations and the members of our species were released for such use as they wished to make of their lives. Large numbers of individuals became engaged in creative and scientific undertakings. Means were developed for transporting objects over long distances by molecular disintegration and reintegration, the objects being conveyed over light waves. We were near the point where we could traverse space without being encased in any machine.

All this was possible because the species to which we belonged was the dominant species on earth, possessing qualities of intelligence far beyond those of other creatures. But there was great difficulty within the species itself. The individuals were held in check by rules and regulatory procedures. But the subgroups known as nations would permit themselves to be bound by no regulations and took part frequently in intergroup killings.

Two subgroups eventually dominated all others. The machines and weapons at their disposal were so powerful that they could readily destroy millions of members of the species. Everyone knew what would happen if these two dominant groups came into conflict. But there was no force on earth greater than the individual subgroups. In this way, the two largest subgroups finally engaged in an act of mutual devastation.

We were not on earth at the time of the final explosions. We were en route to the moon when we observed the first great bursts of flame and realized the war had begun. Since there had been no signs of hostilities at the time we left the earth, we believe the explosions may have begun by accident.

At first, the explosions seemed to be confined to the geographical areas belonging to the two large subgroups. Then the giant explosions spread to the other areas, creating a pall over the earth from the smoke and the disintegration of the cities. The giant eruptions continued for several days and then gave way to giant seas of fire across the earth.

While we were witnessing this terrible event, another space-ship arrived on the moon. It was operated by three individuals from the subgroup with which our subgroup was at war. There were three members of our subgroup and three of theirs. The leader of their subgroup said their spacecraft had been on its way back to earth from an exploration of space beyond the moon and that they had decided to land here when they observed the giant fires on earth.

We discussed the situation and decided not to fight among ourselves, even though our nations were at war. We pooled our equipment and our provisions in order to be able to extend our stay on the moon.

As soon as the fires recede we shall try to return to earth, even though there may be no landing facilities and the earth may be dense with poisonous vapors and there may be few surviving members of our species. We must return. But before we go we want to leave a record of our presence here and tell any future spacecraft visitors what happened on earth. The six individuals in our two spacecraft have had no difficulty in arriving at these decisions or in agreeing to stay together as long as it is possible to do so. —N.C.

* The term "Solar" corresponded to an ideograph drawing showing planetary forms revolving around the sun.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Modern Science and the Church

THE ARTICLE, "What Modern Science Offers the Church," by Emmanuel G. Mesthene [*SR*, Nov. 19] has a strangely old-fashioned sound. Nobody talks that way about nature now. Nature is no longer an enemy to be feared and conquered, but an ally to be studied, understood, and handled with diplomacy.

The impression left is that man, having conquered nature, is on an equal footing with God; and God is going to be allowed to remain a partner as long as He remembers His place. It seems an odd basis for a religion. Isn't it a happier arrangement that, in reality, we are gradually learning our place in nature, and learning to use the forces around us instead of continuing the futile battle to master them?

MRS. ROBERT E. MCCOY.
Greensboro, N.C.

WHAT MR. MESTHENE MEANS is that modern science offers the Church more of the same, i.e., the thankless task of picking up the pieces, trying to hold together the wreckage wrought in the human condition by science and technology—all the while being outside, impotent, and irrelevant to the real issues.

There is a gratuitous slap at the Church in Mr. Mesthene's words: "If the clergy go on treating their parishioners like sheep. . . ." This is uncalled for. It implies that we have great numbers of powerful, mature, important people who are ready and willing to be challenged to live as mature responsible men in a new age. But where are they in our backlashing, sloganeering, gadget-ridden society?

PAUL DOUGLAS,
Pastor,
The United Church of Christ.
Mineral City, O.

NO KNOWLEDGEABLE humanist will buy the author's equation which places Socrates, Christ, Galileo, Einstein, and Bonhoeffer on the side, uncritically, of technology. They are distinguished because they were on the side of human freedom. What modern technology offers the church is the challenge to get busy with a science of values or to accept oblivion.

Fortunately, science is not ethically neutral, despite the common misconception, and the fundamental values of science and religion concur. When this realization dawns upon the religious man and the scientific man, they may be able to free themselves and us from the domination of the technologist with his lesser values of speed, efficiency, and productivity.

(The Rev.) EUGENE KREVES.
Naperville, Ill.

I MUST SAY that I was disappointed by Mr. Mesthene's statements about the works of God and the works of man (as distinct), and his admonishment to the Church to get busy with its task of making God known. His reasoning here only perpetuates the malady of the centuries: There are two levels of reality, the sacred and the secular, and they are substantially independent.

This is the myth the Death of God theologians rightly attack. I think Mr. Mesthene missed the point of his quotation of Roger Shinn. God's work and man's work are the same, i.e., the full humanization of man.

CEDRIC L. HEPLER,
Campus Minister,
Humboldt State College.
Arcata, Calif.

"Well, I see that everybody who's anybody is here!"

The Place of Civility

THEODORE SORENSEN'S *editorial*, "The Importance of Being Civil" [*SR*, Nov. 26], seeks to equate the pacificist's demonstrations against warmongers with some reprehensible incivilities by our leaders in government and labor. With no intention of being uncivil, I find it impossible to understand how one with Mr. Sorensen's seeming objectivity can equate the occasional expression of righteous anger against war with the powerful around-the-clock propaganda seeking to perpetuate it.

In such an unequal contest the pacifists may be excused, even commended, for showing their contempt for those who seek to delude them. War, by definition, is a military, not a civil function, and the rules of civility cannot be applied to those who practice or oppose it.

CHARLES E. HILL.
Waynesboro, Va.

MR. SORENSEN should first lecture Lyndon Johnson, Robert S. McNamara, and Dean Rusk on being "civil" to the persons dying from U.S. bombs in wars over the globe.

WAYNE HAZEN.
Norfolk, N.Y.

The Temple of Dendur

WE HEARTILY COMMEND Katharine Kuh for her editorial, "What Home for the Temple?" [*SR*, Nov. 26]. Egypt is, after all, offering the building to insure its permanent preservation. Enclosing the temple in a protected atmosphere is the only answer to conserving the soft stone in an alien environment.

The Elgin Marbles [see *SR*, Oct. 22] have survived not because they were in England, but because they were protected from the industrial air pollution of the past fifty years. Those marble sculptures which remained exposed to the elements are so eroded as to be unrecognizable from photographs which were taken at the turn of the century.

LAWRENCE W. MEIER,
Vice President and Chief Technician,
Southeastern Restoration
Laboratories, Inc.
Atlanta, Ga.

WHEREAS I would not question that damage would be caused to the Temple of Dendur if it were located, as proposed, outdoors in our capital city, it seems to me that Mrs. Kuh's argument for sending it to New York is indefensible. No institution in this country—or the world, for that matter—has any "prior [unsubstantiated] claim" to objects of the world's art.

Perhaps, despite Mrs. Kuh's prejudice, our legislators might not only provide a more suitable home for the monument in Washington, but also, with such a decision, cast a vote favorable to the dispersal of our nation's art treasures so that they might become more accessible to the people of the nation.

WILLIAM STEWART BUETTNER.
Columbus, Ga.

MRS. KUH MAKES a strong case for an informed decision in the relocation of the Temple of Dendur. Unfortunately, she has not specified who within the government is responsible for this decision. Could she?

(*Continued on page* 91)

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Tarnish on the Golden Triangle?

PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE TASK of converting one of the country's best semi-professional community theaters into a professional resident company is proving particularly difficult here in Pittsburgh. Indeed, the thirty-two-year-old Pittsburgh Playhouse, which since the decline of this city as a stop for touring Broadway attractions has become Pittsburghers' only source of professional theater, is now struggling to raise $300,000 in order to forestall going into bankruptcy this month. And even if it is successful in obtaining these funds from an aroused citizenry, the Playhouse must face the formidable necessity of raising the additional $450,000 required for the continuance of its present program next fall.

The present crisis can be traced to the decision of the Playhouse's board of directors to escalate into an ambitious venture whose predicted annual deficit of $450,000 is the largest of any resident professional company now operating in any American city except New York. The decision was based on the board's desire to have a theater whose distinction and quality would equal or surpass any other such companies, and on the assurance from some influential board members that the funds would be forthcoming from local foundations and corporations.

As it turned out these funds did not materialize. Furthermore, in a city that no longer gets Broadway road shows many of the older generation of theatergoers have been alienated by the Playhouse's move away from a balanced schedule of light and popular plays interspersed with occasional classics and avant-garde novelties to one that presents less palatable works only. While the hope is that a more vital younger-generation audience will emerge to support the new effort, this may take several seasons, and will not reduce the deficit substantially. However, Pittsburgh's many large, wealthy industries may come to realize the wisdom of supporting a theater that proves exciting to the keen young talents it wishes to keep as employees.

If Artistic Director John Hancock's unusual production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is typical of the new program, that excitement seems well on the way. Its ingenious setting features a black plastic cyclorama in front of which is a spiral ramp that extends down to a side door in the auditorium. The ramp circumscribes a revolving stage floor. At one side of the stage is a modern jukebox which often blurts out majestically romantic music of Mendelssohn and Mahler that now seems to mock rather than support the conventional sweetness of the play.

The romanticism is immediately undercut by Hancock's macabre decision to place the dilletantish concern of the aristocracy about "true love" and "good marriages" in a city where we see a cart carrying off the dead killed by plague. To ridicule the preoccupation of the upper class with sex, Hippolyta becomes a ludicrous, beefy, black woman in leopard skin, the other women wear phosphorescent rosettes to emphasize their bosoms, Titania is dressed as a cheap slattern, and Helena is played by a six-foot-four actor in woman's attire. The latter draws much laughter, particularly in scenes where Helena must cope with two men's sexual advances. But it is also true to the production's anti-romantic theme.

The carryings on in the wood are bizarre. Phosphorescent insects and birds swoop magically about, and a druid Puck, whose body is painted in rainbow stripes, flies in aboard a huge suspended heart that looks as though it had been freshly dissected from a sick dinosaur. He is most amusing when, en route to dropping the magic juice into the eyes of the sleeping lovers, he blithely whistles *Some Enchanted Evening.*

In contrast, the tradesmen are played more plainly. As a result their awkward attempts to perform *Pyramus and Thisbe* are unsophisticatedly uproarious. However, our friendly laughter contrasts with the aristocrat's patronizingly snide pleasure in watching the tradesmen make fools of themselves. Indeed, our final vision of these poor men being forcibly herded out of court by menacingly officious soldiers underlines the production's dominant social theme, which both freshens and goes against the grain of Shakespeare's writing.

Whether Hancock's unconventional approach to this and other plays will prove widely popular even to younger audiences remains to be proved. It is to be hoped that the Playhouse's immediate financial crisis will be solved and the rest of the season will furnish it with the evidence it needs either that the present policy is worth the great effort required to support it, or that another less expensive policy should be adopted. If the Playhouse does not survive—and at the time of writing, General Manager Richard Hoover rates its chances as no better than 50-50—Pittsburgh will become the largest American city without professional theater.

—HENRY HEWES.

"I've been called for jury duty."

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Fiction in the Age of Anxiety

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34 "Mon Cher Papa: Franklin and the Ladies of Paris," by Claude-Anne Lopez

35 "My Home, Sweet Home," by Giovanni Guareschi

36 Pick of the Paperbacks, by Rollene W. Saal

38 "The Waterfalls of Slunj," by Heimito von Doderer

39 "Waiting for Winter," by John O'Hara

WHAT Steven Marcus has tried to do in *The World of Modern Fiction* (Simon & Schuster, $17.50) is accurately indicated by a line that appears on the box in which the two volumes are enclosed: "a comprehensive anthology of stories and short novels of the past twenty-five years by the major figures of contemporary American, English, and European literature." Marcus does not say that these are the best stories and short novels of the quarter-century, or even that they are the best work of the writers represented, but merely that the names signed to them are the important ones. Many of the names are important because of novels; but Marcus could not include full-length novels and, quite rightly, would not use fragments, and so this is the compromise he has made.

The anthology contains work by sixteen Americans, three Englishmen, four Frenchmen, twelve writers from other parts of Europe, and one Japanese. I am familiar enough with the work of the Americans and Englishmen to have an opinion on the representativeness of the pieces that have been included. I don't know much about several of the Europeans, and I had never heard of the Japanese, Dazai Osamu, whose story seems to me very good indeed.

There can be endless arguments over the contents of any anthology. I don't regard Anatole Broyard, Lionel Trilling, Ivan Gold, and Grace Paley as "major figures" of American fiction; the stories by them that Marcus has included are good, but, in terms of the stated purpose of the anthology, that isn't enough. Bernard Malamud, Philip Roth, Paul Bowles, Jean Stafford, J. F. Powers, and John Cheever, on the other hand, deserve to be included, and the question is whether the qualities that make them major figures are sufficiently present in the stories chosen. Sometimes yes, it seems to me, and sometimes no. Malamud's "The Magic Barrel" is a splendid story, but it doesn't give much indication of what is to be found in *A New Life* and *The Fixer*. On the other hand, "The Man Who Studied Yoga" provides a better idea of what Norman Mailer is capable of doing than any of his novels.

The lucky writers are those who are represented by short novels. The quintessential Bellow is in *Seize the Day*, which, if it is less bold than the longer novels, is nearer to perfection. William Styron's *The Long March* is in a different vein from *Lie Down in Darkness* and *Set This House on Fire*, but it shows great strength. Flannery O'Connor's first novel, *Wise Blood*, may not be her best work, but it is pure O'Connor. And, to cross the Atlantic, *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* reveals Muriel Spark at her shrewdest.

If one makes allowances for differences in the manners portrayed, the three English stories—by Angus Wilson, Doris Lessing, and Miss Spark—might have been written by Americans. The work of most of the Continental writers, however, belongs to other traditions. One feels the difference immediately in Jean-Paul Sartre's "The Childhood of a Leader," with its careful, almost pedantic analysis of the changing emotions of a growing boy. Three other French writers are included—Albert Camus, Samuel Beckett, and Alain Robbe-Grillet—but not, I think, well represented. Camus's "The Renegade" is an effective parable, rendered with great intensity; but none of his novels is too long to have been included, and any one of them would have shown the reader more of Camus than this story does.

Moravia's *Agostino*, the story of an adolescent boy and his mother, is both representative, saturated as it is with sensuality, and good. From another Italian, Tommaso Landolfi, comes an ingenious fantasy, and there are fantasies by Ramón Sender of Spain and Jorge-Luis Borges of Argentina. Two German writers, Reinhard Lettau and Ilse Aichinger, contribute stories that may be regarded as parables, and there is a brief, amusing, and effective parable by the Polish Slawomir Mrozek.

If one can judge by this anthology, it would seem that Europeans are currently more experimental in style and form than Americans, though some of the European work—Moravia's *Agostino*, for example—is perfectly conventional. It is also interesting to note that four of the Europeans deal with aspects of World War II, whereas none of the American writers does, although two of them write about young draftees in the postwar military forces. In "Enter and Exit" Heinrich Böll presents one man's experiences at the beginning and the end of the war, leaving the years between to the imagination of his readers. Jakov Lind's "Resurrection," a story about a Christian-Jewish refugee, is humorous and at the same time poignant and suggestive. Willem Hermans, a Dutchman, has a somber, even sinister story about the end of the war, "The House of Refuge." The most terrifying story in the volume, and one of the most terrifying I have ever read, is Tadeusz Borowski's "This Way for the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen."

More than half of the stories in the two volumes confront us with men and women in desperate situations. The reasons for desperation are many. In "Resurrection," "The House of Refuge," and

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the Borowski story, for example, men are in danger of death, and have been for a long, long time. In Ivan Gold's "The Nickel Misery of George Washington Carver Brown" a young Negro draftee cannot bear the pressure, psychological and physical, that is put upon him. Paul Bowles, who has always been acutely conscious of the horrors that lie all around us, portrays the sufferings of a scholar-adventurer at the hands of a barbarous tribe. In Bellow's *Seize the Day,* on the other hand, the pressure is from within, as it is in Doris Lessing's "To Room Nineteen," a study of the destruction of a "well-adjusted" woman. These are stories of an anguish that we think of as specifically modern, but there is also the anguish that is inherent in the human condition, as shown in Anatole Broyard's account of the death of an old man, "What the Cystoscope Said." In "Matryona's Home" Alexander Solzhenitsyn, writing somewhat in the manner of the great Russian novelists of the nineteenth century, reveals to us the sorrows of an old peasant woman, and shows her saintly triumph over them. At the other extreme is Dazai Osamu's "Villon's Wife," in which a long-suffering woman embraces evil.

If I were editing an anthology of this sort my table of contents would be different from Marcus's; but I think my book would point to the same conclusions as his. It would demonstrate, in the first place, that much excellent fiction has been written, both here and abroad, in the years since the war. In the second place, it would remind us that we still live in what W. H. Auden called, nearly twenty years ago, the Age of Anxiety. All ages are anxious, but ours is more anxious than most, and with reason.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1219

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1219 will be found in the next issue.

TCYYDIN NSAEGZ TC DTAG-UNSCZ. UP DOOAFN AOC PA YUQC PA PSCR, DOZ UP DOOAFN AOC OAP PA YUQC PA PSCR.

—OUCPKNVSC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1218

Women are the wild life of a country: morality corresponds to game laws.

—Anonymous.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Coincident Idea?

The article "JFK in Dallas," by Arnold L. Fein [*SR*, Oct. 22], does not intend to, but does present proof that two men or two rifles were involved. According to Ballistics Tables a 6.5 mm bullet will leave the muzzle of a rifle at a velocity of 2,400 feet per second and with a muzzle energy of 1,800 foot pounds. After traveling 300 yards the bullet will have a velocity of 1,900 feet per second and an energy of 1,200 foot pounds.

The Warren Commission would have us believe that such a bullet took 1.8 seconds to travel from the body of the late President Kennedy a distance of two or three feet to wound Governor Connally. A high velocity jacketed military bullet could easily have enough steam to go through one man's body and then go on to wound another, but it would do it almost instantaneously. It would certainly not float across the two or three feet of distance in 1.8 seconds like a balloon in a gentle breeze. . . .

If the figures of 1.8 seconds between the time that the President was hit and the Governor was hit and the 2.3 second firing time of the rifle are accurate, it is certain that a second man was involved. It is not a matter of opinion but a matter of physics and mathematics.

Possibly one man had the Governor in mind and the other had the President and did not know of each other's intention or presence. Concern over the President's death could cause investigators to overlook the idea that the Governor could be the target of a second man.

Basil Johnstone.

Borden, Ind.

Covenanters

David Poling reviewed six books containing a total of more than 1,800 pages in *SR*, Nov. 12. It struck me as strange that Mr. Poling took his longest quotation from a book by the late Walter Rauschenbusch, *Christianizing the Social Order* (1904), a paragraph which took a slap at the "descendants of the Scottish Covenanters" for their efforts to write the name of Jesus Christ into the Constitution of the United States, and for refusing to vote or hold public office because the Constitution does not honor Christ as head of this nation. . . . The social reformer wished to make it clear that he did not go along with that movement. "To put a stop to child labor in our country would be a more effective way of doing homage to His sovereignty than any business of words and names."

Covenanters have never been isolationists from social and political issues about them, and in genuinely humanitarian efforts our people have never been indolent. South Carolina descendants of the Covenanters wrote the Mecklenberg Declaration prior to the writing of the Declaration of Independence. Some historians see a direct influence of that religious declaration on Thomas Jefferson's composition of our nation's first major political declaration.

Covenanters enlisted in great numbers during the Civil War to help the Union Army free the slaves, even though their taking the military oath was a contradiction of their dissent from the "immoral" United States Constitution, which rejects God and His Mediatorial Son the Lord Jesus Christ.

Covenanters in Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York cooperated with the "underground railway" which smuggled Negro slaves to Canada. Our church has had educational missionary work in Selma, Alabama, for seventy years, long before liberal Protestant clergymen flocked to that city in 1965 to demand civil rights for the Negro race.

When the United States passed an anti-Asiatic Exclusion Act, our Reformed Presbyterian Synod sent protests to Congress. A Covenanter missionary to Chinese in San Francisco stumped the churches to tell of the mistreatment of Chinese migratory laborers in California. . . .

The Christian State sought by American Covenanters is not the theocratic church-state of the seventeenth century, but a covenant type of democracy in which the Christian majority humbly dedicates the nation to God, asking pardon for national sins through the intercession of the Lord Jesus Christ, and then seeks by voluntary, democratic means to bring the domestic and foreign policy of our nation into agreement with the authority and law of Christ as revealed in the Bible.

We do not accept a plurality of gods nor a plurality of revealed Scriptures, but we accept the modern concept of complete religious freedom. We do this on Biblical grounds and count the mistaken attempts of our ancestors in Scotland to force religious uniformity on all citizens an unwarranted transgression of the spiritual rule of Christ over the consciences of men.

Walter Rauschenbusch is dead. The Covenanters are not. We are still crusading witnesses to the Headship of Jesus Christ over the Church and the Lordship of Christ over all nations.

Samuel E. Boyle.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Redundant

In *SR* for Oct. 22 a careful discourse on the Random House Dictionary. And then, on page 54, having Kishi of Japan stabbed by a *would-be* assassin.

Barry Schweid.

Washington, D.C.

Editor's note: *Definition of "assassin" according to Webster's Unabridged, Second Edition: "One who kills, or attempts to kill, by surprise or secret assault. . . ."*

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With Bing to Lincoln Center

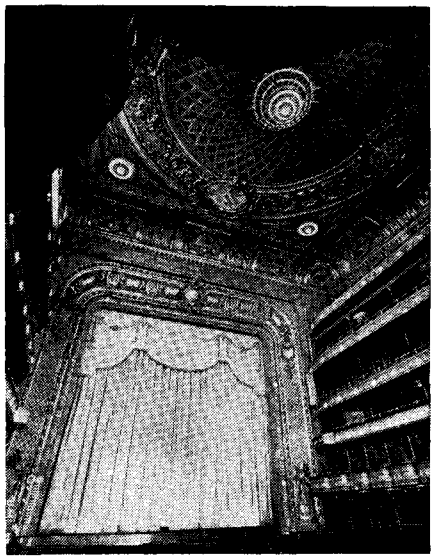
The Metropolitan Opera, 1883-1966: A Candid History, *by Irving Kolodin (Knopf. 762 pp. + xlvii. $15), holds that a power vacuum between performers and administration is the basic reason for inferior opera at the Met. Marcia Davenport, the author of the first American biography of Mozart, is a frequent commentator on Metropolitan broadcasts.*

By MARCIA DAVENPORT

IRVING KOLODIN combines intimacy with objectivity, authority with perspective in *The Metropolitan Opera*, the two previous editions of which have each in their time been the standard reference work on the subject. Well-organized, scrupulously researched, accurate, the chronicles are marked by immediacy—a quality that is particularly surprising in the author's narration of the years before he was born or when he was too young to have heard Metropolitan performances. In these early sequences Mr. Kolodin frequently quotes his mentor, the late great critic W. J. Henderson of the *New York Sun*. This is all to the good, setting a tone of astringent, succinct candor. Mr. Kolodin continues in this vein after he is, so to speak, on his own as successor-survivor to Henderson. His factual asides concerning the Met and its artists are invaluable; and even though there may be disagreement with assertions that are his personal opinion, these are provocative, too.

The present book contains all the material in the two previous works—*The Metropolitan Opera*, which takes the company from its inception in 1883 to 1935, and *The Story of the Metropolitan Opera*, which continues the account to 1950. For current review purposes the latest updated edition may be said to begin on page 497, with the section entitled "With Bing to Lincoln Center, 1950-1966." The scrutiny comes at a time when the public is acutely Metropolitan-conscious. Every performance is sold out regardless of opera and cast. It is nearly impossible for the general public to buy tickets for performances of their choice. Admission prices have again been raised to meet a three-million-dollar miscalculation in the first season's budget. One cannot dine inside the opera house on less than two weeks' notice to the restaurants. At evening's end that large part of the public which cannot afford to hire a chauffeured car and does not wish to use the subway is cast into a wilderness: the Lincoln Center garage, which is not reserved exclusively for patrons of the Center's buildings, holds disastrously fewer cars than it should, and taxicabs are not to be had. These are not irrelevancies. They are cited by way of weighing whether high standards of performance are to prevail over the excitement about a spectacular theater. Mr. Kolodin would not answer unconditionally in the affirmative, and neither would anyone else to whom musical quality has precedence over the wonders and marvels of the new house.

PROLIFERATING affluence and the so-called "culture explosion" may insure that the Metropolitan continues to be sold out for every performance, good, bad, and indifferent—as too many are. This would be catastrophic for the company as an artistic entity. No negligible factor in these considerations is the New York City Center Opera, to which, in recognition of its special character, Mr. Kolodin gives proper attention and documentation. The danger is that without the corrective of adverse public reaction to poor performances, weak casts, and inept conducting, New York might wind up with mostly inferior opera at the Metropolitan. It has always had bad opera some of the time but it has also had excellent opera. It still has. Mr. Kolodin's meticulous breakdown of season-by-season repertoire and performance thoroughly documents this.



—©*Sylvania Electric Products, Inc.*

Interior of old Metropolitan Opera House showing the famous golden curtain—"Every performance is sold out regardless of opera and cast."

In his epilogue he specifies the basic flaw in the Metropolitan's present epoch: the power vacuum between performers and administration, which in earlier régimes was filled by strong conductors. Even if there were not a world-wide dearth of good let alone great operatic conductors, it is doubtful that Mr. Bing would give such an artist the authority that in the past has wrought unforgettable performances. An operatic conductor's achievement is unique—or should be. His concept of the work and its execution *is* the living opera; all the contemporary fuss over visual and theatrical revolution, all the influence of *Regie-Theater*, is basically anti-musical and anti-operatic.

Mr. Kolodin refers repeatedly to the present management's obvious policy of divide-and-rule. Conductors are not permitted permanent identification with the works to which they are best suited. Mr. Bing constantly shifts the conductors' assignments as though they were bit-singers in minor parts. Basic repertoire works like *Aïda* and *Don Giovanni* get a different conductor every year—sometimes several in one season. Consequently there can be no coherence, no enduring polish to their performances. New sets and costumes and staging, the best voices in the world, cannot rise above confusion and insecurity at the conductor's desk. As Mr. Kolodin observes, "money spent on acquiring a sound and responsible group of conductors *who would merit respect as well as demand it*, would yield vastly more widespread results than the money spent on a new production (the second!) of *Cavalleria rusticana* and *Pagliacci*."

NEVERTHELESS Mr. Kolodin acknowledges Mr. Bing's achievement. His devotion to Verdi's less familiar works has in turn won him devotion from American music-lovers. His opening the Metropolitan to Negro artists was admirable and just, as was his flat-handed rejection of Southern demurs when spring tours were being planned. His firing of Maria Callas (spicily narrated by Mr. Kolodin) delighted as many people as it angered. The Bing régime has its own personality, and this—up to the closing weep-fest in the old house—makes interesting reading in Irving Kolodin's permanent repository of the Metropolitan's history.

To it is appended a compilation of the works performed in the lifetime of the Metropolitan, with the number of performances each year. The book is well indexed and profusely but unimaginatively illustrated.

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The Battle of Words Over the War

Vietnam North, *by Wilfred G. Burchett (International. 191 pp. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.85),* ***Washington and Vietnam: An Examination of the Moral and Political Issues,*** *by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley (Oceana. 120 pp. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $1.45),* ***Why Vietnam?,*** *by Frank N. Trager (Praeger. 238 pp. $4.95), and* ***Viet Cong: The Organization and Techniques of the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam,*** *by Douglas Pike (MIT Press. 490 pp. $8.95), comprise a cross section of current thought on the crisis in Southeast Asia. William Henderson is manager of International Government Relations for the Mobil Oil Corporation and editor of the new quarterly Vietnam Perspectives.*

By WILLIAM HENDERSON

THE FLOOD of recent books on Vietnam threatens to inundate us. To the extent that they reflect the perplexity of the American people over events in that far-off Asian country, and a nagging doubt as to the wisdom of United States policy there, we should of course welcome this continued effort at public enlightenment. The trouble is that the spate of reports, polemics, "readings," and other, more serious studies now being published constitutes such a mixed bag. All too few of them add significantly to the state of our knowledge about Vietnam; not many have new or penetrating insights to offer; some should plainly never have seen the light of day. What to read and what not to read?

The four volumes reviewed here represent a cross section of current thought and writing on the Vietnam crisis. *Vietnam North,* by the Australian journalist Wilfred G. Burchett, is little more than a Communist Party tract. Burchett writes well and easily; his report on two visits to the Democratic Republic of Vietnam in February and April-May 1966, during which he traveled widely in the North and talked with almost everyone of consequence, ought to be interesting and worthwhile, even if inevitably tendentious and basically unreliable. Certainly his previous books on Vietnam afforded a mine of hard-to-come-by information for the careful reader.

But the present volume is much less useful. To be sure, the chapters on the economy, on education, health, and so forth, do give some insight into how North Vietnam has adjusted to the exigencies of war. On the whole, however, the text is so overstated, so laudatory of everything the Communists are doing in the North and so denunciatory of United States policy and action, as to stretch the credulity of any normally skeptical reader. For example, Burchett inveighs incessantly against the aerial bombardment of the North. Admittedly this is a contentious issue, and thoughtful men may reasonably differ as to whether the United States should have begun the raids in the first place, let alone whether we should continue and even intensify them. Burchett's views on the subject are violent, to say the least. But the author would also have us believe that practically the only targets the American planes ever hit are elementary schools, hospitals, and leprosaria; and this is plainly preposterous.

More significant are Burchett's accounts of interviews with captured American pilots. The latter seem to be standing up superbly to the pressures of captivity in the North. The author apparently could not find even one who had cracked under the strain and who was now willing to trade denunciations of American policy for the promise of more lenient treatment. Even as reported by Burchett, these exchanges provide eloquent if unintentional testimony to the morale and training of American pilots. The author's final chapter, on negotiations and the terms of a possible peace settlement, is also very much worth reading. Written after lengthy talks with top Hanoi officials, including Prime Minister Pham Van Dong, it is a near-classic statement of the hard-line position and its underlying rationale from the Communist point of view. If these remain North Vietnam's minimum terms of settlement, we are still a long way from the conference table.

Dorothy Dunbar Bromley's *Washington and Vietnam* is the troubled outcry of a decent and honorable American of impeccable liberal background against a dirty, brutal war she does not understand. It purports to be a historical record of our involvement in the conflict and a serious examination of the moral and political issues at stake. It is earnest, sincere, and embarrassingly bad.

Presumably Mrs. Bromley would make no pretence at being an expert on Vietnam. Her book is, in fact, largely a pastiche of other people's material, more or less uncritically slapped together. She seems to have relied heavily upon the published works of Bernard B. Fall ("invaluable assistance"), Jean Lacouture ("illuminating insights"), and Marvin E. Gettleman ("an indispensable source"), and also on several correspondents of *The New York Times,* to whom she acknowledges a special debt. But while no

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one would quarrel with Fall's and Lacouture's credentials as authentic specialists on Vietnam (Gettleman as such is much more dubious), those who have followed the Vietnam debate with any attention know that they—and most of Mrs. Bromley's other sources as well—are heavily committed to one side of the argument. They are the "doves," the vociferous and persistent opponents of Administration policy.

As reworked in Mrs. Bromley's inexpert hands, these materials become a simplistic, derivative analysis primarily from the "dove" point of view. It adds little or nothing to contemporary discussion. Quite inadvertently, moreover, the author undermines her own credibility with innumerable factual inaccuracies and some inexcusably sloppy editing. (She regularly refers to Annam as Assam, which is in India; the name of Cambodia's Chief of State is nearly always misspelled as Prince Sinahouk, even in the index; and at one point South Vietnam's General Khanh becomes General Kahn, of all things.) One soon realizes what has happened. Mrs. Bromley is clearly a humane individual who profoundly hates war and who finds the cruel and remorseless struggle in Vietnam especially revolting. She must have come to the conclusion that American intervention was without moral justification, and then set about constructing a plausible intellectual defense of this position from whatever materials came to hand. This is an understandable exercise; but one wonders why it was published.

Frank N. Trager's book is a measured polemic from the opposite point of view. *Why Viet Nam?* takes the form of a historical analysis of Vietnam's struggle for independence against the French, of the Geneva Conference of 1954 and its aftermath, of the Diem period, and of the resumption of large-scale warfare between North and South. It gives particular attention to United States policy and the record of our participation in Vietnamese affairs, and it ends with a vigorous defense of American military intervention in the present conflict. Perhaps the word "polemic" is too strong, since for the most part the author states his case temperately and with an impressive display of scholarship. This is rather a primer of what is basically the Administration position on Vietnam, set forth at length and in proper historical perspective. As such, it is an extremely useful handbook. I know of no other study of the subject that gives so much reliable information in so readable a form and within such manageable dimensions.

Whether it will convert the heathen is another question. For underlying Trager's analysis is an implicit appraisal of the nature of Communism, of the international Communist movement, and of the continuing Communist threat to the free world that is no longer as widely accepted as it once was. Trager proceeds from the assumption that Communism is still a mortal danger and that it is an unvarying objective of Communist foreign policy, whether Russian, Chinese, or North Vietnamese, to subvert the independence of neighboring states and to foment the revolutionary overthrow of their political institutions. In this world view, it is axiomatic that a Communist régime in Hanoi would seek to organize, support, and even take over a revolutionary movement against the non-Communist government of South Vietnam, and to attempt to bring the South forcibly within its political orbit.

IT is regrettable that Trager does not argue this premise explicitly. Doubtless he would reply to such criticism by asking, have we learned nothing about Communism from the history of the last fifty years? Does the point have to be made all over again? But the trouble is that increasing numbers of people, especially young people, are no longer persuaded by the hard-line interpretation of Communism. Too much has happened, especially since the death of Stalin, that requires careful explanation. The really creative task for those who, like Trager, are still unregenerate hard-liners is to reinterpret the profound changes that have undoubtedly taken place in international politics and the world Communist movement over the last fifteen years in such a way as to validate and reinforce their abiding conviction that Communism is indeed an undiminished threat to the freedom of the non-Communist countries. Unless something like this is attempted, a volume such as Trager's may remain a preachment to the converted.

Viet Cong is far and away the best work on the Communist movement in South Vietnam that has yet appeared in print. Douglas Pike has based his study largely on primary sources—that is, on captured Viet Cong documents and on more than a hundred interviews with defectors from the ranks of the National Liberation Front, and also on his own six years of firsthand experience in South Vietnam. It has the ring of authenticity.

Pike's thesis is that the conflict in the South has "a distinct imported quality about it that did not characterize either the Viet Minh war or the Communist revolution in China. The alien character [is] not simply a matter of outside aid or leadership. The struggle [is] in essence an expansionist drive by the North Vietnamese." But it is not simply a conventional, overt aggression across a recognized international frontier. The key lies rather in the ability of the Communists to organize a successful revolutionary movement largely through the shrewd use of modern, sophisticated communications techniques. "The strength of the NLF [is] the result of careful organization building, not the product of some unique spirit of élan . . . That the leaders of this enterprise [are] professionals must be evident from the structure they created."

Most of Pike's book is devoted to documenting this case. Whole sections are given over to the development of the NLF organization, to recruitment, the communication of ideas and the inculcation of loyalty to the cause, the uses of violence, and so on. What emerges is a portrait of the Viet Cong startlingly different from the sentimentalized idea of a spontaneous movement embracing an outraged rural peasantry in arms against urban tyranny and alien domination. That there was widespread discontent in the countryside is obvious. What Pike makes clear is the manner in which the Communists made use of it—coldly, calculatedly, and for their own purposes.

Viet Cong should be widely read. Alas, it probably won't be. The text and appendices fill almost 500 closely printed pages, and much of the documentary material makes for heavy going. Pike writes clearly enough, but the book is loosely organized and would have benefited from a firmer editorial hand. As it is, the general reader is not likely to have the patience to plow through this immensely informative volume.

School Drawing

By Lewis Turco

THERE is a road: no
one is walking there. Brown
paper, black paper triangles
  wrangle with the air
  to make a windmill

  striping a crayon
sun. A black arrow points
away from the blades that turn in
  fire. It is burning,
  and there is no wind.

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Poor Richard in Paris

Mon Cher Papa: Franklin and the Ladies of Paris, *by Claude-Anne Lopez (Yale University Press. 404 pp. $7.50), focuses on less familiar aspects of Poor Richard. Leo Gershoy has written a number of books on France's Revolutionary period.*

By LEO GERSHOY

FROM early December 1776, when he disembarked at a little port on the bleak Brittany coast, to mid-July 1785 Benjamin Franklin discharged with extraordinary success a difficult mission entrusted to him and two fellow commissioners to France. What he accomplished during those eight and a half years is a well-worked chapter in the annals of diplomacy that Claude-Anne Lopez, the author of this charmingly urbane and delightful narrative, does not re-explore.

For the happy thought came to her, as she was working through thousands of documents in the Franklin Papers at Yale (of which she is an associate editor), to tell another story and focus the spotlight upon less-known facets of Franklin's personality. Her concern is with how he carried out his mission, what resources he drew upon to overcome the disadvantages and the heavy difficulties of his position.

This, then, is the story of her Franklin, the "French Franklin, the spry and

—*From the book.*

Coiffure à l'Indépendence, 1778.

mellow septuagenarian, the indomitable revolutionary, the tireless peacemaker," the best, she believes, of all the Franklins that the Western world already knew so well.

His position was indeed difficult. He had the mistrust and dislike of John Adams (not to speak of dear Abigail). He carried the burden of poor health and age—he was seventy when he arrived—and the handicap of a French that was less than perfect. Worse still, there was the task of obtaining recognition for his young nation from a great power that was in no position to grant it, of obtaining aid and support for America's war from a government that was at peace with England.

But Franklin had rich assets, too. He was cultivated by the great spokesmen of liberal public opinion, and he cultivated them with disarming deftness and tact. He had the affection of many people in high places, not only for himself but perhaps even more because he was the focus of an admiration that extended to the whole American experiment—to the America, as Turgot put it, that was "the hope of the human race."

MOST important of all, the ladies of the salons adored him, the young and the not so young, the sentimental and the tough-minded, the beautiful and the less so. And in that age of the salon, Mrs. Lopez points out, perhaps with some overemphasis, "with its delicate network of influence, intrigue, and innuendo," the influence of the ladies was crucial. But to merit their approval the contestants had to observe the rules and play the game with the required wit, elegance, and detachment. They had to employ the social graces of light talk that veiled serious thought, of the winged letter that was to be pondered carefully. And of all these rules Franklin readily became a master.

Thus we are introduced, one after another, to those delightful creatures who adored their *"cher papa."* The narrative begins with Franklin's *amitié amoureuse* with his impressionable and slightly neurotic neighbor, Mme. Brillon, in Passy. It moves on to Paris, where we meet the Comtesse d'Houdetot, the great romantic. Shortly after, Franklin is presented at court, where Marie-Antoinette patronized the *ambassadeur électrique.* He meets the modest and humble Mme. de Lafayette and her friends. Finally, at the rustic retreat of Auteuil, he meets the ever young and fascinating widow of the great Helvetius, with whom he fell deeply in love and whom he would have married had she agreed.

It would be incorrect to say that a new and different Franklin emerges from these vignettes. He remains the Franklin that Carl van Doren has given us, the American of ironic and detached common sense that Carl Becker depicted, the cool pragmatist who disliked dim perspectives and the chiaroscuro of things sensed but not seen. That essential Franklin is not effaced. To Mrs. Lopez we are indebted for a more mellow and more shaded figure, mellow but also playful, ironic and detached but romantic too, incredibly energetic, and as interested as he ever had been, if indeed not more so, in all that made up the stuff of living.

Like the Achaean Gift: Full of Murder

By Robert Wallace

THE roses I got you Saturday, coming
from the dentist's in the rain
—pink, and pale white-like-yellow,
in green tissue—

shed petals now that, singly,
drop, and drift like swans
headless in the pooling light
of the table's top.

I take them back,
and in the barren weather take them
out to crush them in the trash,
hoping you won't notice forever.

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Family Life Italian Style

My Home, Sweet Home, *by Giovanni Guareschi, translated from the Italian by Joseph Green (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 214 pp. $4.50), reminisces, occasionally like an Italian Thurber, about the author's family. Walter Guzzardi, Jr., was formerly Time-Life bureau chief in Rome.*

By WALTER GUZZARDI, JR.

THE WHOLE life of Giovanni Guareschi is, in a manner of speaking, an oxymoron. He is a gentle man of ferocious appearance, broad in the chest and sporting bristling mustaches that branch upward like the antlers of an elk. He writes simple, gentle sentences that have an oddly pathetic effect. But with those gentle sentences he produces biting results: biting enough to have made him, a few years ago, one of the men in Italy most hated by the Italian Left. He is characterized by an embracing kindness toward people; but he is capable of fierceness toward them too, and he became so fierce, at one point in his career, that he served a year in jail for libeling the memory of one of Italy's most beloved men, Alcide de Gasperi.

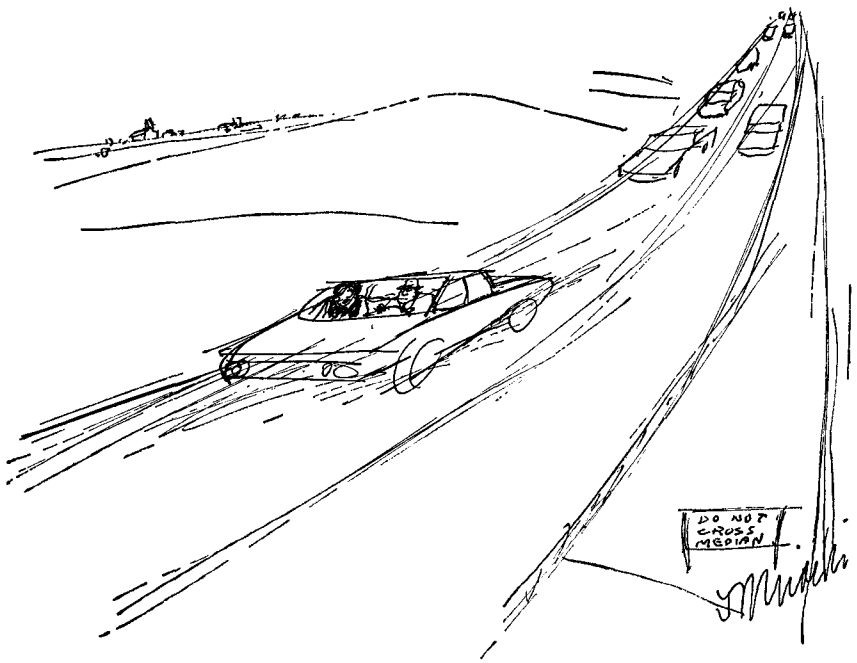
This mingling of contradictions proved piquant enough so that Guareschi was for a brief period one of Italy's most prominent journalists. His *Little World of Don Camillo*, the story of a kindly parish priest who battled Communists as though each and every one were really the antichrist, was an international success. In the U.S. it created what came close to a literary vogue. An Italian edition was accompanied by Guareschi's own drawings, which showed Communists with three nostrils (one, presumably, for breathing fire and brimstone), a caricature the Communists had a hard time living down. And Guareschi's Monarchist journal *Candido* spoke so eloquently on behalf of a lost cause that it was for a while the subject of violent argument on the floor of the Italian Chamber of Deputies (where, it must be said in fairness, most arguments tend to be violent). *Candido* still appears today, but causes less furor. In recent years Guareschi has become a kind of anachronism in Italy, where no one takes Monarchists very seriously any more, and he has also faded from the American literary scene.

It is a pleasure to welcome him back. Guareschi's new book, entitled *My Home, Sweet Home*, appeared in 1954 in Italy under the title *Corrierino delle famiglie*. But no part of it has been available in English until now. A collection of vignettes about Giovanni Guareschi's own family life, it is made up, as he says in the preface, of "the juice of my family . . . the same as the juice of millions of ordinary families." The book suffers from the inevitable shortcomings of this form: in a sense, *My Home, Sweet Home* is like a collection of short stories, and collections are hard to read through in one sitting.

In every other way, however, the book is successful. It has charm, grace, and wit; it is full of tolerance, tenderness, and warmth. Here and there, the character of La Pasionaria (Guareschi's daughter Carlotta) verges on the saccharine, and is, also here and there, hardly believable; but that small sin must be forgiven for the amusement that La Pasionaria affords. It is she, for example, who first challenges her mother, Margherita, with being afraid to go to the dentist: "You're old, and you've got a toothache, so you have to go to the dentist right away," she says relentlessly. In a marvelous if fraudulent rebuttal, Margherita waves away the charge of cowardice: "I'm going to an old-fashioned dentist, the kind that made us suffer so terribly when we were children. If I tried to avoid the pain, I would feel I was betraying my own youth. Farewell . . . farewell to the generation of the anesthesia!" She and Guareschi then stalk out—to go to the movies, where he becomes ill on chestnuts ("I felt as though there was a wild beast in my stomach") and she suffers in silence. "But," adds the author, "there was the compensation of being able to look down . . . at the total defeat of the generation of the anesthesia."

Some of the anecdotes contain just a whiff of Thurber. In one splendid scene, the children and Guareschi gather round to save Margherita from another total defeat in baking a cake. They have to use nails instead of toothpicks to decide when the cake is done. In another, Guareschi discovers a little dog he calls Hamlet; the trouble is that the dog's master is named Hamlet, and he is furious at Guareschi's suggestion that Hamlet is the dog's name as well. "The dog's name is not Hamlet," says Guareschi placatingly. "Okay? But he's a dog that answers to the name of Hamlet. . . . The dog's name is not Hamlet, but he evinces a lively desire to be called Hamlet." Guareschi finally and predictably takes the splendid little dog home.

This is, to one's great relief, not a blockbuster of a book. There is no sex in it. There is no elegant or contrived writing. It is direct, simple, and pleasing. Except for one or two inexplicable lapses, such as the use of the adverb "unfriendlily," the English translation by the pseudonymous Joseph Green retains the uncomplicated structure and telling effect of the Italian.



"You deliberately missed the exit to mother's."

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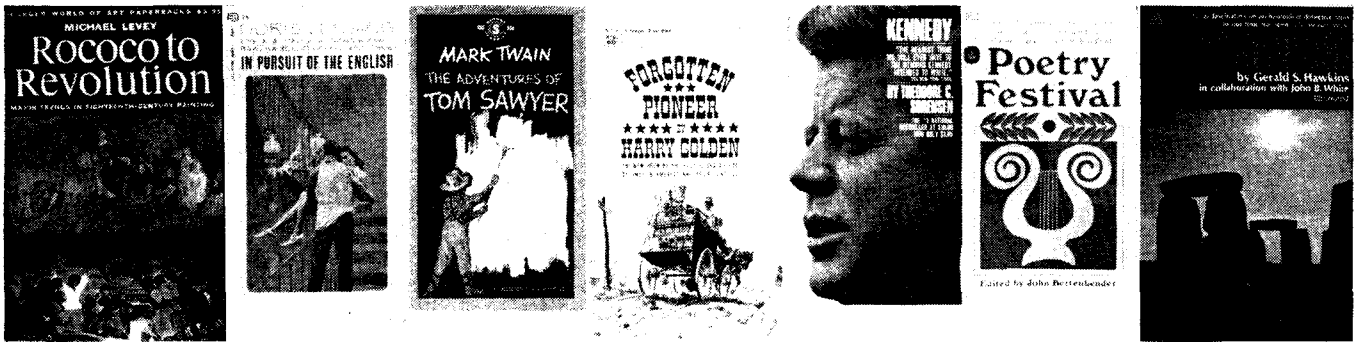

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

"Books cannot always please, however good," wrote George Crabbe. Fortunately, as Christmas gifts paperbacks have an advantage, in variety and price. Be sure: give two or three. From the blizzard of this year's publications, here is *SR*'s sampling for Yuletide pleasure. Jackets may be paper but they are designed with more imagination and color than ever. Art books, always acceptable, are glorious this season. They can hold their own on any coffee table. Squared away for Christmas are the many gift-boxed sets for brows high and low—from Signet's imposing eight-volume *Shakespeare* ($4) to Popular Library's popular *Stories to Remember* ($3), comfortably collected in four books by Thomas B. Costain. And for everyone, *The Wonderful World of Peanuts*, five in a box, comes from Crest for $2, holiday wrapped. All you have to do is tie the ribbon.

Merry Christmas.

—Rollene W. Saal.

Fiction

Alfie. By Bill Naughton. Ballantine. 60¢. Here again is "Alfie," who began life as a play, went to the movies, and now gets turned by his creator into a novel. And a good one.

The Best of Damon Runyon. Hart. 75¢. All the guys and all the dolls, all the bitter wit and great good humor.

Break of Day and The Blue Lantern. By Colette. Translated respectively by Enid McLeod and Roger Senhouse. Noonday. $1.95. The first is fiction, the second autobiography, but in the wise hands of a mature, reflective woman the distinction blurs.

Children and Others. By James Gould Cozzens. Crest. 75¢. A collection of short stories whose common denominators of sturdy plot and vigorously moral characters are only to be expected by the author of *The Last Adam* and *By Love Possessed*.

The Complete James Bond. Signet. 13 vols. $7.80. Last year's gift package of Bond books was an even dozen; this year, with the addition of the posthumous *Man with the Golden Gun*, it totals thirteen. Unluckily, there will be no more.

The Far Side of the Dollar. By Ross Macdonald. Bantam. 50¢. For readers who like their private eyes open—and tough—, their plots thick and unfathomable, here's sexy Lew Archer, reliably tough and unfathomable.

Frederica. By Georgette Heyer. Avon. 75¢. The latest recipe from the queen of the Regency, a delight for her multitude of admirers, contains the staple ingredients—romance, adventure, maidenly modesty, and gallantry, all askew.

The Ginger Man. By J. P. Donleavy. Delta. $1.95. Here, in a new edition of a landmark in the contemporary novel, is the same old Sebastian Dangerfield, breaking all the rules. Anyone who hasn't read it should.

In Praise of Older Women. By Stephen Vizinczey. Ballantine. 95¢. A Hungarian Casanova who prefers the Gabors to the Lolitas reports, with droll effect, on a sexual pilgrim's progress in war and peace.

Doris Lessing. Ballantine. 4 vols. boxed. $2.55. That coolly intellectual, crashingly honest, African-born Englishwoman takes an encore in a proper boxful of novels and short stories: *The Grass Is Singing, In Pursuit of the English, A Man and Two Women, The Habit of Loving.*

Science Fiction Oddities. Edited by Groff Conklin. Berkley. 75¢. SF is strange to begin with, and these nineteen stories all have weird twists, making them sort of stranger than science fiction.

The Short Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald. Edited by Malcolm Cowley. Scribners. $2.95. A sampling of Fitzgerald's most famous: *A Diamond as Big as the Ritz, Babylon Revisited, The Rich Boy*, etc. Dazzling and despairing.

Time of Hope. By C. P. Snow. Scribners. $1.65. One more in the Strangers and Brothers series. Now narrator Lewis Eliot divests himself of his customary reticence to reveal his own youthful trials.

The Violent Bear It Away. By Flannery O'Connor. Noonday. $1.95. A deceptively simple, highly poetic story about a small orphaned boy in a Southern town.

Fun and Games

A Dictionary of Modern Chess. By Byrne J. Horton. Citadel. $2.25. From Aben-Ezra (a chess-loving rabbi) to Zwischenzug (an intermediary move), this is an alphabetic know-it-all about the sport of kings and queens and peons.

The Complete Book of Solitaire and Patience Games. By Alfred H. Morehead. Bantam. 75¢. This book tests character—with 225 colorfully named games from "Napoleon at St. Helena" (also known as "Forty Thieves" and "Roosevelt at San Juan") to "Miss Milligan" and "Russian Bank."

The Complete Book of Surfing. By Peter L. Dixon. Ballantine. 75¢. It is complete: a surfer's bible—a history from the days when Hawaiian kings skimmed the waves, a where-to and how-to handbook including a glossary of terms.

A History of Playing Cards. By Catherine Perry Hargrave. Dover. $3. Playing cards are older than gunpowder and socially as explosive. From the tarot deck to modern cardboards, here's a cultural review of that popular pastime. Painstakingly illustrated.

The Viking Book of Aphorisms. Selected by W. H. Auden and Louis Kronenberger. Compass. $1.85. More than 3,000 sayings, most of them wise or at the least witty, garnered by a pair who recognize a lovely turn of phrase.

The Wonderful World of Peanuts. By Charles M. Schulz. Crest. $2. A tasty bagful of Peanuts and his chums, neatly gift-wrapped: *You Are Too Much, Charlie Brown; Here Comes Snoopy; Fun with Peanuts; Good Grief, Charlie Brown*, and the title book.

Art

The Architecture of the Italian Renaissance. By Peter Murray. Schocken. $2.95. "They took space as the musician takes sound," wrote Bernard Berenson of the sixteenth-century builders, men like Brunelleschi, Bramante, Michelangelo, the heroes of their time and of this well-informed study.

A Background to Chinese Painting. By Soame Jenyns. Schocken. $2.45. Oriental art, explored in all its subtleties, is juxtaposed with philosophies of Old China. Illustrated.

Gauguin. By Raymond Charmet. Rubens. By A. Stubbe. Barnes & Noble. 75¢ each. Two additions to a useful series which introduces major artists through abundant reproductions of their works.

The German Expressionists. By Bernard S. Myers. Praeger. $4.95. A wonderfully balanced book in which a thorough text and lavish illustrations reveal artists whose concern was the outer form of the inner man.

Japanese Painting. By Kenji Toda. Tut-

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tle. $2.50. A graphic review of Japan's art from the seventh to the nineteenth centuries. Comments are often perfunctory, but numerous illustrations give a sense of breadth and variety.

ROCOCO TO REVOLUTION. By Michael Levey. Praeger. $3.95. Depicted here is that energetic seventeenth century, when art changed boldly from the porcelain perfection of Watteau to the stark drama of Goya.

VAN GOGH. By Frank Elgar. Praeger. $3.95. The World of Art Profile series produces another fine volume, in which the emphasis is less on well-known biography than on defining the exact quality of the subject's genius.

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT. By Norris Kelly Smith. Prentice-Hall/Spectrum. $2.45. Controversial during his lifetime, debatable even after his death, Wright is here appraised as a romantic in a mechanized century.

Seeing and Hearing

CINEMA AS ART. By Ralph Stephenson and J. R. Debrix. Pelican. $1.45. Nifty for cocktail parties and upmanship: While everyone discusses plot and character, you talk of plasticity of space, electricity of motion, and the director as creator. Profusely illustrated with examples of film few of your friends have seen.

THE INVESTIGATION. By Peter Weiss. Atheneum. $2.95. The drama and the documentary meet on stage to explicate problems of human responsibility for the agony of Auschwitz.

MOZART: THE MAN AND HIS WORKS. By W. J. Turner. Barnes & Noble. $3.95. First-rate scholarship combines biographical insight with sensitive musical appreciation.

OPERA. By Edward J. Dent. Pelican. $1.25. Musical drama's history and much of its glory are surveyed and illustrated for those who "like opera . . . but."

PUCCINI LIBRETTOS. English translation by William Weaver. Anchor. $1.95. If you can't afford the opera this Christmas, how about the librettos? Here are Puccini's five best-known—no, not *The Girl of the Golden West*—with Italian and English texts face to face.

THEATRE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Robert W. Corrigan. Evergreen. $1.45. The most outspoken voices are heard—Brecht, Ionesco, Miller—each defining in his own terms some aspect of modern drama.

TV KEY MOVIE GUIDE. Edited by Steven H. Scheuer. Bantam. $1. At last—the updated volume of the outdated Guide. Brief, literate, and intelligent appraisals of all the movies from the early show to the late, late make it a bedside-table must.

THE SIGNET CLASSIC SHAKESPEARE. General editor, Sylvan Barnet. Signet. 8 vols. $4. *Macbeth, Othello, Hamlet, Julius Caesar, King Lear, The Tempest, Antony and Cleopatra, The Merchant of Venice,* each with commentaries, criticism, and, happily, notes on the page to which they refer. Prodigious.

History

THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION. By E. H. Carr. 3 vols. Pelican. Vols. 1 & 2, $2.25; Vol. 3, $2.45. In a century marked by crises, these years, 1917-1923, reached a high point in human hope and sheer terror.

FORGOTTEN PIONEER. By Harry Golden. Crest. 60¢. A pleasantly nostalgic book about the American past when the Yankee peddlers, often Jewish, with packs on their backs, brought civilization to Western outposts.

THE GREEK STONES SPEAK. THE MUTE STONES SPEAK. By Paul MacKendrick, Mentor. 2 vols. 95¢ each. The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that later became Rome substantiated by spadings into the past. Both books are readable and illustrated.

THE MYCENAEANS IN HISTORY. By Alan E. Samuel. Spectrum. $2.45. For those who like to muse about the world as it once was, these ancient Aegean peoples, of whose exploits Homer sang, are about as splendid as any.

STONEHENGE DECODED. By Gerald S. Hawkins. Delta. $1.95. One of history's best-kept secrets—the meaning of the 3,500-year-old Druid ruins—is here unraveled by a British astronomer who believes they marked a highly sophisticated observatory site.

THE TWENTIES. Essandess. $1.95. An *American Heritage* commemorative issue dramatically recalls in lavish illustrations and essays the best of times and the worst of times.

Verse

BATTLE REPORT. By Harvey Shapiro. Wesleyan Univ. Press. $1.85. The newest in Wesleyan's first-rate series, this poetry is precise, lyric, and decidedly non-Beat.

COLLECTED POEMS. By Robert Graves. Anchor. $1.75. Septuagenarian Graves's latest collection is, as always, a shade younger than springtime.

GEMS OF CHINESE LITERATURE. By Herbert A. Giles. Dover. $2.50. An elegantly presented anthology of delicate, often enigmatic poems, epigrams, and prose pieces from ancient China; for friends who claim to have read everything.

THE POEMS OF CATULLUS. Translated by Peter Whigham. Penguin. $1.25. The robust lyricist of old Rome extolled in his verses the wonders of a girl named Lesbia.

POETRY FESTIVAL. Edited by John Bettenbender. Dell. 50¢. Ranging from Shakespeare to Frost, this particularly hearty gathering was edited with the young reader in mind. Old browsers, too, will find pleasure in the familiar.

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Vienna Before the Holocaust

***The Waterfalls of Slunj,** by Heimito von Doderer, translated from the German by Eithne Wilkens and Ernst Kaiser (Harcourt, Brace & World. 375 pp. $6.95), traces the fortunes of an English industrial family operating a subsidiary firm in antebellum Austria. Joseph P. Bauke is associate professor of Germanic languages at Columbia University.*

By JOSEPH P. BAUKE

"THE OWL of Minerva flies only in the gathering dusk," Hegel maintained, and the intellectual history of Austria seems to bear him out. As the shadows lengthened over the once vast empire, the fires of creativity burned brighter than ever. In literature, psychology, and the arts Austria produced geniuses that have reshaped the landscape of the mind and drawn new frontiers to man's knowledge of himself. Freud, Wittgenstein, Rilke, Kafka, and Schönberg are milestones in contemporary thought, figures whose influence it would be difficult to overestimate. When the record of man's journey into the twentieth century is compiled, the Austrian contribution might well require the longest chapter.

According to German critics, Heimito von Doderer, born in a Viennese castle in 1896, stands in the great tradition of his famous countrymen; he is most frequently compared to Musil. The *Times Literary Supplement,* which may rightfully claim to have rediscovered Musil, called Doderer "the most formidable German-speaking novelist now living." For several years Doderer has been rumored to be a contender for the Nobel Prize. Yet, despite the fanfares that are sounded for him abroad, he has not captured the imagination of the reading

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

DO YOU REMEMBER?

What does he do that never felt a wound? He jests at scars, of course (see *Romeo and Juliet*). That's the type of answer you are expected to give to this poetic quiz on poetry submitted by Elsie Church of New Haven. Answers and sources will be found on page 58.

1. What's sooner found than woman true and fair?
2. And who was buxom, blithe, and debonair?

3. From what, than sleep, does greater pleasure flow?
4. Talking of whom, do women come and go?

5. Who hurled whom flaming headlong, and from whence?
6. And in what waste is wrought the spirit's expense?

7. What becomes the thronèd monarch? Whom should man
8. Presume to scan and not presume to scan?

9. What time of day did what man wiser rise?
10. What sanguine thing could boast of meteor eyes?

11. What first did glow, and then on ash expire?
12. What bird was turning in a widening gyre?

13. Who had a wound more shallow than a well is deep?
14. What came to whom from off the fields of sleep?

15. To what, from whose chaste breast, did the lover fly?
16. And where do rose-lipt girls in slumber lie?

17. What did the knight-at-arms with kisses four?
18. Who was it struck the board and cried "No more!"?

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public in this country, although the critics gave respectful notices to his novel *The Demons* (1956).

Doderer's new book, his seventh novel and the second to be published in English, affords American readers another opportunity to become acquainted with his work. Like Musil, Doderer gives a panorama of antebellum Austria; but unlike Musil he does not lapse into philosophical essays designed to illuminate the metaphysical significance of it all. For Doderer, a smell, a sound, a view out of a train window are more important than elaborate analyses or even recorded historical events. In fact, in one of his theoretical pronouncements on the novel he states as his goal the "description of that which happens in spite of history." His detractors respond by accusing him of high-level gossip-mongering.

In *The Waterfalls of Slunj* Doderer traces the fortunes of the Claytons, an English industrial family that sets up a subsidiary concern in Vienna. Clayton, father and son, quickly take root in Austria and achieve a position of social and economic prominence. With infinite love of detail Doderer evokes the world in which they move; he pays as much attention to the prices and models of cars and the shapes of teacups as to the architectural background of the imperial city. The scenes in Vienna are reconstructed with the care usually reserved for ancient civilizations. We are told how high-school examinations were modified over a period of twenty years, and how many marks a student needed to live comfortably. The London chapters, by comparison, are less well realized, even though Doderer traveled there in order to gather material.

The marginal characters, from the sons of the *haute bourgeoisie* to the charming prostitutes Finy and Feverl, reflect the social spectrum of the capital and, on occasion, compel more attention than the principals. In the company of Frau Wewerka, "the bulbous troglodyte with a dislocated hip . . . equipped with the sensitive antennae of a crab," Donald, the junior Clayton, seems pale and impotent, and there is poetic justice in the fact that he is upstaged in business and in love by the upstart Chwostik.

A novelist in the grand manner, Doderer intertwines the fates of his characters in a most sovereign fashion, pushing some to sudden prominence for a few pages and then dismissing them "with a hearty kick in the behind." Avoiding all overt symbolism, he nevertheless manages to enmesh them in a web of connections held together by seeming accidents. Thus Donald Clayton finds his death at the waterfalls of Slunj, near which he was conceived on the wedding trip of his parents. Chwostik, by the same alchemy of events, picks up a prostitute who takes him to the bedroom in which he was born. The logic of these concatenations is not readily apparent, but Doderer leaves no doubt that such coincidences form the matrix of life. In one brilliant scene a student suddenly remembers that in class he sits next to the son of a woman who had seduced him. Doderer muses: "He might have gone on to reflect that they had both passed across the same secret threshold, although at very different times in their lives and in opposite directions . . . It is in the nature of life that we never give a thought to many an obvious and undeniable phenomenon."

The Waterfalls of Slunj is so superbly translated that the English version is more pleasant to read than Doderer's German with its mannerisms and its Austrian idiosyncracies. The publishers, however, could have made it easier for the reader of this challenging and engrossing novel if they had admitted that it is the first volume of a projected tetralogy dealing with the period between about 1880 and 1960. Though the present work is in itself complete, the author's intentions are not really made clear. Obviously, Doderer is not aiming merely to recapitulate a chapter in the history of Vienna. Given his Balzacian vigor, he may well be writing a human comedy, played in Austrian garb.

The Darkness Ahead

***Waiting for Winter,** by John O'Hara (Random House. 466 pp. $5.95), collects twenty-one short stories mainly preoccupied with nostalgia, aging, and death. David McDowell is a New York editor and critic.*

By DAVID McDOWELL

JOHN O'HARA is probably the most underrated of American writers. Not only is his talent a major one; he has in addition those extremely rare qualities, creative energy and fecundity. Talent isn't particularly hard to come by these days, but such a steady and almost startling productivity most certainly is.

O'Hara, now in his sixty-first year, has published some thirty-odd books, beginning with *Appointment in Samarra* in 1934, and they include at least five major novels. He has also written in the neighborhood of a thousand short stories. Since few writers in any language have worked so hard in that medium, this present collection of twenty-one new stories offers an occasion to speculate a little on O'Hara's accomplishments in it. This is by no means easy. In fact, it is

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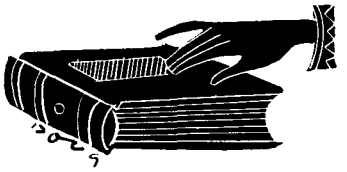
exceedingly hard to pinpoint why one O'Hara story fails and another succeeds. Somewhat the same difficulty is encountered in Chekhov's stories. For a long time I had chalked that up to my being somehow occasionally out of phase with an inscrutable Russian sensibility, but my experiences in rereading O'Hara these past few years have led me to conclude that the cases are similar and that nothing mystical is involved.

The curious thing is that the stories of both writers are so clear, so well made, and, if you like, so professional that they defy any plotting on an esthetic graph. They simply succeed or they don't, for each individual reader—and few readers are in agreement about any except the very, very best.

Waiting for Winter has perhaps less range than other O'Hara collections. The title is apt, as O'Hara suggests at the end of his "Author's Note." This is a dark book, full of nostalgia, aging, the end of hope, and death. In tone it is almost completely retrospective and pessimistic. There is no romance in these stories, and even where there is sex or marriage, the specter of infidelity is always in the background whether it materializes or not. And there is no wit or humor at all. O'Hara seems to look upon the process of growing old with as little enthusiasm as Yeats, and with the same compulsion to write about it.

These stories are more uneven, too, than those in the other O'Hara collections I have read. Some end so abruptly that I suspect O'Hara could no longer bear to dwell on such "downward paths to wisdom." For example, "Andrea," a long and beautifully worked out story about a twenty-year relationship between a man and woman, is marred by the absence of any specific motive for the woman's apparent suicide. In "The Pomeranian" O'Hara also develops a wonderful story only to fail to come to terms with it at the end.

But these are minor quarrels. Most writers would be happy with the kind of success O'Hara achieves in "Flight," "The General," "The Portly Gentleman," and "The Way to Majorca." In stories like these we see a completely independent writer plowing his own furrow, and in his "Gibbsville, Pa." populating a countryside as original and as recognizable as Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County. Surely it is the fault of the literary critics that such creative accomplishments are so often patronized as being out of the mainstream of American letters.



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A Boston Premiere for "Moses and Aron"

BOSTON.

IT WAS a Bostonian who, when asked "Why go to the moon?" replied "Because it is there." Some similar spirit of steely eyed determination might have animated the Opera Company of Boston to give the first American performance of Arnold Schoenberg's thirty-five-year-old *Moses and Aron* in what was once the Loew's State and is now the Back Bay Theater. Relative to ordinary opera, its style is lunar-like in remoteness; relative to even an ill-equipped opera house, the Back Bay's launching pad is but primitive. That Sarah Caldwell, director of the production as well as of the company, managed to convey some idea of how it all goes together was—as has been said in another lyric circumstance—"greatly to her credit."

Indeed, in a work which probes dialectically back and forth from the word to the miracle and the miracle to the word (Schoenberg never composed his projected Act III, so the issue remains unresolved), the real miracle was Miss Caldwell's accomplishment in making room for the large chorus to get on and off and take an active, positive part in the conflicts between the brothers. Her most apt thought was to order into existence a lateral front platform running the width of the theater where the rail separating orchestra from audience would normally be. This permitted circulation all around the stage as well as drawing the audience closer into what action there is in the two acts. She also plotted well in building connections from the front boxes of the old movie house down to the stage, thus making possible a small likeness to the pageantry practiced at the Radio City Music Hall.

All this was mothered by the necessity arising from a "stage" which is but thirty feet from footlights to rear wall and was cramped even for the close contacts of the "virgins" and their lovers in the scene of the Golden Calf. Aside from a well gilded bovine (which fell apart nicely when Moses commanded), and a large symbol of a prior faith (which toppled impressively in Act I), the two acts were played against but a suggestion of scenery (by Oliver Smith). Rather it was the sight of the two hundred or more choristers, actors, and supers, ranged in groups on the stage or positioned on ramps running high up into the wings, which comprised a kind of living curtain before which Moses and Aron, identically clad in blue robes and white beards, carried on their struggle for ideological supremacy.

Indeed, with Donald Gramm (Moses) and Richard Lewis (Aron) as the "opposite" twins, the visual aspect of the evening came off rather better than the aural. This, again, derived largely from the directness and imagination of Miss Caldwell's conception, in which practically all the "effects" demanded in Schoenberg's script—the rod and the serpent, the leprous hand and the well, the waters of the Nile and the blood, the slaughterous orgies of Act II—were pantomimed. After awhile one did not particularly care, for this device became merely one more instance of unreality in addition to all the others in the work.

Most sizable of these was Schoenberg's serious whimsy in calling this work an opera rather than an oratorio on a sacred-secular theme. Moses himself produces a sustained vocal line only once in the two acts, and then briefly; Aron's part is written in *sprechstimme*, a form of half-sung, half-spoken declamation; and the orchestra goes through the whole proceedings with those brief, disjointed, formally related but audibly non-consecutive interjections that delight the analysts and bore the public. Even the dance before the Golden Calf which, in some circumstances, can make a lively likeness of intellectualized frenzy, did not achieve such an outcome this time. Possibly because the excellent orchestra of Boston Symphony personnel was so blocked off by the construction before and behind it, the quantity of sound it produced under Osbourne McConathy was rather dead and distant.

Perhaps the most interesting discovery from this adventure into the relatively unknown (there has been, for years, a recording available of a German radio performance) is that it no longer sounds very adventurous, or even perplexing. Since Schoenberg laid the score aside in 1931, after bringing it more or less to the point where it stands today, composers have moved on to sound combinations much more tenuous, skeletonized, and arbitrary than his. Thus one may listen not only with an open mind but also with open ears and conclude that the whole intellectual apparatus is weighted down by commitment to a style which takes it no place, least of all into the emotions of the onlooker-listener. There were, of course, bravos at the end, but one wonders how many of them bespoke an enthusiasm to hear it again—ever.

In terms of an ultimate performance—say, the one Schoenberg imagined in his mind—this one fell short in several respects unrelated to the lack of scenery or other visual resources. Principal among them was the decision to perform the work in English rather than German. This conferred some modest advantage in intelligibility on the solo performers (the choral English, as is almost always the case, was mostly a syllabic hash), but it destroyed the pattern of alliteration to which the composer attached so much importance. As Allen Forte points out in one of his penetrating commentaries on the subject, it is present from Moses's opening "Einziger, Eweger Allgegenwärtiger" (hardly matched by "Only one, infinite, thou omnipresent one") to his final "O Wort, du Wort, das mir fehlt" ("O Word, thou Word, that I lack!"). It was Forte's own translation, with some small alterations for singing convenience, that was utilized.

However, even should such an ultimate performance be organized somewhere, somehow, it could scarcely affect profoundly, let alone reverse, the canon of values embodied in *Moses and Aron*. Undertaken shortly after *Wozzeck* was first performed, it lacks, from the outset, the factor that has drawn more and more audiences into Berg's somewhat similar orbit—identification with the personal woe of a recognizable human. There is, indeed, much more drama in Schoenberg the man, with his dauntless pursuit of an ideal, his devotion to principle, his conviction that he was unlocking secrets of art that would endure for decades, than in the work he did under the spell of his visions.

There was, while it remained unproduced, a lingering possibility that *Moses and Aron* would be the work to make much else about Schoenberg's theorizing "come right." Now that it has been put on, this possibility is, for me at least, foreclosed. What held the attention was, for the most part, the nonmusical elements of the whole—the resourceful scheme of Miss Caldwell's production, the animation generated by the masses of choristers (mostly young, a majority from the New England Conservatory and local choral societies), the wriggling abandon of some of Claude Kipnis's choreography. But these are hardly the stuff from which enduring interest—the life force of operatic vitality—derives.

BACK at home, the season's first matinee broadcast from the Metropolitan of Puccini's *Turandot* confirmed what the opening night's transmission of *Antony and Cleopatra* had suggested—that the new pickup for these far flung enterprises is vastly superior to the old. A by-product of the new Metropolitan's much more live sound projection, it gave

(*Continued on page* 64)

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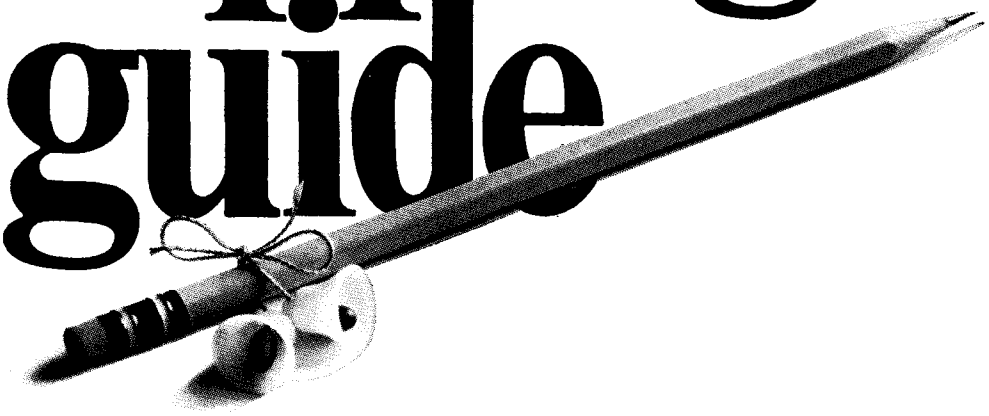
Your Christmas Shopping guide



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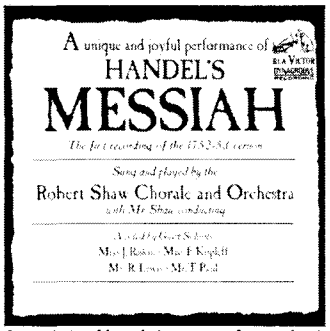

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The Morning of the World—II

THE BEACH at Sanur, not far from Denpasar, where the Bali plane comes in, is a celebrated place that is written about with great vigor by Covarrubias in *Island of Bali* and Vicki Baum in *Tale of Bali.* It was at Sanur that a small Chinese ship broke up on the reef, and its goods were salvaged, if that's the right word, by the people who lived nearby. The ship's owners demanded a reimbursement of some $3,000 payable in silver. They held the Dutch accountable, a lamentable arrangement since the colonialists had not yet occupied Bali along with the rest of the Indonesian archipelago, and the Dutch passed the bill along to the Balinese *radja.*

The argument over the bill finally brought about an invasion by the Dutch, who came ashore at Sanur in September of 1906. The expedition resulted in a massacre of the Balinese, the killing of many nobles, and the establishment of Dutch military rule over the island. Resistance spluttered for many years, always resulting in the exile or execution of the *radjas,* until at last, in 1914, the Dutch replaced their army with a police force, and the island of beauty, the island of the arts, the island of deep religion, the island that Nehru was later to call "the morning of the world," was returned to peaceful, if subjugated, docility.

Strangely, of all Bali's beaches, it was to the one at Sanur that Jakarta turned when Sukarno became interested in international tourism. At his specific injunction the plans for a Balinese style hotel, which had been artfully drawn, were junked, and a large, modern building that would stand like a fortress and scrape the Balinese sky was ordered in its place. Like almost all the large new buildings in the nation, it was built with somebody else's money — in this case, with $5,000,000 in Japanese reparations funds. Known as the Bali Beach Hotel, this first international inn on Bali, operated by Intercontinental Hotels, was opened this fall on the beach at Sanur.

Long bamboo poles flying palm-thatch birds were put up along the pool the way they are in the temples when there is to be a festival. Giant decorative pyramids were made by cutting lengths of sugar cane, coloring the ends with bright red dye, and piling them one atop the other, sometimes arranging oranges in between. There was a great banquet held by the edge of the sea, many ducks were served, and spicy foods were divested of the leaves in which they had been steamed and were dabbed at by visitors from the West. Most had been tied into Balinese costume for the occasion, and when the gamelans started and the young belles began to dance the *legong* the big Western men became fitting game for the tiny Balinese girls who sought them as partners. The Balinese dancers are extraordinarily delicate and petite, and as they whirled around Robert Huyot, president of Intercontinental Hotels, and tall John Gates, chairman of the board, with a somewhat portly James Linen, president of Time Inc., and six-foot-three Edward Stollenwerck of Wall Street—all of them done up in sarongs, button-down shirts, and ties—one could only assume that the Balinese, to whom, I would surmise, one gross Westerner is like another, were at last getting even with the Dutch.

THE hotel at Sanur [see *SR,* Dec. 10] has some artistic neighbors, among them Ni Polok, the Balinese widow of Le Mayeur, a Belgian painter, and Jim Panby, a diminutive, displaced Javanese of some sophisticated tastes and pleasures, who is the darling of visiting decorators and dignitaries as well. His galleries, filled with paintings and artifacts of the island, are a regular stop on Sukarno's official head-of-state tours of Bali. Panby has greeted Ayub Khan, Ho Chi Minh, Sihanouk, Nehru, and Khruschev (who spat on Panby's abstract paintings).

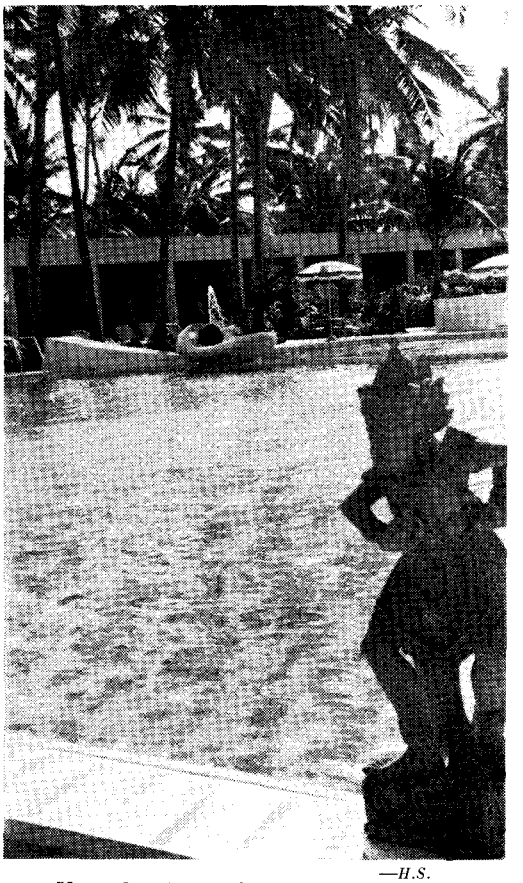
Panby used to take paying guests, but in his new affluence he has given up all that. He will invite friends to dine by candlelight (he has no electricity) in a villa of great charm, which is a part of his artistic compound, a few hundred yards down the beach from the Bali Beach Hotel. I had entertained Panby in Honolulu some months ago, and now he returned the favor in great style. His houseboys were dressed in brilliant sarongs flecked with gold that caught the candle's eye. They served dinner from a large Chinese squash that had been carved to look like some fearsome dragon, with curved red peppers stuck on for tusks. The back had been scooped out to hold the food, and frangipani petals had been stuck all around the rim. A small candle in a red cup sat atop the squash-beast's back, and one could surmise that the host had ordered the Grade A dinner. "The boys do it all," he said with a faint glimmer of the Dutch accent grafted from his school teacher in Java years ago.

Besides scouring the island for antiques and paintings, many of which are displayed in the galleries, Panby also will make arrangements with the villages for private showings of the *djogen* flirtation dance, the *legong,* the *barong* dances in the morning, and the *ketchak* or monkey dance at night, all of which we were to see. Panby cultivates the villages the way he cultivates the customers. While the latter may be honored with dinner in the villa, the former are often adopted and get bequests of gamelan instruments.

Ni Polok lives on the other side of the Bali Beach Hotel in the villa built by A. J. Le Mayeur de Merpres, who arrived in Bali in 1932. He was already fifty-two, she in her early teens. He died in Brussels in 1958, the year of the world's fair, when they went to Europe together. Polok returned to Bali and put up a small monument to his memory in the garden of the villa. There is a bust of him which is awarded the remembrance of daily flowers as are the statues of the demons that are scattered through the gardens and around the pool of lily pads.

THE house is built of coral, and inlaid in the walls are paintings which Le Mayeur did of Bali, always with Polok, whose beauty is apparent to this day, as the model. She runs a small shop at the villa and occasionally, on special arrangement, and at a cost of about $2 per person, she will arrange a luncheon of Balinese specialties served in a shaded arbor at the sea's edge.

Lunches at Polok's, and almost any



—*H.S.*

New hotel pool in Bali—"The island Nehru called 'the morning of the world.'"

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other divertissement the traveler might fancy, are arranged on a large basis by Nitours, once Netherlands Indies Tours, since nationalized; and on a more personal basis by an extremely knowledgeable Balinese named Nyoman Oka, who operates Balitours. He will provide anything from a car to a monkey dance and give with it probably the most erudite explanation available in Bali.

WITH Oka in tow we set off early one morning for the village of Singapadu to see the *barong* dance. Life starts early on Bali, to get the daylight activities well on their way before the sun gets high enough to bake the brains. At nine we were in the shade of the village compound, and the first notes of the gamelan had sounded. The gates of the temples in Bali are narrow passageways that look as if a small slice of wall had been sheared away. Through this portal come the performers, and this morning they were a theatrical lot—a great masked animal who is the protector of the good, a sort of lion who is an ally of mortals in their continuing fight with Rangda, the evil witch. The *barong* is the sunlight, the good, the healer; Rangda, the darkness, the night, the sickness, the death. The four-legged *barong* came through the portals, massive head shaking, wide gold ears flapping, mirror glinting on the very tip of his tail. He danced, on either side of the portal, around the carved stone demons, who were dressed in gingham skirts and were shaded by yellow umbrellas—all an indication of a day of festival.

In the play that followed, good fought evil as *barong* came to grips with Rangda—a battle that turned into a campaign—and summoned dancing girls in gilded costumes doing an elegant *legong*, comedians and clowns, witches and saviors, and finally the kris dancers—bare-chested young braves brandishing their ripple-shaped daggers. They attack Rangda, but evil is still not to be suppressed and they turn the daggers on themselves in some frustration (one version), digging the points sharply into their chests. It is a source of question whether the men fall into trances and so are spared a bloody wound, or whether the daggers are really plunged into the skin as hard as they appear to be from the audience. No blood flowed at the performance we attended, although the dancers came away with deep, discolored depressions where the knife points had been stuck in the skin.

IT is strange in any town and perhaps stranger still in Bali, to get out of the theater in the middle of the morning, having already spent several hours viewing a compelling performance. We rolled onward to the tiny town of Mas, a village of woodworkers which I was eager to see. Years ago a friend had given me as a wedding present an unusual carving of a woman magnificently curved and almost soft, her hair flowing, bosoms crushed—an almost impossible sculpture in so unplastic a medium. It had been made at the shop of Ida Bagus Tilem by his father, Ida Bagus Njana. We went there first and found father and son running something of a Balinese woodcarvers' factory. A row of woodworkers sat cross-legged, like Santa's helpers, chipping and chopping, turning out Balinese faces, small wooden birds, long sculptured figures. The walls and the galleries were piled with antique temple doors, old gamelans, antique lion's heads that once decorated the ends of gamelans, a sort of Balinese xylophone. The house had also turned out a fierce head with bared teeth which, as a lamp base, decorates every room in the Bali Beach Hotel. Ida Bagus Tilem had been to the world's fair in New York with the Indonesian pavilion, and he now was well aware of the scale of prices in the West. Ida Bagus Njana no longer carved the type of figure that had come to me as a wedding present. There were artful works in the shop, but the designs of the new pieces seemed more commercial.

We rolled northward to Ubud past villages and rice fields, past files of Balinese women, the older ones, in an unfortunate turn, still defiantly uncovered, but the younger women, following Sukarno's national edict, covered with a *kabaya*, a cloth thrown hastily across the bosom. Ubud is a hill town of great charm and startling green ravines. It is here that almost 200 of Bali's artists, both Western and native, have chosen to gather. The Young Artist's Shop, on a hilltop, is a cooperative venture of boy painters who were taken in hand by Ari Smit, a tall Dutchman who has since become an Indonesian citizen, and taught the refinements of art. The boys started painting when they were twelve (at which age the girls are already accomplished dancers). Twenty of them are still in the group, the oldest being twenty-two. By the standard of any world of art, their prices are still very low, and for $100 it would be possible to cover a room with their arresting canvases.

FOR those who would leave the air-conditioned fastnesses of the Bali Beach Hotel for a night with the village people, the Chokorde Agung's *puri* will welcome paying guests. Mrs. Roosevelt stayed here for two nights, in a white plaster room fitted with antique gold doors. The dining room converts easily for teeth-filing ceremonies, and in case of demise there is a salon for lying-in-state.

The Bali Museum in Denpasar, its thick walls crested with carvings, resembles the villa of a high-caste man. Walter Spies, the German artist and a friend of Vicki Baum, built it in 1935 when, far off in the Fatherland, other Germans were too occupied to think about art. It has an appreciable collection of such equipment as ornamented betel nut pounders for old people who have lost their teeth and can no longer chew the nut. It has coin dolls, still to be seen in the shops, sewn together of Chinese *kempeng* coins used in the Dutch time as proper currency. There are antique carvings of the *garuda*, Indonesia's mythical bird which lent its name to its airline that flies a mythical schedule; and of Wisnu or Vishnu, one of the trinity of the manifestations of God, the others being Brahma the creator, and Siwa—also called Siva—the destroyer.

Alongside the museum a government store has a handsome collection of carv-

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ings and paintings, coin dolls, and other *objets d'art Balinesien,* all of them at fair, and fixed prices. It was here that we bought the most expensive painting we collected in Bali. It was $15. Among the other sights of Denpasar is its Catholic church, a building in which the angels are Balinese with wings and the Madonna inside wears Balinese dress and was painted by a Balinese Catholic Communist.

Street stands sell pork skin, barbecued pig, and *iawar,* a snack for the hungry, which is finely chopped meat mixed with mashed coconut and blood, and spiced until it fairly bubbles. Giant jackfruit is sold by the slice and can be fried or boiled, and there are duck eggs, *saté* sticks and the fruit called *kepundung,* which looks like a grape but breaks into sections in the fashion of a tangerine. The art shops sell richly colored cotton cloths embossed with gold, and the usual assortment of krises and carvings, paintings and masks. Tiny two-wheeled carts pulled by pigmy horses rattle through the streets, and just before dusk the women appear with trays of flowers to leave the nightly offerings in front of the house, at the feet of a statue, even at the bed of the family dog.

THE sun sinks quickly in this season, and there seems hardly to be a twilight before the darkness descends and the evil spirits are abroad in the land. It was scarcely six, but the darkness had already enveloped the island the night we drove down to Pura Satria for the *ketchak,* or monkey dance. The *ketchak* is not so much a dance as it is a choral performance. When we got there a giant candelabrum stood in the center court of a temple, oil lamps flickering. Suddenly, from the narrow gate came an explosion of men wearing sarongs but bare to the waist. They rushed out, more than a hundred of them, in one of the greatest stage exoduses since the Marx Brothers last piled out of a taxi. Around the flaming coconut oil lamps they arranged themselves and commenced hissing, clucking, and chanting, swaying in unison, raising their hands over their heads. To add to the interest the villagers have added a story and a plot, a bit from the Ramayana—the tale out of India still performed not only in Bali but in Java, too. The story is forgettable, but the scenes of the *ketchaks* when they become a writhing serpent wrapping themselves around Rama, and the finale that is the fight between the demons' army and the monkeys' army, with the hypnotizing chants welling up in unison, the coconut lamps flickering in the blackness, is an evening of theater and a night in Bali never to be forgotten.

—HORACE SUTTON.

(This is the second of two articles on Bali.)

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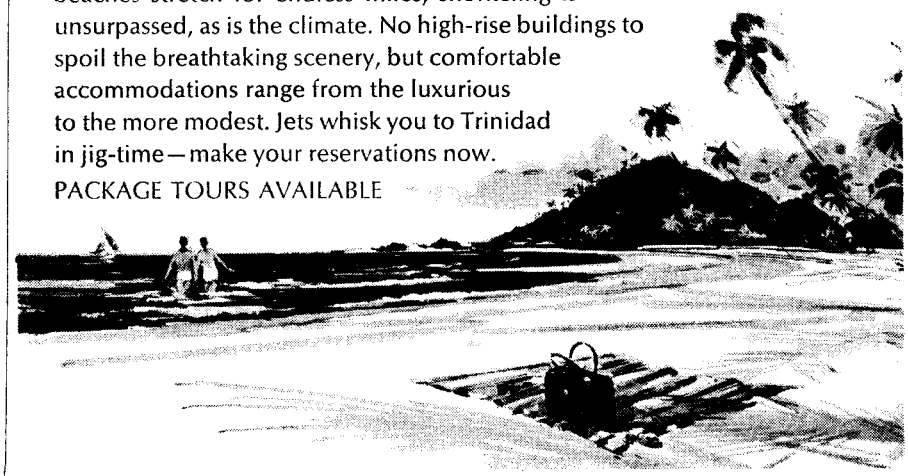

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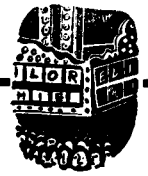
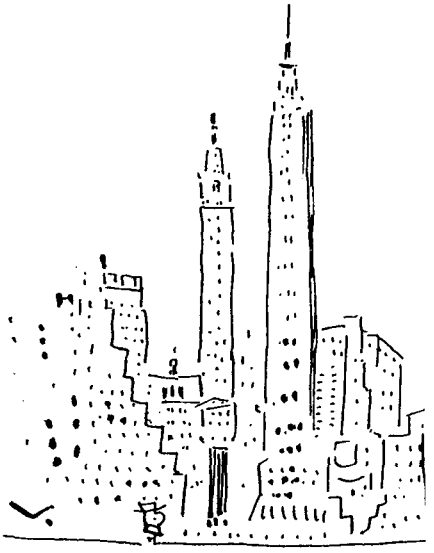


A Film for All Seasons

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT to imagine a more competent, tasteful, and pleasing adaptation of a fine stage play to the screen than has been achieved in the case of Robert Bolt's *A Man for All Seasons*. Now, having admitted that much, what more could be asked? Nothing less than a whole grand historical reconstruction of one of the most pregnantly meaningful moments in English history, when a powerful king divorced himself from the Papal supremacy and, at the same time, from his wife, Catherine of Aragon, all to marry Anne Boleyn and to make her offspring his legitimate successors. This, of course, is the historical background of Bolt's play, but for the purpose of achieving drama he focuses on the trials and torments of one man of conscience, Sir Thomas More, whose martyrdom has had extraordinary meaning ever since. This also is the focus of the film, directed with sensitivity and authority by Fred Zinnemann.

By carefully circumscribing his cinematic limits, Zinnemann has been able to concentrate on fine detail, on performances, and on extracting an essential meaning from More's act of martyrdom. There must have been a temptation to add to Bolt's material and to broaden it into a colorful film tapestry of the Tudor period. But this would have led to budgetary problems that would have made the whole project impossible. The state of the business-art being what it is, it is a lot safer to risk $10,000,000 on James Bond than on Sir Thomas More. My feeling, then, is to be grateful for what we have: the play nicely rendered into film, acted impeccably, and made reasonably fluid cinematically.

Atmosphere and period color have not been neglected, but, on the other hand,



they have hardly been emphasized. What is particularly emphasized are those key moments in the last seven years of Sir Thomas More's life when he achieved rank and privilege as King Henry VIII's chancellor and then, over a matter of strictly private conscience, chose the course that led to his beheading. He refused to sign an oath, that was all, but this action was as important in the affairs of state as, say, should Vice President Humphrey refuse to endorse the President's Vietnam policy. Perhaps *more* important, because in those times the affairs of church and state were inextricably intermingled. The play had required an actor of consummate ability for the role of Sir Thomas More, and it got Paul Scofield. The film gets him, too, and he reiterates his extraordinary suitability, while seeming to have toned himself down a bit, as though, by doing so, he will linger longer in memory. He does.

Surrounding Scofield are such performers as Orson Welles (immensely obese as Cardinal Wolsey), Robert Shaw (vital and colorful as the King), Wendy Hiller (as More's waspish wife, Alice), Leo McKern (as Cromwell), and Susannah York (as More's daughter). All these are on their mettle. But there are less well known people who are excellent, too, notably John Hurt as that historically ambiguous figure, Richard Rich, and Nigel Davenport as the Duke of Norfolk. Add to this notable casting such unexpected bits as the marvelous Vanessa Redgrave appearing briefly and all but wordlessly as the beauteous Anne Boleyn, and her brother, Corin, one more of that remarkable brood of Redgraves, as More's son-in-law and eventual biographer, William Roper.

The film symbolically uses the Thames as a highway of history, employs settings that are relatively modest but richly suggestive of authenticity, and rings with words of more intellectual and psychological excitement than are normally common in movies. So, with all this, there is nothing to do but see it. Boning up a bit on history beforehand may help (though there are some slight divergencies for purposes of dramatic economy and heightening) because Bolt, who did his own screenplay, and Zinnemann haven't bothered much to provide an outline of history and character identifications—it would have made the going more sluggish. Seven years pass by, as scene melts gracefully into scene: Sir Thomas More at home, a man of charm, wit, learning, and incorruptibility; the King and his court paying him a visit, but a social call of immense importance; More's encounters with the wily Cromwell; More in the Tower, accused of treason; and More on trial in Westminster Hall. The film involves us on an emotional level slowly at first, but it gathers weight and force, and is strongly moving at the end, when, after More's head has been irrevocably detached from his body, a narrator's voice intones a few facts about More's opponents, who eventually met their own ironic fates. They are some of the most telling words ever heard on a sound track.

It must be said that the film bows not at all to current cinematic fashions; no Godardian nonsense, no Fellini-like flashes of brilliance; but a film of modest refinement. But it will wear well, and I rather think it will endure.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. All strange wonders, presumably (Donne: *Go and Catch a Falling Star*). 2. Mirth, or Euphrosyne (*L'Allegro*). 3. From death (Donne: *Death, Be Not Proud*). 4. Of Michelangelo (*Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*). 5. God hurled Lucifer from Heaven (*Paradise Lost*). 6. A waste of shame (Shakespeare: Sonnet 129). 7. Mercy (*Merchant of Venice*). 8. Himself, but not God (*Essay on Man*). 9. The morrow morn; the wedding guest (*The Ancient Mariner*). 10. The sunrise (Shelley: *The Cloud*). 11. The fire of youth (Shakespeare: Sonnet 73). 12. The falcon (Yeats: *The Second Coming*). 13. Mercutio (*Romeo and Juliet*). 14. The winds; to Wordsworth (*Intimations of Immortality*). 15. To arms and war; Lucasta's (Lovelace: *To Lucasta*). 16. In fields where roses fade (Housman: *With Rue My Heart Is Laden*). 17. He shut a lady's wild, wild eyes (*La Belle Dame Sans Merci*). 18. Rev. George Herbert (*The Collar*).

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"Nowell" from Vaughan Williams and Joan Baez

WHAT THE WISE shopper has learned about Christmas merchandise generally applies no less to records—what you put off buying this year may, all too frequently, be gone for good. Twelve months hence may bring something else entirely or, if the item is relatively esoteric, merely the disappearance of that previously desirable "something." With that admonition goes the welcome word that there are several items newly available which are worthy of it.

Occupying a leading place among them is a representative work of the late Ralph Vaughan Williams which, for all the celebrity of its creator, has not previously been available on discs. Entitled *Hodie*, which is readily translatable as "This Day," it also bears the description of "Christmas Cantata," but it is something more than that. With David Willcocks conducting the London Symphony and such soloists as Janet Baker (mezzo-soprano), Richard Lewis (tenor), and John Shirley-Quirk (baritone) joined to the Bach Choir and the choristers of Westminster Abbey, it is not likely to vanish from the catalogue quickly. But why depend on your neighbor's enterprise to protect your interests? (Angel 36297, $4.79; stereo, S-36297, $5.79.)

Hodie is a creation of 1953-54, when its composer was eighty-two. As those who know the symphonies he was writing in those years agree, it was, if not the richest period of his creative life, the equal of any that had preceded. In it he embraced a mode of expression which has had no more than a little attention from some of his younger contemporaries in recent years—a combination of secular texts with others derived from liturgical or scriptural sources. If that sounds like a description of Benjamin Britten's use of Wilfred Owen's texts in his *War Requiem*—which, in any case, came later—the point of origin is nevertheless Vaughan Williams's own: the choral work called *Dona Nobis Pacem* of 1936.

In *Hodie*, he has made an affecting sequence of memorable words beginning with *"Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! Hodie Christus natus est,"* proceeding to "It was the winter wild" by Milton, excerpts from Luke, Thomas Hardy's "The Oxen," George Herbert's "The shepherds sing: and shall I silent be?", W. Ballet's "Sweet was the song the Virgin sang," William Drummond's "Bright portals of the sky," Ursula Vaughan Williams's version of "The March of the Three Kings," and another, concluding excerpt from Milton, "Ring out, ye crystal spheres." (Other extracts from Luke, Matthew, and John are woven into the sequential narrative of the Nativity.)

Musically, the richly imagined work is a summation of Vaughan Williams's tonal resources: modal, chromatic, meltingly dissonant, folk, sophisticated—as suits each link in the chain. As was characteristic of the best of his writing, it is neither new nor old but wholly personal to him. Each element—solo voices, adult chorus, and boys' choir—serves a distinctive, recurrent purpose in the total scheme, displayed against the subtly tapestried background of the orchestra. The soloists are all of the first quality—those to whom he is new will find Shirley-Quirk a well spoken artist no less than a fine vocalist—and the recording promises a long life for *Hodie*.

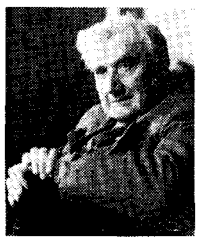
Another kind of seasonal composition may be found on DGG 36 374; stereo, 136 374, which bears the title *Noël en Provence*. This is promising enough, but not quite what the record contains. Both sides are the production of Henri Tomasi, a native of Mazargues, near Marseilles, which qualifies him as Provençal. But the more ambitious of the two sides is a *Divertissement Pastoral* written for the Abbey Saint-Michel de Frigolet in Palestine. Tomasi's intention is to accompany the Mass with music in the pastoral spirit of the scene in which it was born. To this end he has avoided conventional orchestral instruments, utilizing instead shepherd's pipes, harp, snares, tambourines, bells, and trumpets which sound as though they might be of the *clarino* variety. It all makes the kind of "lovely noise" which Sir Thomas Beecham considered one of music's prime functions.

With it, on Side 2, is Tomasi's adaptation of twelve *Noëls* by Nicolas Saboly (1614-1675), whose career reached a climax with his service as choirmaster and organist at Avignon. This is much closer to the *Noël en Provence* promised in the billing of the record, a summary of the Birth in local terms, which are unsophisticated, nonverbose, and always joyous. The children's chorus performs against an instrumental combination very similar to that in Tomasi's *Divertissement Pastoral*. In its totality it recalls much of the quality that Canteloube imparted to his arrangement of songs from the neighboring Auvergne. Jacques Jouineau is the conductor for both sides, which are highly creditable to the boys' choir of the Radiodiffusion-Télévision Française, the tambourinists of the Masseta Maianenco (soloist, Christian Sicard), and DGG's engineers.

Of the offerings this Christmas season whose composers are not known, the most attractive by far is to the credit of the Prague Madrigal Singers, directed by Miroslav Venhoda (Crossroads 22 16 0053, $2.49; stereo, 22 16 0054, $2.49). Though the attribution suggests a recital of the beautiful material which has flourished over the centuries in Bohemia—whatever its temporary political designation—the disc is that and much more. Side 1 ranges over a territory as broad as the expanse from Spain to Greece, with attention to virtually every country in between—and some on the periphery, such as England, Sweden and Norway. The clear-toned singing of the ensemble is a delight to hear; likewise the folk-style accompaniments—bells, pipes, drums, a modest-sounding organ, occasional strings, etc.

Side 2 contains no less than fifteen carols of Czechoslovakia, arranged by Miroslav Klement. Those who have sampled similar local products in the Musica Antiqua Bohemica series will know what to expect. That is, broadly melodic, tonic, and dominant variations on the theme of *"Narodil se Kristus Pán"* ("Lord Christ was born, the blossom of a rose. Let us rejoice!"), *"Slyste, slyste, pastuskove"* ("Hear ye, hear ye, shepherds"), and other sentiments of the season. The collection does not contain anything of the quality of the Czech *Pastorellas* on Musica Antiqua Bohemica No. 7, but it does contain more than a few suggestions of certain strains of *Bartered Bride*, which is a commentary both on Smetana and the Czech way of celebrating history's most celebrated blessed event.

For those with Baroque and Victorian



—BIS.

Vaughan Williams

—Vanguard.

Joan Baez

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tastes, London is offering as addenda to the recently reviewed *Messiahs* [SR, Dec. 10], *goût Haute Fidelité* in its Phase 4 series (stereo, SPC 21014, $5.79). As might be anticipated, it is supervised by Leopold Stokowski, who has baked a kind of Handelian plum pudding which might be called "Hits from *Messiah*." It is limited to fifteen excerpts, including the Overture and Pastoral Symphony, with expectable favor to "Ev'ry valley," "And the Glory of the Lord," "Then shall the eyes of the blind," "He shall feed His flock," "They rebuke," "Behold and see," "He was cut off out of the land," "But Thou didst not leave His soul," "Why do the nations," "Hallelujah Chorus," "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "Since by man came death," and the "Amen" chorus. This makes it virtually all plums and no pudding—which will doubtless appeal to some. Because Stokowski was an English-educated organist before he became a conductor, his careful, well-articulated direction has its own kind of tradition. It is also evident in the vocal quartet, of which mezzo Norma Procter is the best; the others—Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Kenneth Bowen, tenor; and John Cameron, bass—are blandly impersonal.

EACH Christmas brings its quota of "personality" productions, and this one is no exception. Pleasantest of them, as well as the least expected, is the disc (Vanguard VRS 9230, $4.79; stereo, VSD 79230, $5.79) which brings together the voice of Joan Baez and such traditional matter as "O Come, O Come, Emanuel," "Deck the Halls," "Away in a Manger," and "Adeste Fideles" (plus others less familiar) sung in a pure, small-girl sound well suited to the background of recorders, viols, lute, harpsichord, and baroque organ (and sometimes strings, winds, and percussion) arranged by P. D. Q. Bach (sometimes known as Peter Schickele). I could have done without still another "Little Drummer Boy," and the Baez voice was not designed to perform Schubert's "Ave Maria," but for all that it has its own appeal.

For those who prefer Christmas *au go go*, this year's up-beat exercises are provided by Lena Horne (United Artists UAL 3546, $3.79; stereo, UAS 6546, $4.79); the Lettermen (whose Capitol 2587, $3.79; stereo, ST 2587, $4.79, includes something called the "Christmas Waltz"); the Brothers Four (Columbia CL 2568, $3.79; stereo, CS 9368, $4.79); and the Four Seasons (Philips PHM 200 223, $3.98; stereo, PHS 600 223, $4.98). Henry (Merry) Mancini's Christmas collection on RCA Victor (LM 3612, $3.79; stereo, LSP 3612, $4.79) aims a little higher, but the pop flavor prevails nevertheless.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

RECOMMENDED RECORDINGS, CHRISTMAS 1966

MAINLY MAINSTREAM

John Anderson: Time Will Tell	Tangerine 1506
Count Basie: Broadway, Basie's Way	Command 905
George Benson: It's Uptown	Columbia CL 2525
Kenny Burrell: The Tender Gender	Cadet 772
Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis: Lock the Fox	RCA Victor LPM 3652
Duke Ellington: Concert in the Virgin Islands	Reprise 6185
Duke Ellington: Concert of Sacred Music	RCA Victor LPM 3582
Duke Ellington: The Popular Duke Ellington	RCA Victor LPM 3576
Duke Ellington & Ella Fitzgerald: Ella at Duke's Place	Verve 4070
Earl Hines: Once Upon a Time	Impulse 9108
Earl Hines: Here Comes Earl "Fatha" Hines	Contact CM 6
Johnny Hodges: Blue Pyramid	Verve 8635
Johnny Hodges & Earl Hines: Stride Right	Verve 8647
Wes Montgomery: Goin' Out of My Head	Verve 8642
Robert Shaw: Texas Barrelhouse Piano	Almanac 10
Clark Terry & Chico O'Farrill: Spanish Rice	Impulse 9129
Various Artists: Chicago: The Blues Today (3 records)	Vanguard 9216-9218
Various Artists: Piano Jazz	Victor LPM 3499
Junior Wells: Hoodoo Man Blues	Delmark 612
Randy Weston: Randy!	Bakton 1001
Reissues:	
Count Basie: Inside Basie Outside	VSP 12
Nat Cole: Nat Cole at JATP	VSP 14
Nat Cole: Giants Three	VSP 30
Duke Ellington: The Ellington Era, Vol. II (3 records)	Columbia C3L 39
Johnny Hodges: Alto Blue	VSP 20
Johnny Hodges & Rex Stewart: Things Ain't What They Used to Be	RCA Victor LPV 533
Billie Holiday: The Golden Years, Vol. II (3 records)	Columbia C3L 40
Harlan Leonard: Harlan Leonard and His Rockets	RCA Victor LPV 531
King Oliver: King Oliver in New York	RCA Victor LPV 529
Fats Waller: Valentine Stomp	RCA Victor LPV 525
Lester Young: Pres at His Very Best	Emarcy 26008

—STANLEY DANCE.

ONE MAN'S TOP TWENTY

Ornette Coleman in Stockholm, Vol. 1	Blue Note 4224
Ornette Coleman in Stockholm, Vol. 2	Blue Note 4225
Don Cherry: Complete Communion	Blue Note 4226
Sonny Rollins: Alfie	Impulse 9111
Earl Hines: Grand Reunion, Vol. 2	Limelight 86068
Modern Jazz Quartet: Blues at Carnegie Hall	Atlantic 1468
John Coltrane: Ascension	Impulse 95
John Coltrane: The Quartet Plays	Impulse 85
Thad Jones & Mal Lewis: The Jazz Orchestra	Solid State 18003
Albert Ayler: Spirits Rejoice	ESP-Disk 1020
Reissues:	
Billie Holiday: The Golden Years, Vol's. 1 & 2	Columbia C3L 40
Duke Ellington: The Ellington Era, Vol. II	Columbia C3L 39
Johnny Hodges & Rex Stewart: Things Ain't What They Used to Be	RCA Victor LPV 533
King Oliver in New York	RCA Victor LPV 529
Thelonious Monk: Monk and Coltrane	Riverside 490/9490
Fats Waller: Valentine Stomp	RCA Victor LPV 525
Louis Armstrong: Satchmo at Symphony Hall	Decca DX 108
Django Reinhart and his American Friends (Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, Rex Stewart etc.) Vol's. 1 & 2	Capitol Imports CLP 1890 & 1907

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

FAVORITES IN FOLK

Big Joe Williams: Classic Delta Blues	Milestone 3001
Robert Shaw: Texas Barrelhouse Piano	Almanac 10
Blind Willie McTell: Library of Congress Recordings	Melodeon 7323
Chicago/The Blues/Today (3 LPs)	Vanguard VRS 9216, 7, 8 VSD79216, 7, 8
Gordon Lightfoot	United Artists 3487
Jr. Wells: Hoodoo Man Blues	Delmark DL 612; DS9612
The Irish Uprising: 1916-1922 (2 LPs with book)	Columbia 32-B5-0001
Love	Elektra EKL4001; EKS74001
Muddy Waters: Down On Stovall's Plantation	Testament T-2209
Tim Hardin	Verve/Folkways FT/FTS3004
Sarah Ogan Gunning	Folk-Legacy 26
Clark Kessinger: The Legend of . . .	Folk-Promotions 828
Leadbelly: Library of Congress Recordings (3 LPs)	Elektra EKL 301/2
The Blues Project: Live at the Café Au Go Go	Verve/Folkways FV/FVS9024
Reissues:	
The Railroad in Folk-Song	RCA Victor LPV 532
The Skillet Lickers	County 506
Washboard Sam	Blues Classics 10
Piano Blues	Folkways RBF 12
Ravi Shankar: The Sounds of India	Columbia CS 9296
Blues From the Mississippi Delta	Verve/Folkways FV 9035
Rare Blues of the Twenties, Vol. 5	Historical Jazz 5829-5
Chicago Blues: The Early 1950s	Blues Classics 8
Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers	County 505
Leadbelly: Keep Your Hands Off Her	Verve/Folkways FV 9021
Atlanta Blues	Folkways RBF 20
In the Spirit: Sanctified and Country Gospel	Origin OJL 12, 13

—LAWRENCE COHN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Ray Bryant: *Lonesome Traveler.* Bryant, piano; Clark Terry, Snooky Young, flugelhorns; Jimmy Rowser or Richard Davis, bass; Freddie Waits, drums. Cadet 778, mono and stereo, $4.79.	The commercial success of Ramsey Lewis and Les McCann continues to impress record producers and to oppress the thinking of many of the younger jazz pianists. There are several loud and unworthy exercises here, and the over-fleshed version of Monk's "'Round Midnight" is, like the curate's egg, very nice in parts. The brilliant jazz pianist that Bryant really is surfaces in "Willow Weep for Me" and "Wild Is the Wind," both of which are movingly played without concessions of any kind. The gospel-flavored "Brother This 'n' Sister That" has a great deal of potential, but his powerful left hand is recorded too strongly for comfort. Terry and Young are consigned to unenviable background roles.
Kenny Burrell: *Have Yourself a Soulful Little Christmas.* Burrell, guitar, with band arranged and conducted by Richard Evans. Cadet 779, mono and stereo, $4.79.	Except for "My Favorite Things" and a blues, "Merry Christmas, Baby," the set consists of traditional Christmas tunes. There are soggy, sentimental moments, as when the strings enter on "Away in a Manger," but Burrell plays attractively, some of his improvisations being even more expansive and graceful than usual. The accompaniments are generally pedestrian, but there is some impressive drumming, presumably by Oliver Jackson.
Jaki Byard: *Freedom Together.* Byard, piano, electric piano, celeste, vibraphone, tenor saxophone; Richard Davis, bass and cello; Alan Dawson, drums, vibraphone, tympani; Jr. Parker, vocal and lagerphone. Prestige 7463, mono and stereo, $4.79.	Much of the experimentation in this album was made in a spirit of fun, but a good deal of valid musical innovation resulted, and there is nothing ugly about any of it. "Getting to Know You," on which Davis's cello establishes a luscious, velvety frame, has a particularly intelligent approach to the vocal ballad. Byard and Dawson both show astonishing versatility on their instruments, the electric piano adding valuable tonal expression to the blues. The lagerphone which Parker wields is a harmless kind of Australian shaker.
Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis: *Lock the Fox.* Davis, tenor saxophone; Ross Tompkins, piano; Les Spann, guitar; Russell George, bass; Chuck Lampkins, drums; Ray Barretto, conga. RCA Victor LPM 3652, $3.79; stereo, LSP 3652, $4.79.	As he explains in his own lucid notes, Davis is trying here "to reach the public's ear through simplicity—through melody with a simple line of improvisation in performances that are not too long." He should succeed admirably with this program which includes tunes like "Nina Never Knew," "Speak Low," and "The Midnight Sun." An individual first and last, his phrasing of the melodies is hardly less interesting than his improvisations.
Bill Doggett: *Honky Tonk à la Mod.* Doggett, organ with seven-piece band. Roulette 25330, $3.79; stereo, S25330, $4.79. Jimmy McGriff: *Cherry.* McGriff, organ and vocal; Eric Gale, Everett Barksdale, guitars; Milt Hinton, bass; Grady Tate, drums. Solid State SS 18006, mono, $4.79; stereo, $5.79. Freddy Roach: *The Soul Book.* Roach, organ; Buddy Terry, tenor saxophone; Vinnie Corrao, guitar; Jackie Mills, drums. Prestige 7490. Richard "Groove" Holmes: *Misty.* Holmes, organ; Gene Edwards, guitar; George Randall, drums. Prestige 7485, mono and stereo, $4.79.	There is no escape from the organists, as this random selection from their current output shows. The veteran Doggett plays ensemble organ and features himself infrequently as a soloist, but when he does so an admirable talent is revealed. The beat and rhythms are "contemporary," the compositions mostly Doggett originals, and the superior guitar solos are by Billy Butler. The second side is the more rewarding. McGriff, with four of New York's top professionals, examines a mixed bag of standards with taste and considerable invention. His tempos and overall approach to old familiars, like "On the Sunny Side of the Street," are fresh and engaging. The guitar soloist is Eric Gale, and his is a name to note. The Roach set is by no means as stereotyped as its title suggests, the performances being cohesive and full of drive. His original, "Spacious," shows ambitions beyond those usually credited to this kind of group, and Corrao is another convincing guitarist. Brisk and more melodically inclined, Holmes plays a lively collection of good tunes (but no blues), among which is an abbreviated version of his hit treatment of "Misty."
Duke Ellington: *The Popular Duke Ellington.* Ellington, piano, arranger, and conductor; with 14-piece band. RCA Victor LPM 3576, $3.79; stereo, LSP 3576, $4.79.	With the exception of "The Twitch," a happy blues featuring Johnny Hodges, Cootie Williams, Paul Gonsalves, and Buster Cooper, this consists of reworkings of ten popular items from the Ellington repertoire. It is remarkable how faithfully the spirit of the original "characters" is maintained by Cootie Williams (Bubber Miley), Cat Anderson (Rex Stewart), Russell Procope (Barney Bigard), Lawrence Brown (Joe Nanton), and, on "Sophisticated Lady," by Johnny Hodges (Otto Hardwick). But there is freshness as well as nostalgia in this album. The first chorus of "Take the 'A' Train" is played as a waltz; "Concerto for Cootie," in the course of the years, has earned a new title and become a trombone vehicle; Gonsalves may be heard quietly "singing" both before Procope begins his solo on "The Mooche" and behind the trio on "Mood Indigo"; and Chuck Connors makes his debut as a soloist on "Perdido" from the seventh position of the bass trombone. "Mood Indigo" has undergone the most extensive remodeling.
Otis Spann: *Nobody Knows My Troubles.* Spann, piano and vocal; Jimmy Cotton, harmonica; Johnny Young, guitar; Johnny Lee Morris, bass; S. P. Morris, drums. Testament T-2211, mono only, $4.98. Johnny Young: *Chicago Blues Band.* Young, vocal, guitar, and mandolin, with same personnel as above. Arhoolie 1029, mono only, $4.98.	Johnny Young is added on both albums to two-thirds of the Muddy Waters blues band as it existed a year ago. Spann, who plays and sings all by himself on eight of the fourteen numbers in the Testament album, is one of the most moving and unaffected blues artists to be heard today. On the Arhoolie, he accompanies Young and his insinuating mandolin alone, and to superb effect, on four tracks. The performances are otherwise excellent examples of the Mississippi blues in their current Chicago band translation, the group having a drive and purposeful integrity seldom found in jazz now.
Stanley Turrentine: *Rough 'n' Tumble.* Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; James Spaulding, alto saxophone; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Grant Green, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Mickey Roker, drums. Blue Note BLP 4240, $4.79; stereo, BST 84240, $5.79.	The insistent riff theme of "And Satisfy," the opening number, is played with infectious rhythm, and features excellent solos from Turrentine, Mitchell, and Green. Mitchell noticeably evokes the feeling of a soloist declaiming over the big sections of a big band in the ballrooms of another era. None of the other performances measures up to this, perhaps because too much responsibility is placed on Turrentine's shoulders. He blows forcefully and eloquently, but more solos from Mitchell, Green, Adams, and Tyner would have added welcome variety to the set. The firm, propulsive rhythm section acquits itself with distinction throughout.
Joe Williams: *Presenting Joe Williams and the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Orchestra.* Williams, vocal, with nineteen-piece band. Solid State SS 18008, mono, $4.79; stereo, $5.79.	The Jones-Lewis band, which was somewhat disappointingly presented on Solid State 18003 is heard to better advantage supporting the singer on this set. The recording seems to capture its nuances, power, and vitality more fully. The playing is more relaxed, too, and the saxophones come into their own with a chorus to themselves on "It Don't Mean a Thing." Williams sings several songs that are identified with him, and does a masterly job on Ellington's "Come Sunday"—just one more example of his resistance to being typed. He proves here what he has proved before: that he is an inspiring singer for any big band to accompany. The evidence is at its most positive on blues like "Night Time" and "Nobody Knows," where the mood is classic. —STANLEY DANCE.

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Los Angeles in Carthage

DESPITE the fact that Dido and Aeneas probably never did meet and become entangled on the North African shores of Carthage, the two operas based on this "incident"—Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* and Berlioz's *Les Troyens à Carthage*—have been the benefactors of current and renewed interest on stage and on the turntable. Even in the face of possible historical inaccuracy, the poet Virgil's story of a great queen's tragic love for the man whose destiny it was to found Rome cannot help being an irresistible theatrical-musical experience. N. D. Boyling, in his highly informative notes to Angel's new recording of the Purcell opera (36359; S-36359), points up the fact that the fall of Troy, and Aeneas's flight, occurred more than three centuries before Dido's supposed founding of Carthage.

But no matter, Purcell's only real opera (1689), with a libretto by Nahum Tate, has been treated with rewarding care and affection on this, the third stereo version of the chamber opera. Long-time Purcellian and pioneer in matters of English music, Sir John Barbirolli conducts the English Chamber Orchestra and The Ambrosian Singers in an immensely satisfying performance that is spacious and sympathetic, always enhancing Purcell's fresh and lively melodies.

Arias, choruses, and the free arioso recitatives are all well articulated, with not a trace of scholar-like rigidity. The strings sound bright, warm, and polished; and Barbirolli's flexible rhythms carry the music along at a fine pace that is never anything but considerate to his singers. Harpsichordist-conductor-scholar Raymond Leppard, who with Boyling sorted out all the available editions of the opera (this version is based mainly on the Tatton Park manuscript, written by Philip Hayes about 1780) in search of the most authentic score possible, adds his own measure of authenticity in his imaginative harpsichord realizations and has seemingly encouraged the entire forces to performances that accurately reflect the conventions of the period.

Certainly on an equal plane of interest with Sir John's direction of the Purcell score is the presence of Victoria de los Angeles, essaying the role of Dido for the first time in her career. It can be said that hers is a beguiling performance with the qualities equal to the best she has given in the past on stage and record. The natural pathos and vulnerability which have made her Mélisande, Mimi, Manon, Marguerite, and Salud such sympathetic characterizations may not go the full journey in capturing the total essence of Dido, but the large percentage of success is well worth the trip.

From her entrance Air beginning "Ah, Belinda," her voice reflects the languishing Queen in love, the voice empty in its grief. And her famous Lament, "When I Am Laid in Earth," is truly moving, as perhaps only the fragile, touching de los Angeles could make it. It is only in the scene of Aeneas's farewell that she fails to convey the imperious grandeur of Dido, as the resolved Queen bitterly bids Aeneas, "Away, away!" Yet the voice, with its added strength in the crucial middle range, remains radiant, and her Queen Dido is as warm and human a creation as could be wished for.

Heather Harper, whose voice might seem a more dramatic instrument than called for, is a splendid Belinda, singing with the great style, vitality, and sensitivity that is typical of her. As the Sorceress, Patricia Johnson wisely side-steps the extreme caricature often found in other impersonations of this role. Instead, she gives her singing a nice cutting edge which distinguishes her as a supernatural being, without becoming Hansel and Gretel's cackling Witch.

Baritone Peter Glossop, a leading figure of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, and a recent American newcomer in San Francisco this past fall, sings the rather thankless role of Aeneas with uncommon suavity and expressiveness. And the minor roles—Elizabeth Robson as the Second Woman, Clare Walmesley as the first Witch, Sybil Michelow as the Second Witch and Spirit, and Robert Tear as the Sailor—are fine complements to the whole of this effort.

The engineering, too, is a delight, stressing clarity and satisfying balance between the orchestra, chorus, and soloists. The only superfluous effect is the howling wind, which, producer Kinloch Anderson writes, is a substitute for the "horrid music" Purcell did not provide for the end of the Cave Scene. Otherwise, the echo effects in the "deep vaulted cell" chorus are most successfully handled. —ROBERT JACOBSON.

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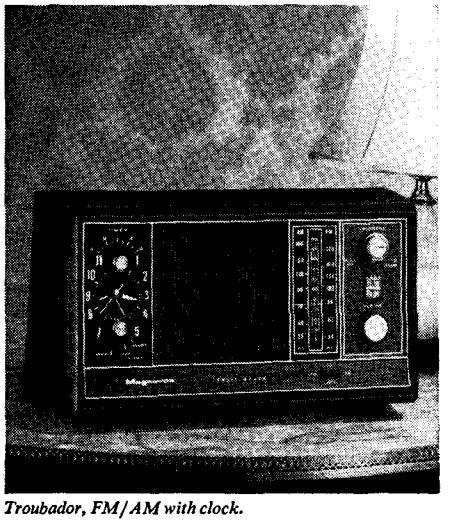

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 41

the home listener a keen appreciation of the colorful sound that Zubin Mehta's direction makes of this score, not to mention a heightened esteem for Birgit Nilsson's prodigious Turandot and the ever improving Calaf of Franco Corelli. Mirella Freni's Liù was a particular plus, for those who value her art, in a season where she has not had the opportunities her qualities cry out for.

VOCAL art on an estimable level was also provided by Janet Baker in her first Town Hall recital, after prior participation in Carnegie Hall performances of major works by Handel (*Serse*) and Donizetti (*Anna Bolena*). It was, indeed, a good enough evening of singing (on a classical plan that ranged from Mozart to Fauré) to raise the flattering question of how it could be even better. That should begin at the beginning: namely, whether Miss Baker is a mezzo soprano, as billed, or more properly a soprano.

Aside from ending Schubert's "Abendröte" on a low G and visiting that region from time to time later, Miss Baker did most of her performance in close to normal soprano territory. The voice is anything but heavy (it is inclined, indeed, to be reedy or white) and she caressed it into a barely audible but beautifully sustained pianissimo in "Der Gondelfahrer," another of her discriminating selections from the less frequently favored but no less great range of the Schubert literature.

Miss Baker's ability to color sound and to control the amount of it she utilized was conspicious also in the opening Mozart ("Vado, ma dove?" from Martin's *Il Burbero di buon core* and "Parto, parto" from *Titus*). In the latter she showed a full formed florid technique rare among contemporary singers of any category. Her French literature (Duparc, Berlioz, Fauré) was likewise idiomatic. Generally, however, the effect of her singing derived from a well polished surface rather than from penetration of essentials. Martin Isepp was the spirited accompanist. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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Do We Really Want Equality?

AFTER MORE than a decade of dedicated effort and personal sacrifice by many organizations and thousands of individuals, the goal of educational equality remains elusive. Countless battles for civil rights have been won, and innumerable compensatory programs for the disadvantaged have proved successful—but nothing basic has changed. The nation's schools are more separate and less equal today than they were twelve years ago last May when the Supreme Court declared segregated schools unconstitutional. It is small wonder that the mood of the civil rights movement has, in the past few months, changed from one of idealism and hope to bitter frustration and despair.

Why did so much human effort, money, and good will achieve so little that was permanent?

The reason, it seems clear, is that we overestimated the potential effectiveness of the patchwork of policies and programs with which we attempted to achieve the goal of equality, and, even more important, we underestimated the enormous complexity of the social revolution that had been set in motion. We were attempting to carry out this revolution without inconveniencing anyone—without discomfort to either individuals or to established institutions. The disadvantaged were to be raised to the level of the advantaged without anyone's really noticing. But revolutions are bound to be inconvenient. In their very nature they are uncomfortable, for they change established practice and challenge traditional privilege.

It is not surprising, perhaps, that we believed we could have our revolution and our comfort, too. Equality, like motherhood, is something that most Americans approve of. There had been injustice in the past; now it would be corrected and we would compensate for it. Both moral and financial support were easily available. And for those more actively involved, the psychic return was rewarding. The student who spent his spare hours tutoring a disadvantaged child could see the difference the effort he invested made in the developing personality. The success of the many programs that sought to enrich the lives of slum children was clearly visible and sometimes even measurable.

There is no doubt that substantial numbers of individuals were helped, but the overwhelming number of the disadvantaged were not. And while token hundreds of Negro children were entering formerly all-white schools in the South, thousands of Negro children were left in progressively more segregated schools in the cities of the North as white parents fled to the suburbs or enrolled their children in private schools.

Given the realities of slow-paced desegregation in the South and increasing de facto segregation in the North, the civil rights movement appears divided on the most effective direction for future action. It seems clear that the older, essentially middle-class elements of the movement—represented by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) and the National Urban League—will continue to press strongly for desegregation, both North and South. The younger, more activist groups—represented by the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC)

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The "Equal Educational Opportunity Act of 1967"

ONE OF the potentially significant proposals being considered in Washington is a U.S. Office of Education staff paper called the "Equal Educational Opportunity Act of 1967," which attempts to define a broad program for upgrading the schools generally and for stimulating a direct attack on de facto segregation. This document is still in the staff-discussion stage and may never emerge as draft legislation. However, it gives some indication of the direction that thinking and planning are taking at the USOE. Below are excerpts from the more important sections.

TITLE II: Construction of school facilities.

Purpose: To help meet the pressing need for modern school facilities, especially in central cities and rural areas where outmoded facilities exist in conjunction with high concentrations of disadvantaged children. The program is aimed particularly at the facilitation of more flexible educational programs, in conjunction with educational innovations. . . .

In addition, reduction of de facto segregation would be encouraged by combining grants under this title with the extra-cost grants for construction projects designed to achieve integrated education under Title III of this legislative package.

TITLE III: Grants to assist schools in the process of desegregation.

Purpose: a) Educational excellence grants: Local educational agencies would be eligible for federal grants to assist in achieving integrated education. On the assumption that integrated education involved added costs to accommodate educationally disadvantaged students, federal grants would be offered to schools which have few or no students from minority racial or ethnic groups in order to facilitate educational integration and reduce educational disparities. . . .

Federal grants would be offered to school districts for use in specific neighborhoods which show promise of being able to maintain integrated education . . . or to achieve integration by attracting white students to exceptional schools currently serving predominantly Negro residential areas (including appropriate schools in urban renewal areas). The grants may be used to produce exceptional education programs, attractive to parents of all races, by supporting *inter alia* superior salaries for master teachers, improved instructional equipment, lighted schoolhouse-community centers for around-the-clock superior programs, stipends for visiting lecturers, individualized instruction, and reduced pupil-teacher ratios.

b) In addition to expanding training institutes to prepare local school personnel to deal with problems of racial imbalance as well as de jure segregation, Title IV of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 would be amended to provide grants to support techniques appropriate to correct de facto segregation in individual communities. Such techniques could include:

1) Comprehensive, district-wide rezoning of school attendance areas to obtain maximum heterogeneity.

2) Pairing, grouping, or clustering of adjacent Negro and white schools by grade level in two or more residential areas.

3) Reorganization of the use of schools; reorganizing the grades of a school; converting schools to other uses; closing schools; changing feeder patterns; grade pattern reorganization.

4) Careful site selection to locate new schools so as to maximize

(*Continued on page* 86)

and the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE)—appear likely to demand that schools in overwhelmingly Negro areas be integrated immediately or that their control be turned over to the people they serve. Parents at New York's Intermediate School 201, with the support of civil rights groups, raised this issue in exactly these terms this past fall [see pages 75 and 84]. And we can expect even more strident demands in the future.

The problems of planning for the future, then, are crucial. There is no escaping the fact that the majority of Negro children will be educated in segregated schools for several years to come. In the past we have allowed our poorest schools to develop in the slums, where superior educational effort is most needed to compensate for the barren home environment. And only the beginnings of change have appeared to date. Therefore, a basic question for the immediate future is whether "good education" is possible in a ghetto school.

James S. Coleman, professor of social relations at The Johns Hopkins University and consultant to the U.S. Office of Education for a recent study called "Equality of Educational Opportunity," reported in the Summer 1966 issue of *The Public Interest* that findings of the study suggest "that internal changes in the Negro, changes in his conception of himself in relation to his environment, may have more effect on Negro achievement than any other single factor. The determination to overcome relevant obstacles, and the belief that he will overcome them . . . may be the most crucial elements in achieving equality of opportunity—not because of changes they will create in the white community, but principally because of the changes they create in the Negro himself."

Coleman's evidence suggests also that the demands of civil rights leaders for Negro-administered and controlled schools in our cities' ghettos may, for the immediate future, have some virtue. Schools that, inevitably, are going to be segregated may prove more effective if their authority figures are Negro and the orientation is not white middle-class. (The pieties of the conventional civics course may be largely irrelevant for the slum-dwelling student who knows that it takes more than a polite letter to get action from the Mayor. For him, the basis of successful learning may lie more in discussions about the tactics of social protest—picketing and boycotts, for example—than in recitations about the formal rights of the citizen.) If the excesses of race consciousness can be avoided, the welfare of Negro students may be well served, in the short term, by such an expedient.

But if these schools are to perform their task effectively, they must have far

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more than merely Negro leadership and staff. They must have all the resources that contemporary knowledge of human development and the learning process afford. They must have sensitivity to the limitations children bring to the classroom, and perceptiveness in enticing them down the path of learning. They must, above all, have faith in the children's capacity to learn—and they must be organized for the benefit of students and teachers rather than for administrative convenience. They must, in short, become our best schools rather than our worst, for their mission is a far more difficult one than that of the white, middle-class school.

But rejuvenation of the segregated slum schools cannot be allowed to dilute the sense of urgency with which we seek to eliminate such schools. Findings of the study "Equality of Educational Opportunity" indicate that the quality of school buildings, books, libraries, and equipment has considerably less impact on educational performance than does the economic and social composition of the school. As Coleman reports it, "It is important to reduce the social and racial homogeneity of the school environment, so that those agents of education that do show some effectiveness—teachers and other students—are not mere replicas of the student himself." Therefore, upgrading the slum schools must be accompanied by a far greater effort than we have ever made in the past to eliminate racial and economic segregation.

To achieve this goal in the foreseeable future, a variety of approaches will be required. Many possibilities were included in a U.S. Office of Education working paper called "Equal Educational Opportunity Act of 1967" (see box), which precipitated a strong attack in Congress on the USOE for alleged plans to penalize Northern cities that did not bus children to achieve racial balance. Although no such plan was seriously contemplated, the attack may make Congressional consideration more difficult in the future. Yet the variety of proposals under study deserve serious attention, and indicate the kind of wide-ranging program that will be necessary if equal opportunity is to be achieved.

The lesson of the past decade, then, is that the social revolution we talk about so glibly will not take place while we continue the business of affluent living as usual. It will not take place without inconvenience, without sacrifice, without a massive effort of men and money that is comparable to the magnitude of the task. This we have learned. Now the time has come to decide whether we are willing to act. If we are not prepared to commit the resources and to summon the will to see the revolution through, let's quit talking as if we believed in equality for all citizens. —J.C.

Letters to the Editor

Education in Pittsburgh

I AM PERPLEXED by Peter Schrag's article, "Pittsburgh: The Virtues of Candor" [*SR*, Nov. 19]. Bereft of its gee-whiz coziness, the article reveals a city faced by ominous problems. A large segregated system, deplorable inner-city levels of achievement, the usual pet school attended by pampered middle-class offspring, a typical PR type superintendent, an autocratic board managed like puppets by a still more autocratic industrial clique—what are the virtues in such a "candor" of smugness, conservatism, and anti-democratic manipulation?

IVOR KRAFT,
Associate Professor,
Western Reserve University.
Cleveland, O.

PETER SCHRAG, in his coverage of the Pittsburgh school system, has labeled Taylor Allderdice High School "the pride of the system." He appears to give credit to the Advanced Placement and Scholars programs. Many Squirrel Hill parents are still questioning the value of these programs in terms of pressures created versus genuine academic gains. The needs of the "average" child are as neglected in this school as they are elsewhere. Again, here as elsewhere, "average" children form the bulk of the student population.

As Mr. Schrag points out, these two programs are aimed at the top 20 per cent. The fact that at Allderdice the percentage of college-bound students exceeds by far the percentage at any other city school is due to the motivation of the parents. Jews, as an ethnic group, learned long ago that education is the key to survival.

To most Pittsburghers the subtle influence of the "39th floor" is an unalterable fact. It is also a fact that changes take time—it is therefore more advantageous, from a personal point of view, to direct one's energy toward earning money to pay for private tutoring than to expend it in frustrating battles with a well camouflaged power structure.

MRS. RALPH FINKELSTEIN.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

AFTER READING the article on Pittsburgh, we feel that it leads to various misconceptions about Taylor Allderdice High School that must be refuted. The article implies that at one time there were extreme tensions between the Jewish and Gentile elements in the school. This was true in 1942 but relations between the two groups today are basically good.

Students from Squirrel Hill do not view those from Greenfield and other areas condescendingly or exclude them from activities. There are students from outside of Squirrel Hill holding school offices or participating on committees and clubs along with Squirrel Hill students. Students from Greenfield and Lincoln Place are not intellectually inferior to those from Squirrel Hill. Students from outside of Squirrel Hill comprise about the same percentage of the accelerated Scholars Program as they do of their total grade population.

The statement that all of the twenty-nine National Merit semi-finalists come from the upper-middle-class Jewish families is partially false. Thirty per cent of the twenty-nine semi-finalists come from Greenfield and other areas.

The word *Hunkie* has absolutely no racial or national connotation. The term sprang up many years ago at Allderdice (no one knows quite how) and has since existed here. When used, it is not used in a derogatory sense but is used jokingly among best of friends. Furthermore, anti-semitic clashes are almost unknown at Allderdice.

JIM LEIBER,
President of Student Council;
DAN RENARD,
President of Senior Class;
Taylor Allderdice High School.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

WE ENJOYED reading about our school, especially having it praised for its superior standards. However, the article re-aroused the old antagonism between the groups—I lost count of the exact number of fights there were in school the next day. To top it all off, one of my teachers refers to Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights* as a hunkie!

DORIE MALLIN.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

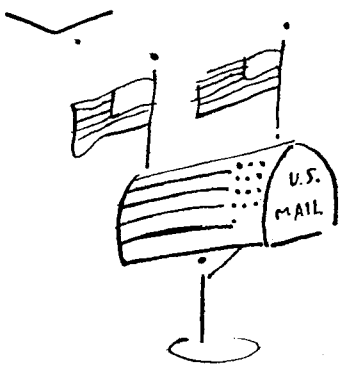
IN REGARD to the excellent article on the Pittsburgh school system, you may be interested to know that the Pittsburgh Board of Education on November 14 elected its first woman president, Mrs. M. L. Aaron. The Board also elected for the first time two vice presidents, one of whom will be the first Negro officer of the board.

MRS. MARION DAMICK.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Amish and the Schools

I WOULD LIKE to applaud Donald A. Erickson's thoughtful article on the Amish and

(*Continued on page* 89)



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—Photos by Dennis Brack (Black Star).

"Congress has voted programs to meet specific deficiencies in the schools"—Projects for disadvantaged youngsters include school lunches, efforts to involve parents in their children's education, and industrial arts training.

THE U.S. OFFICE OF EDUCATION

GROWTH AND GROWING PAINS

When the Rules Committee of the House of Representatives called U.S. Commissioner of Education Harold Howe II to testify this fall, one of its members accused him of deceit and asked him whether he had plans for "completely federalizing our elementary and secondary schools." Another Congressman called his attempts to enforce federal guidelines for school desegregation "unwarranted, illegal, high-handed, and tyrannical." And Representative L. Mendel Rivers of South Carolina, attacking him in a speech on the House floor, said Howe "talks like a Communist. That's why some of us who know him call him the Commissar of Education. The President should fire him."

The attacks on Howe, who succeeded Francis Keppel a year ago, came at the confluence of three major developments: the implementation last summer of desegregation guidelines which were somewhat tougher than those initially developed in 1965—and which included a requirement for desegregating teaching staffs; the apparent Northern backlash against the civil rights movement; and the 1966 elections. But the attention accorded the Commissioner—whose job was once among the most obscure in Washington—also reflected the dramatic growth of the federal presence in education and the profound impact that government programs and policies are having in American schools. The functions of the U.S. Office of Education, once confined to collecting statistics, now include the administration of some $4 billion annually in federal school aid, the enforcement of desegregation under Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, and, perhaps most important, a subtle attempt—through demonstration projects and technical assistance—to coax local officials and state education agencies to use the largesse of the Great Society to full advantage, to develop programs that are not merely additive—more of the same on a slightly more affluent basis—but to concentrate on those that promise genuine educational improvements. At bottom, the task is to use the established institutions in their own reform.

Since Harold Howe and the Office of Education have become the focus of the national debate, the editors of SR asked the Commissioner to review the problems and achievements of the Office of Education during the past year. The accompanying article is his response.

By HAROLD HOWE II, *U.S. Commissioner of Education.*

IN DECEMBER of 1964 the United States Office of Education was responsible for an annual budget of $1.5 billion. Now, two years later, its budget for the current fiscal year is $4 billion. Any business which had expanded that fast would have experienced growing pains of the worst kind. So has the Office of Education.

Today the Office is confronted by new and complex questions about its relationships with the world of education. Its money and its programs, and perhaps even its ideas, make it interesting to the schools and colleges, but this interest is tempered by wariness about its intentions and capabilities. Those who operate the public schools of the country—that is, state and local education officials and their governing boards—have a genuine concern about the possibility of shifts in power. They know that in times past the flag has followed the dollar in foreign affairs, and they don't want the "Feds" to follow the dollar in educational affairs.

The relationship of the federal government to state and local education

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authorities is a tender one for three reasons. First and most important is the nature of the school programs supported by money from Washington. They are not "general aid" programs which provide dollars without prescription for their use. Instead they represent efforts to achieve specific ends: Better education for the children of poverty (Elementary and Secondary Education Act); improved teaching of science and mathematics (National Defense Education Act); or support for education leading to employment (Vocational Education Act). In effect, the Congress has voted programs to meet deficiencies in the schools or to enable the schools to make a greater contribution to our national strength or prosperity.

In addition, the Congress has supported programs to help groups of Americans who have missed the opportunities most of our citizens enjoy. Most thoughtful school people recognize the reasons for spelling out the broad purposes for which money is appropriated; but they are concerned lest future federal policy grow more specific in pinpointing activities for the use of federal funds.

THEIR fears are only partially allayed by declarations from the Congress that no federal control over curriculum, personnel, or administration in local schools is intended or allowed. They think that some aspects of the administration of present programs already reach into these forbidden directions; and they are not overly impressed by declarations of good intentions from the commissioner. They do, however, see virtue in the growing federal expenditure to strengthen state departments of education.

A second reason for abrasions lies in Title VI of the Civil Rights Act. This legislation says that federal money can't go where discrimination is practiced. Particularly in the South, where Office of Education policy seeks an end to the dual school system, charges frequently have been made that the schools are being controlled from Washington.

To meet its legal obligations the Office of Education has had to set standards for school desegregation, and these standards have not been acceptable to many local school authorities. (For entirely opposite reasons they have not been acceptable to the civil rights organizations, either.) There are considerable differences between Office of Education responsibilities in the realm of civil rights and our administration of financial aid programs, but the distinctions have been blurred by the strong feelings which pervade the issue of civil rights. The result of this blurring is additional difficulty in the federal-state-local relationship in education; feelings engendered by the controversy over activity under the Civil Rights Act frequently are transferred to programs sponsored by the Office for totally unrelated purposes.

A third source of strain lies in the decision by Congress to authorize and finance a new educational system which local and state educational authorities do not control. Head Start, the Job Corps, large sections of the Neighborhood Youth Corps, and other endeavors recently appearing on the scene have been somewhat outside the umbrella of duly constituted local and state educational authorities. I am not arguing the merits of these enterprises—merits which I happen to think are considerable—but only observing that the new federally supported education endeavor they represent is disturbing to many of those who operate the schools. Their reservations add to the complexity of federal-state-local relationships concerning education. Paradoxically, some state and local officials see the Office of Education as a source of support in resisting these incursions on education from "outside." Many of these officials would like to see the Office take over and operate the new special educational efforts now under the Labor Department and the U.S. Office of Economic Opportunity.

Higher education, which absorbs a little more than one-third of the funds spent annually by the Office of Education, presents a special problem in relationships. Through the National Science Foundation, the National Institutes of Health, the Defense Department, and other federal sources, higher education long ago learned to live with federal funds without getting nervous indigestion over problems of federal control. It will receive $1.5 billion from the Office this year without many complaints except for the general one of wanting more money. The only issue is the apparent feeling on the part of some university people that the Office isn't really up to the job of handling higher education's major issues. This feeling was evidenced last spring when some university officials and their national organizations opposed placing the new International Center for Educational Cooperation in the Office of Education. Evidently there are university presidents who see the Office of Education as it was ten years ago, and beyond that, as primarily a school-oriented enterprise. Clearly, then, among the many issues needing attention, the confidence of higher education

THE MAGNITUDE OF FEDERAL INVOLVEMENT IN EDUCATION*

Program	*Appropriation for the Year Ending June 30, 1966*	*Appropriation for the Year Ending June 30, 1967*
Expansion and Improvement of Vocational Education	$ 253,441,000	$ 278,016,000
Elementary and Secondary Education Act (for deprived children, innovative programs, school libraries, and state education departments)	1,151,000,000	1,342,410,000
Higher Education (work-study programs, aid for developing institutions, equipment, and teacher education)	229,923,000	413,900,000
Teacher Corps	9,500,000	7,500,000
Student Loans	550,000	3,200,000
Higher Education Facilities (for construction)	632,700,000	722,744,000
Grants for Libraries (services and construction)	55,000,000	76,000,000
Impacted Areas (payments to school districts serving dependents of government or military employees)	438,078,000	439,137,000
National Defense Education Act (student loans, purchase of equipment, graduate fellowships, summer institutes)	412,608,000	446,357,000
Educational Improvement for the Handicapped	25,500,000	32,600,000
Research and Training	70,000,000	70,000,000
USOE Salaries and Expenses	30,136,000	35,150,000
Other Programs	33,661,000	34,661,000
Total	$3,342,097,000	$3,901,675,000

*This does not include programs such as Upward Bound and Head Start, which are not administered by the Office of Education.

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must be developed in the agency of the government principally responsible for serving education in the United States.

The Office of Education also confronts internal problems. Two years ago, it had 1,300 regular full-time employees. Today it has 2,500. In short, taking into account a federal government personnel turnover rate that annually ranges between 20 and 25 per cent, we have been initiating more than seventy-five new people a month into new responsibilities at the very time that the nature and scope of the organization's task have been undergoing rapid and widespread change.

But the personnel situation is only part of the internal problem. The introduction of so many new programs has required a radical change in the basic organization of the Office. It has meant creating some new units and either disbanding or reshuffling others of long standing. The result is that only a handful of people are performing the same duties they were two years ago. The average member of our staff has changed his office, his telephone number, and his boss within the last eighteen months. One division has moved five times! Old hands in our shop have all had to adjust to a major move in the Washington circus—the move from a sideshow to the main tent, a move which can be exhausting as well as exhilarating.

THAT the Office of Education is today successfully operating some seventy-five separate programs under nineteen different Congressional authorizations, and doing so with reasonable success, is a tribute to the kind of employees the government is able to attract. Clearly they have in large measure qualities which bureaucrats are not supposed to have—adjustability and inventiveness on the one hand and a dedication to the public interest on the other.

Looking beyond internal and external issues of immediate concern to the Office in carrying out its new and complex programs, there are two other matters which require comment. One is the subject of *timing*; the other is the problem of *evaluation*. The first can be dismissed rather quickly without being resolved; the second can be resolved if our political leaders will give the educators time to do so.

By *timing* I refer to the incongruity which exists between the appropriations procedure of the Congress of the United States and the planning cycle of the public schools. Time was when this disparity made no difference because the money appropriated by Congress had almost no effect on decisions by local school authorities. But that time is gone. On the average, about 6 or 7 per cent of elementary-secondary school funding depends on Congressional appropriation, and in many districts the percentage runs much higher. Every indication is that in the years ahead the percentage of federal support will be still larger.

School districts typically operate on a budget year which begins on July 1, and they plan ahead in order to know by early spring what funds will be available for commitment on that date. The typical school district spends 65 to 70 per cent of its funds on salaries, hires its new people in March, April, and May, and fits together a pattern of planned class size and program needs in the light of funds which will be available with the opening of school in the fall. The availability of teachers for new assignments and the continuance of teachers on former jobs are both hitched to this planning cycle.

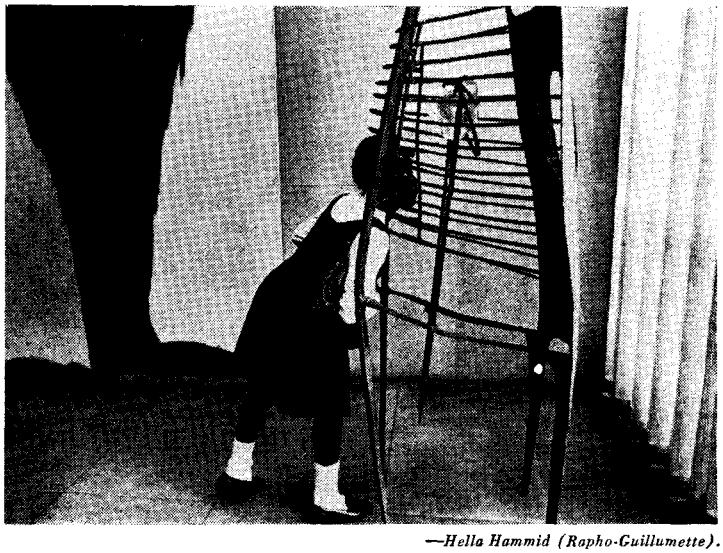
The timing with which Congress appropriates funds could scarcely be better designed to make the job of the local school superintendent difficult. I hasten to add that Congress intends no inconvenience. It is just doing business as it always has. But somehow the school superintendent must find out in March rather than in November, as he did this year, what federal funds will be available when schools open in September.

Unlike the timing problem, which is an accident of circumstance, evaluation has become a sort of sacred cow in education, in the sense that everyone, both educators and laymen, theoretically believes in it. Not many people know what it is or what to do with it, but it is nevertheless widely regarded as "a good thing." The vague notion is that we can find out through some procedure (scientific or otherwise) what we are accomplishing with all these federal dollars spent on education.

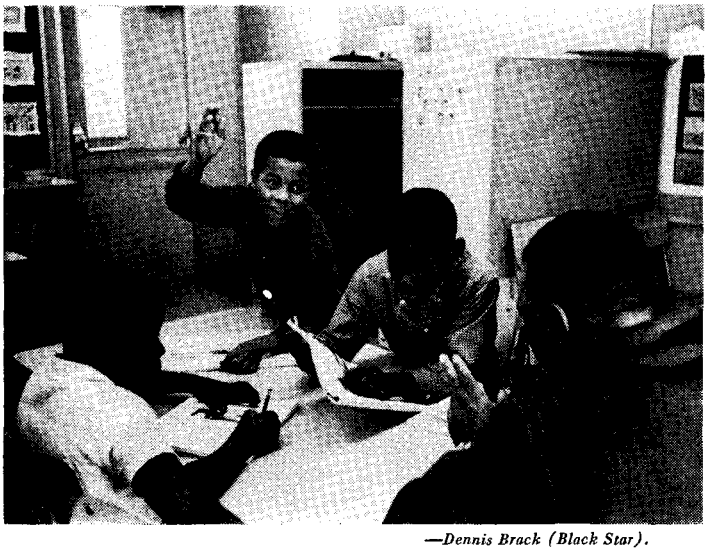
LET me say first of all that I thoroughly support the idea of responsible evaluation of any program—and the more energy (which is to say money) that goes into it, the more I think it deserves disciplined study. But having said this, let me add two or three additional points. Evaluation of educational endeavors usually seeks to prove whether a given effort has produced a desirable change in a school or college or among a group of students. We need to remember that the two most difficult entities to change (with the possible exception of churches) are educational institutions and people. Each has a momentum of its own based on its past. The processes of change are necessarily slow, and they are difficult to describe and to assess quantitatively.

The President's request that the Elementary and Secondary Education Act be renewed for four years by the last Congress—rather than for a shorter period—seemed to me particularly appealing because I foresaw the possibility that some useful (even though preliminary) evaluative information might be developed by the time the Act came before Congress again. Instead it was

(*Continued on page* 87)



—Hella Hammid (Rapho-Guillumette).



—Dennis Brack (Black Star).

Small classes and "cultural enrichment" programs are encouraged under the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965.

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ODDS AGAINST THE TEACHER CORPS

By JOHN EGERTON, *staff writer for "Southern Education Report."*

Richard Graham, director of the Teacher Corps

IN THE VERNACULAR of the War on Poverty, the National Teacher Corps might be called a disadvantaged child. It is, to begin with, of uncertain parentage. Congress has treated it like a stepchild, leaving it to shift for itself in the sometimes hostile environment of the public schools. Its growth has been stunted by fiscal malnutrition and it has aroused little sympathy and a lot of skepticism in middle-class teacher-training institutions. Now, at age one, it has been given six months to live, and even its most devoted supporters concede it has only a 50-50 chance of avoiding a pauper's grave.

The objective of the Teacher Corps—spelled out in the Higher Education Act of 1965—is to train a sizable number of experienced and beginning teachers as specialists in the education of culturally deprived children, placing them in rural and central metropolitan schools where the need is greatest. The Corps can recruit master teachers (usually with five or more years of teaching experience) and interns (inexperienced new teachers or liberal arts graduates with no teacher training). These recruits are paid $75 to $125 a week while undergoing an intensive summer program to prepare them for teaching the disadvantaged. They are then assigned, usually in teams of a master teacher and four interns, to poor-neighborhood schools which have requested their services, and are paid at the usual rate based on their training and experience.

So far, no one has seriously questioned either the value or the necessity of training and using specialists to educate the poor. But the means of achieving these goals have aroused opposition; the Teacher Corps plan has been in trouble since it landed in Congress.

John Kenneth Galbraith is said to have originated the idea of the Corps; President Johnson gave it a name, and Senators Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin and Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts drafted legislation for it. Congress authorized $100 million to start the Corps and to run it for two years, but then refused to appropriate the funds. It has subsequently released the small sum of $17,000,000 in two installments—both of them late and conditional. The second one, $7,500,000 is all that stands between the Corps and oblivion by June 30 (a fate predicted by Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon).

The Corps got its first installment late last spring, just in time to rush 1,600 recruits (the President had originally asked for 6,000) into a ten-week summer training program. It had to wait until October before a grudging Congress released enough money to keep the Corps in existence.

Resistance in Congress has followed several lines. Some members have objected to a program so closely identified with the President; others have used the Administration's economy drive as a reason for opposing it; and several have denounced it as a step closer to federal control of the schools. The latter criticism is rejected by Senator Nelson, who points out that Corpsmen can only go into schools where they are invited and can be asked to leave on a day's notice by local school officials.

More sophisticated objections have been voiced by Representative Edith Green of Oregon, one of the most consistent supporters of education legislation in either house. Mrs. Green fears that the Teacher Corps will bring untrained and unqualified people into the teaching profession; she is even more concerned that the fringe benefits—bonuses to master teachers for supervising interns, tuition-free graduate study for interns, and lighter teaching loads—give the Corpsmen advantages over regular teachers that can lead to dissension.

Although endorsed by the National Education Association's Commission on Teacher Education and Professional Standards and by the American Federation of Teachers, the Corps has received something less than a groundswell of support from teacher-training institutions and members of the profession. Open opposition, for the most part, has been by Congress, and with the loss by the Democrats of forty-seven House seats in the November elections, only the Corps' more sanguine supporters believe it will survive. Attrition has already reduced the first class of Corpsmen by 25 per cent, and if a supplementary appropriation is not forthcoming early in the new Congress more can be expected as the June 30 termination date approaches.

LAST month, amid predictions of an early funeral for the Teacher Corps, the Administration named Richard A. Graham, a forty-six-year-old former Peace Corps official, as its first permanent director. Graham took over from Deputy Director Charles Zellers and immediately began a campaign to boost the sagging hopes of the 1,200 remaining Corpsmen and the forty-two college training-center directors around the country. He assured them of the Administration's desire to strengthen the program and said that supplementary funds would be sought for the second-year Corpsmen and for new recruits as well.

Senator Nelson is convinced of the President's determination to save the Teacher Corps, and White House advisers for the program share that conviction. ("We're dead serious about this," says one of them.) Nelson believes the one thing that can persuade Congress to vote more funds is a strong expression of approval from local schools where Corpsmen are now at work.

But time is running out. Insufficient planning, a late start, and poor support leave the Teacher Corps with little opportunity to prove its effectiveness in the education of disadvantaged children. Its troubles are candidly—and anonymously—assessed by an educator who has worked closely with the program for the past year:

"The Teacher Corps has few jobs and little money for Congressmen to dispense. It questions the value and relevancy of current practices in teacher training. It illuminates the failure of the public schools to reach and elevate large numbers of disadvantaged children. No wonder it's under attack. But the Corps is one of the few genuinely new and progressive programs to come out of all the recent legislation on education. It has tremendous potential. If it's scrapped now, I think you can truthfully say that this country is not really serious about educating the poor."

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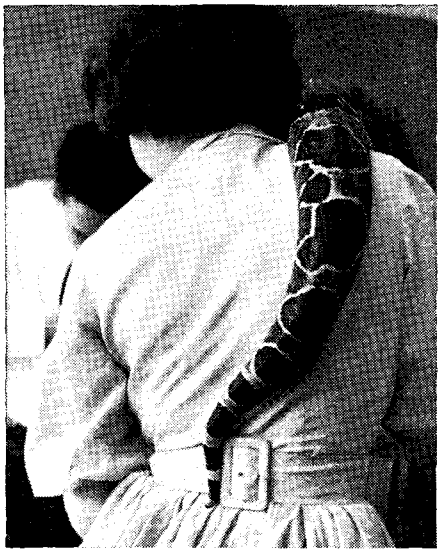
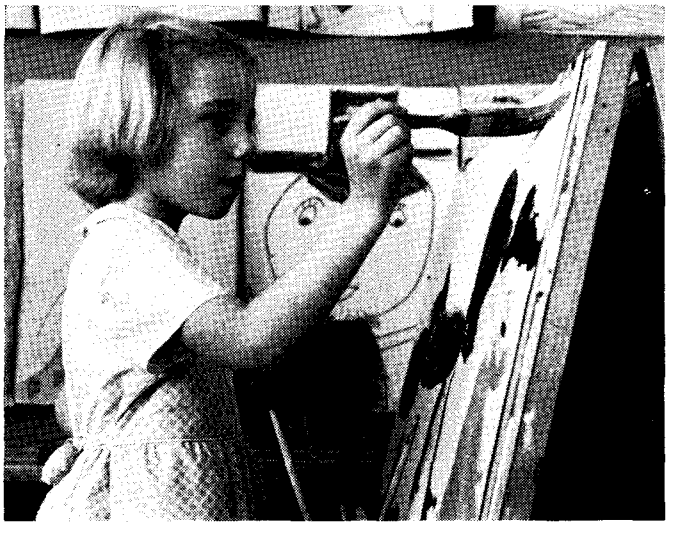
TEACH ME!

The National Education Association recently published a volume of photographs by Carl Purcell entitled *Teach Me!*, pictures of schools and teachers and students, illustrating the tremendous variety and diversity within American education. Mr. Purcell was chief of the photographic section of the NEA publications division until last spring, when he became director of photography for the Peace Corps. His book is available from the NEA, 1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. ($8.). Some samples from the book appear on these pages.





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THE DELIBERATE SPEED OF TITLE VI

By JIM LEESON, *director of information and research of The Southern Education Reporting Service.*

CALENDAR 1966 is being called the year of the backlash, indicating a sharp reversal in the public's attitude on race and politics. But school desegregation events in the South this fall raise doubts about the appropriateness of the term to describe what happened there. Did the increased pressures for desegregation cause a change in racial attitudes? Or did they revive a dormant and deep-seated resistance?

Greater pressure by the federal government did increase the desegregation of both students and teachers in the region's public schools this fall. A few Southern districts even completed the desegregation process, closing their all-Negro schools and putting all those students in schools with whites. But along with these changes came a stiffened resistance by schoolmen and political leaders, an expansion of the private school movement to escape desegregation, and a resurgence of violence between whites and Negroes.

In the 1965-66 school year, the first in which the federal government could withhold funds under Title VI of the Civil Rights Act, the school guidelines issued by the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare required only a start in student desegregation. Compliance efforts stirred a hornet's nest of criticism, but tripled the number of Negroes attending biracial schools. The school year ended without one district suffering a complete loss of federal aid, although several did fail to receive new allocations available under the Elementary and Secondary Education Act.

The stricter guidelines for 1966-67 call for a greater degree of desegregation at the student level and a start in teacher desegregation. After a quiet spell to determine the real intent of the federal authorities, Southern politicians and schoolmen launched a swelling campaign of criticism against the guidelines. They called them "unconstitutional" and claimed the staff of the U.S. Office of Education's Equal Educational Opportunities Program used "coercive" methods to force compliance.

In November of this year, Assistant Commissioner David Seeley, who directed the compliance program nevertheless reported that his office had made "reasonably hopeful progress" in the six border states and six of the Southern states. Primary obstacles to achieving desegregation remain in the "hard core states" of Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina, he said. Seeley also stated that when a state gets 20 to 30 per cent of its Negroes in desegregated schools and begins teacher desegregation, his staff feels there is little else it can do. The agency then will act only on individual complaints of discrimination.

USOE staff members responsible for administering the law have emphasized that there is no defined percentage of desegregation prescribed for compliance with the guidelines and Title VI. The law specifically forbids withholding funds because of a racial imbalance; for this reason critics of the guidelines have pointed to the provisions that use percentages to show "examples" of performance. Compliance officials freely accepted free choice plans last year but required actual desegregation performance before accepting them this year.

The other major controversial point in the current guidelines has been teacher desegregation. The 1964 rights law specifically exempted employment discrimination as a basis for stopping funds, but the USOE claimed authority to end discriminatory assignments of teachers because of federal court rulings on the subject. Other complaints by Southerners have been that the guidelines and HEW:

► Required more desegregation by districts acting voluntarily under the HEW rules than has been demanded for districts acting under federal court orders. (The U.S. Department of Justice has asked the U.S. Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals at New Orleans to adopt the guidelines provisions as the standards for the districts under its direction.)

► Violated the Fourteenth Amendment by requiring closer compliance in Southern and border states while permitting segregated public schools elsewhere in the nation to continue to receive federal funds. (USOE officials say they are limited to districts that had dual systems

(*Continued on page 87*)

Baldy in The Atlanta Constitution

". . . Sure we've complied, here's our Negro!"

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DEVELOPING POWER IN THE GHETTO

By GERALD GRANT, *national education writer for the Washington Post.*

FROM THE TENSE days in Little Rock through the school boycotts in Northern cities a decade later, the whole thrust of the civil rights movement in education has been centered on the goal of integration. Busing, rezoning, pairing plans, educational parks, metropolitan planning have been the bywords of the civil rights movement. Although there were demands for better schools in slums, too, the name of the game was integration. But there have been few winners so far.

Despite a few brave experiments in places such as Hartford, Connecticut, where 265 Negroes from the inner city are being bused to the suburbs, most of the players ruefully admit that integration has been a failure. Harold Howe II, U.S. Commissioner of Education, noted recently that schools in the North are more segregated today than they were when the Supreme Court outlawed segregation in 1954 [see "The Time Is Now," *SR*, July 16]. In city after city changes in population – the decline of middle-class whites and the influx of poor Negroes – have made integration ever more difficult to achieve.

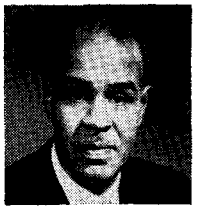
The exodus of whites has been most dramatic in Washington, D.C., now at a point where the total public school enrollment is only 9 per cent white. It was 40 per cent white in 1954. Most other big cities seem to be following a similar progression. In Philadelphia, 57 per cent of the public school pupils are nonwhite. Both Chicago and Cleveland public schools are 52 per cent Negro; Pittsburgh's are 38 per cent Negro.

The reaction of a majority of civil rights leaders to this dilemma has been to call for massive federal programs to achieve racial breakthroughs. Last June's White House conference, "To Fulfill These Rights," began with a call for multi-billion-dollar federal programs to induce school systems to break up ghettos through metropolitan area school planning. "We cannot run the risk of freezing Negro children in ghetto schools, even if they are improved," said the conference steering group. "We have as a nation discarded the notion of 'separate but equal.'"

The massive irony, of course, is that most of the federal aid now reinforces slum schooling. It buttresses the segregated ghetto rather than serving to break it up. In the first year of the historic program of federal aid to elementary and secondary schools, nearly a billion of the 1.3 billion U.S. dollars flowed to schools in city slums and poor rural areas –with no requirement that the money be used to break down the barriers of northern segregation.

The embittered residents of the slums don't believe that their schools are appreciably better as a result of the massive federal programs. Class sizes may be smaller, teachers have more "free" time and better pay–public preschool teachers in Harlem earned $212 a week last summer–and there are more assist-

Spokesmen for the Movement



Wilkins

". . . If the teaching 'establishment' (including the administrators, the supervisors, the teachers, and the trade unions which serve them) does not abandon its built-in resistance to change, Negro parents and their allies in the community will increasingly insist on a shift in the base of school control."

–Roy Wilkins, Executive Director, National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Rustin

"While reforms are required on all levels of education, no talk of reform is meaningful if we are not prepared to make the kind of investment envisioned in 'A Freedom Budget for All Americans.' A minimum outlay of $27 billion is, according to that budget, absolutely required for the construction of new public school classrooms during the next half decade. . . ."

–Bayard Rustin, Executive Director, A. Philip Randolph Institute.

Young

". . . The National Urban League is firmly committed to the goal of integrated quality education for all students so that members of every ethnic and religious group may learn how to live together in a pluralistic society. . . . There can be no meaningful integration of education without quality; nor can there be any meaningful quality in education without integration."

–Whitney Young, Jr., Executive Director, National Urban League.

McKissick

"Drastic changes . . . are necessary if the educational process would adequately perform its function of preparing children for life. . . . Quality education can only be accomplished if the constraints of ghetto living and the handicaps of children from families with poor verbal skills are attacked by new methods that involve the parents in the educational programs."

–Floyd McKissick, National Director, Congress of Racial Equality.

Stokely Carmichael, Chairman, SNCC.

". . . Integration has always been Negroes going to white schools because the white schools are good and black schools are bad. . . . If integration means that moving to something white is moving to something better, then integration is a subterfuge for white supremacy. . . . The problem is that less money is spent on black schools than on white schools. We're not so concerned about going to a white school–we want a good school."

–Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee.

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ant principals, supervisors, and curriculum specialists. "If the schools are really any better," the slum dweller asks, "why don't whites want any part of them?" After years of picketing the school board for desegregation with no visible results, hopeless Negroes still must send their children to segregated and inferior schools.

As a consequence there is a new mood among Negro leaders, rooted in the rise of the philosophy of Black Power and articulated most forcefully by Stokely Carmichael, head of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. "Black people have a right to run their own schools," Carmichael said recently. "White savages run their schools in the suburbs."

THE new mood manifested itself clearly in the campaign for control of educational policy at Intermediate School 201 in New York's Harlem, where parents have demanded the ouster of a white principal, more "black" in the curriculum, a veto over the appointment of staff, and a key role in determining how the success of the school would be measured. The parents regarded these demands as negotiable. They wanted a real voice in running the school but were willing to settle for less than total control—and did at one point before a counter-boycott by the powerful teachers' union washed out their agreement with Superintendent Bernard E. Donovan. The moderate parents wanted the kind of say about school standards that many whites in the suburbs now enjoy. "Quality education, segregated style, is the goal of Harlem," said Livingston Wingate, former head of Haryou-ACT, the area antipoverty agency.

Underlying the demands was the parents' belief that among the ingredients of quality in suburban schools are the parents' insistence that children be prepared for college and the teachers' expectation that pupils will succeed. In the slums, the opposite often is true. School officials put the burden of failure on the pupils and their environment, assuming none of the blame themselves. Mrs. Suki Ports, a Japanese mother who sat on the Harlem parents' negotiating committee, said angrily that many teachers choose Harlem because "it's easy, nobody expects results."

Anyone who has spent much time observing schools knows that there is a vast difference in the way suburban and slum schools tolerate classroom visits by parents. Ghetto parents have almost no leverage on the schools, but suburban PTAs sometimes markedly influence curricula—even sometimes succeed in having a teacher fired or politely transferred.

But the Harlem parents' demands were largely interpreted as an ugly outpouring of racist sentiments. Of course, some of it was. But much of it wasn't. Their message, in effect, was this: "The Board of Education won't bus us out of here and whites won't come into our schools because they know they're inferior. Why should we have any confidence in them when we don't have any say about what constitutes quality?"

Quality, they knew, was something they didn't have. More than two-thirds of the pupils drop out before graduation from high school. Children in Harlem tend to decline in intelligence, as measured by standardized tests, the longer they stay in school. And 84 per cent of the pupils score two to five years below norms on reading tests. In these schools, there is little Negro representation within the senior staff. None of Harlem's thirty school principals and only four of the city's 804 principals are Negroes. "Can you even imagine having no white principals in Scarsdale?" a Harlem principal asked.

The lesson of 201 is that advocates of quality segregated education are not just asking for huge new sums for ghetto schools. They want the segregated community to define that quality by having a major voice in determining the programs for which the money is spent.

It's really not such a radical idea. The principle has been enshrined in the federal antipoverty program—maximum feasible participation of the poor—and it's no mere coincidence that many of those in the thick of the 201 controversy are on the federal antipoverty payroll.

There is little reason to suppose that the idea of "quality segregation" will be confined to Harlem. In addition to the steam that may be generated by federal antipoverty workers elsewhere, the principle will get a big push from the militant Citizens Crusade Against Poverty, a private national group headed by Richard Boone. Boone does not repudiate the far-off goal of an integrated society. "But in the meantime," he said, "what happens to kids whose future is being obliterated because of the inattention to the problems of schools where they are? Education in the slums is now a tragedy. What is being done to face up to the fact that over one-half of schools in slums are more than fifty years old? What is being done about the twenty-year lag in innovations between the suburbs and the slums? What can be done to remedy the deadening effects of the school bureaucracy?

"It's very difficult for a white person to say this," he went on, "but I think that busing is both an indignity and an admission of defeat. That is to say, the notion that you have to bus somewhere into the wild blue yonder to assure the Negro child the right to sit by the white child is an indignity perpetrated on the Negro family. More than that, busing really means that there is no basic attempt to deal with the quality of life in the Negro community . . . there has to be a major effort by people within the ghetto to radically improve life."

Boone's Citizens Crusade has been awarded a $1,200,000 Ford Foundation grant to train community organizers—some would call them agitators—to bring about this "radical improvement." Within the next three years, the Crusade will send more than 1,000 of them to work in target areas in big city slums.

Looking at the new alignment in the civil rights movement, James Farmer, national director of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) before its Black Power days, said: "Frustration is very great all over the ghetto. This is not really a new issue. But it is coming into sharper focus than ever before. There was a time right after the Supreme Court's decision when some assumed that all that mattered was getting rid of segregation, breaking down the walls. This became a shibboleth. Now there is a growing realization that breaking down the barriers alone will not solve the problem. . . . And for some individuals the pendulum has swung pretty far . . . they sense the futility of integration for integration's sake and now they want to attach first priority to schools in the slums. My own view is not either-or but both-and. We have to fight for both quality integration and quality schooling in the ghetto."

John Morsell, assistant executive director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), spoke frankly of the strategy of the civil rights movement. "Historically, it naturally follows that our initial concern had to be with integration. The interest of Negro parents in the problems of education as a whole had to be sparked by a dramatic issue."

NOW more emphasis can be placed on quality improvements, he admits. "But in the beginning a lot of people were afraid that if you started talking about quality instruction and so on, that would give the school boards an out. They wouldn't do anything about integration. We continue to believe that the only sound route to quality education is integrated education. We're also compelled to face the fact that the schools of Harlem cannot be integrated." He insists, however, that while the schools in Harlem can be better, they cannot be truly quality schools.

The Urban League's Whitney M. Young, Jr., sounded a similar theme when he wrote recently that segregated schools cannot serve the basic aims of a democracy no matter how much they are improved. "Educators realize that students get only a partial education if they are not exposed to different ideas

(*Continued on page* 88)

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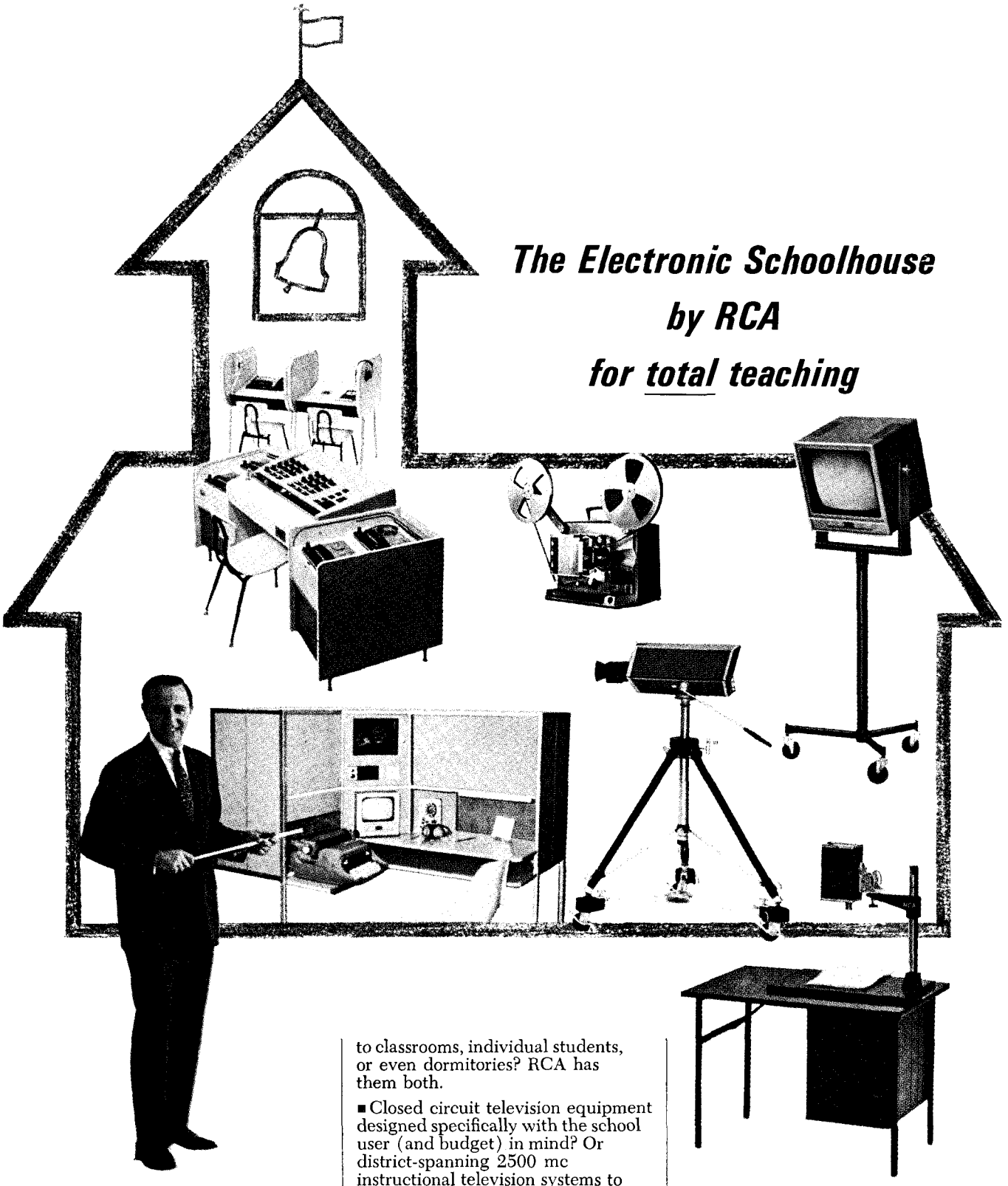

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John C. Moore

PERSONAL OPINION

The Unexamined Life of the Professor

On this page each month, an educator, writer, or critic of education is given an opportunity to express his views on a topic of his own choosing. The opinions expressed by the author may differ sharply from those of the editors.

By JOHN C. MOORE, *assistant professor of history, Hofstra University.*

IN RECENT YEARS, a number of journalists and social scientists have been kept busy providing names for the current "generation" of students: silent, beat, and so forth. The students are fully cooperative; but the task is still demanding, since a new generation appears every four years. The examiners of students' lives are not likely, therefore, to get around to examining the lives of professors. And just as well, for professors are not inclined to have their lives examined. They keep their cards close to their vests and consider it a sign of objectivity that their personal views are concealed. The historian who teaches the Reformation in such a way that on Monday all the students think he is Protestant and on Wednesday, Catholic, has preserved his scholarly detachment. The political scientist who removes his ALL THE WAY WITH LBJ button before entering the classroom has thereby become nonpartisan. What they both have done, in fact, is to conceal their own convictions and to make it much more difficult for the student to identify and filter out the subjective coloring which every instructor takes into the classroom.

Even outside the classroom, academicians avoid stating their personal beliefs and convictions. On particular issues such as segregation in the South the reflexes of the liberal majority are well known; and the conservative minority are equally predictable in their suspicion of federal power at home and their devotion to it abroad. But neither group is much inclined to discuss political first principles. A year ago at a Vietnam teach-in in New Jersey, a young professor created a political furor by identifying himself as a Marxist, saying, "I have no wish to hide any of my private intellectual or political commitments." He was as exceptional in his candor as he was in his Marxism.

Professors are even more secretive in their philosophical-religious beliefs. A hundred years ago, sex was not an acceptable subject for polite conversation, whereas religion could be discussed freely and in a very personal way. Today, the two are reversed. Colleagues at coffee can share their appreciation of *Fanny Hill*, but to express a similar appreciation of the *Imitation of Christ* would be embarrassing to everybody. Personal religious or philosophical values can be tastefully introduced only under the heading of historical, psychological, or sociological data.

However natural and understandable, the professor's reluctance to reveal his personal beliefs is, in a way, unfair to the academic community. He commonly expects his students and colleagues to search out subjective influences in the works of art and scholarship they study. One needs to know Milton the Puritan to know Milton the poet, Shaw the Fabian to know Shaw the playwright. A book's reviewer should know and consider the author's persuasion as a positivist or a Marxist or a Quaker. But the professor's students and colleagues must either assume that his judgments are rooted only in the pure air of fact and reason, or else rely for further information on faculty gossip and on the fabulous lore of the student underground.

The students, especially, may have a complaint against their enigmatic professor. At a time when the young usually give the final direction to their lives, they have an appetite for information that will help them find their bearings. The professor often encourages them to question the middle-class values which they reveal willingly and rashly, yet he rarely presents his own. Not inclined to expose himself to the lurking social critics who commonly devour the bourgeoisie, he sends students to the library. They see the lives of the faculty; they find philosophies of life in the library; but the two remain disconnected. They are deprived of the opportunity of seeing how cultivated human beings whose lives they witness have formulated the intellectual foundations of those lives.

THE remedy is simple enough. At the beginning of each semester, when the professor posts his office hours, let him post his credo as well. He should precede it, of course, with the *caveat*, "subject to change without notice"; but he should then formulate, as best he can, the guiding principles of his life and his fundamental beliefs about the world around him. Some credos would be terse: "I think; therefore, I am," or "$E = mc^2$." Others would run on into full-scale *Apologiae* or Confessions. In any case, the benefits would be invaluable. The halls of university buildings would become infinitely more interesting to the young—halls that are otherwise darkly indifferent to their problems. If nothing else, the student might be reassured to discover that the confident, critical mind, so adept at finding cracks and leaks in the intellectual foundations of others, fumbles along like everyone else when it tries to build its own. Moreover, the professor's students and colleagues alike would have a sounder basis for interpreting his comments on other subjects; and the professor would profit enormously from the effort of formulating his credo and from the chastening but enlightening experience of having it subjected to the criticism of others.

The credos will not solve the problem completely. Social scientists will not be content until some autobiographical detail is appended to the credo—how the professor got along with his father, what social stratum he came from, and the like. But at least, the professor could quote Socrates on the unexamined life without embarrassment.

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WHO WANTS TO TEACH UNDERGRADUATES?

By ANDREW HACKER, *associate professor of government at Cornell.*

AT THIS YEAR'S meeting of my professional association the corridors buzzed with loud boasts of new professorial privileges and perquisites. Some told of all-salaries-paid sabbaticals every three years instead of the traditional seven; others spoke of "summer money" that automatically raises their already not inconsiderable incomes. A favorite was the easy access to large research projects, with the fringe benefits of research assistants, streamlined equipment, and jet travel to exotic places. But the trump card in this one-upping game was invariably held by the man able to exclaim: "And I don't have to teach undergraduates anymore!"

What is surprising—and, to some, disturbing—is how many professors are looking forward to when they, too, will be able to restrict their teaching to graduate students. Some have already arrived at this exalted status and more are graduating to it every year. Considering the shortage of academic personnel and the competition among universities to stud their faculties with stars, what professors want, professors are increasingly getting.

Those most affected are, of course, the students. A majority of American undergraduates now attend universities rather than colleges. They are enrolled at institutions offering graduate as well as undergraduate degrees. The consequences of this relatively recent development are just beginning to be felt. Independent undergraduate colleges, though still part of the educational scene, each year find themselves enrolling a diminishing proportion of the nation's students.

Already the tendency at American universities is for the professors to concentrate their time and attention on graduate students. Of the 4,000 professors recently surveyed by the American Council on Education, more than half indicated that they spend more time with the graduate students than with undergraduates. (This sample included junior faculty as well as senior men.) Indeed, in only a third of the academic fields was undergraduate instruction given the higher priority.

There are compelling reasons why this is taking place. For the first time professors are in short supply and are able to negotiate workloads attuned to their own preferences. Many of these men have always regarded undergraduate teaching as a bore and a burden. Now they are in a position to hold such confrontations to a minimum, if not avoid them altogether.

Probably the first complaint is the sheer drudgery attending undergraduate classwork. If Original Sin afflicts the teaching profession, its most pronounced manifestation is the labor of reading, grading, and—most tiresome of all—penning comments on students' written work. The number of hours consumed in doing even minimal justice to undergraduate examinations and essays soon gets out of hand. Students are outspokenly unhappy unless the professor writes long red-inked comments on every available margin. It can take an hour or more just to spell out what is wrong with a seven-page paper; most undergraduate efforts, needless to say, have a good deal wrong with them.

Yet in the final analysis such compensatory joys as there are in teaching depend largely on the motives and motivations of the students sitting before you in the classroom. And more and more professors are becoming persuaded

that most undergraduates are not really interested in a serious education. The majority are at college to get a degree, which, they hope, will serve as a passport into upper-middle-class lives, neighborhoods, and careers. The professor suspects that nine out of ten of his students who dutifully (or not so dutifully) carry out his assignments have no intrinsic interest in philosophy or chemistry or anthropology. They are in the course to fulfill a requirement or to obtain the credits needed for a diploma. Even if some students work hard and learn what is taught them, the majority are not going to do anything with what they have learned. The professor too often finds himself wondering just *why* he is devoting himself to teaching Medieval history or Palaeozoic geology to youngsters destined to be personnel managers and suburban housewives.

The ritual incantation is that a liberal arts education is a civilizing influence on all who come under its spell. The oft-repeated claim is that exposure to the humane studies gives a broader outlook even to the future businessman and PTA vice president. This rationalization, held dear by deans and the public relations men who write college brochures, has long since ceased to convince the professor on the front lines. Moreover, anyone who has taught for more than a handful of years has had ample opportunity to gaze on his college's alumni. When they return for reunion week in June or as their deeds and pronouncements are recorded in the public prints, the professor is forced to conclude that four years of undergraduate teaching had no palpable impact.

Even the students on the campus tend to look elsewhere for their norms and values. Those contemplating careers in business take their cues from the world of affairs and emulate standards expected in the executive suites far away rather than those of their mentors. Others take their bearings from spokesmen for peace or from civil rights groups. One set of undergraduates has its eyes

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on General Electric and General Motors, another gives its ears to such figures as Michael Harrington and Martin Luther King. Very little influence is left for the professor.

Indeed, it would not be too much to say that a very real cold war is in progress on most campuses today. If the tinder box exploded at Berkeley two years ago, the same tensions exist in more muted form in numberless other institutions. Put simply, undergraduates are not being attracted by what academic research and scholarship are currently producing in most fields and disciplines. There has always, of course, been some measure of antagonism between those who teach and those who learn. If in the past it has been thought that academic ideas can subvert established institutions and values, much of the current contentiousness takes a quite different tack. Students suspect that the intellectual enterprise has become a form of escapism. Professors are committed to producing and communicating a sometimes limited and always specialized knowledge, whose subject-matter is well defined and whose research methods are highly professional.

There is, then, an undeclared war. Which of the two sides is "right" is a puzzle that cannot be unravelled here. What can be said is that undergraduate hostility is an important force driving professors to a setting where they feel they will be appreciated. And this milieu is the graduate seminar.

The graduate student, in strong contrast to the undergraduate, has committed himself to an academic discipline and is enrolled in an apprenticeship system. Many aspire to become professors. Moreover the conditions of indenture are such that a student usually works with a single senior professor for the most substantial part of his graduate career.

Graduate professors take no small pride in referring to their students in unabashedly possessive terms. Novitiates work closely and directly under their chosen mentor, writing their theses and dissertations on subjects related to the professor's research interests. A senior scholar at a large graduate school will point with no small satisfaction to "his" pupils, now in teaching posts throughout the country where they echo his method and message in scores of classrooms. It is here that the professor rightly senses that he has had a genuine influence, that his teaching has counted for something.

Graduate students are prepared to imbibe intricacies and esoterica without cavil or protestation. They are, in a word, less obdurate teaching material. Graduate students accept prevailing conceptions and definitions of academic knowledge, no matter how faddish or far-fetched they may seem to the lay mind. While an undergraduate may wish to ponder the whys and wherefores of the Vietnam war in his political science classroom, the graduate student represses such desires—and after a while ceases to have them. Amenability and malleability of this sort are understandable: the apprentice knows that he must be intellectually loyal to his professor if he is to be recommended first for fellowships and later for a decent teaching job of his own.

Graduate teaching—especially when compared with preparing and performing in undergraduate courses—is easy. The format of the graduate seminar being what it is, the professor can get through his obligations with minimum work in a minimum amount of time. Typically a seminar will meet only once a week over a fourteen-week period. The group will conveniently consist of fourteen students, each of whom is assigned a lengthy paper for a given session. Thus the first hour of the seminar is consumed by listening to that week's student read his paper aloud. During this time the professor sits quietly, taking notes or just peering at a crack in the ceiling. (One man has been known to open and read his mail during that hour. But, the report goes, he limits it to his first class mail.) For the second hour the other thirteen students are expected to comment upon and discuss the paper. At this juncture the professor may serve as an active or a passive referee. But the show pretty well runs itself. Contrasted with the labor involved in an undergraduate course, it is a busman's holiday.

There are, to be sure, professors who protest—perhaps a mite too plaintively—that they prefer teaching undergraduates. Nevertheless, those teachers at independent liberal arts colleges who are offered good university posts, and the chance to supervise graduate students, snap at such opportunities with the greatest alacrity. There is not a college president or dean who cannot reel off the names of dozens of his faculty members who have deserted undergraduate teaching for the bigger leagues.

Indeed, the professor who teaches only undergraduates is an object of raised professional eyebrows. While college instructors may have local reputations for being stimulating or inspiring, for being good or even great teachers, the standard reaction of university colleagues is: How can we tell? Earning the admiration of undergraduates can do a teacher more harm than good, for the suspicion is that you can say virtually anything to undergraduates and they won't know the difference.

All of this, to be sure, is regarded as a "problem" in many prestigeful quarters. There is and will continue to be no shortage of pronouncements, pilot projects, and foundation-financed programs to restore the quality and intimacy of undergraduate instruction. What seems to be intended is a form of "Higher Horizons" uplift for the denizens of our campus slums. The difficulty is that such endeavors depend on the obtaining of personnel willing to devote themselves to lower-status callings. Yet in higher education, as elsewhere, very few people

want to be regarded as sub-professionals. Therefore the lukewarm response to the proposal that our universities establish a "teaching degree" for those willing to dedicate themselves to undergraduates. The holders of such certificates would be relegated to permanent *Beta*-dom in the academic community.

Expansion in undergraduate enrollments is taking place not in the colleges, which are holding their student bodies relatively constant, but in the large universities that are simultaneously admitting more graduate students. The prospect is that given a steady, or even decreasing, ratio of professors to students, less attention is bound to be paid to the undergraduates. American undergraduates will have to accustom themselves to large lectures, absentee professors, and instruction by teaching assistants. For solace they can look forward to the day when they will be graduate students and thus entitled to come within conversational distance of a professor.

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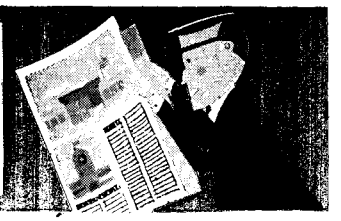
Schools Make News



A Thing of Beauty . . .

"You can't tell if it's a prison, a factory, or a school," the saying goes. But there is new hope that the schoolhouse, at least, will be freed from the depressing standard rectangular block structure. A new amendment to the Elementary and Secondary Education Act stresses the need for good architecture and design in federally assisted construction, and provides for the inclusion of "works of art not representing more than 1 per cent of the cost of the project." In a $1,000,000 project this could amount to $10,000.

But beauty is not necessarily expensive. In New York City last month, architect Richard J. Stein unveiled a model of a new schoolyard with groves of trees, gently sloping lawns, an imaginative play area, and an amphitheater. A sharp departure from the usual flat asphalt surface with high chain-link fences, the Stein plan will cost $100,000 *less*. Said City Parks Commissioner Thomas P. F. Hoving, "You save forty oaks and a lot of dough—that's what's known as doing something right."

Metropolitan Hope

A merger of city and suburban school districts to reduce de facto segregation and financial problems has been proposed by the president of the Philadelphia school board in perhaps the most outspoken statement so far by a city administrator. Social scientists have been exploring this possibility for some time and officials in other cities have touched on it in metropolitan busing efforts and in attempts to draw some suburban money back to its source.

But metropolitan districting will remain a dream for some time, according to a recent study by researchers Basil G. Zimmer and Amos H. Hawley. "Opposition to reorganization of large area suburbs is so extensive," they declare, "that under the existing procedures for change, reorganization can be ruled out as one of the alternatives to . . . multiple school districts in metropolitan communities."

The study was part of a federally financed research project to determine resistance to a metropolitan plan for school districting and city government. The major effort for such change "should be focused on the suburban areas," the report urges, "for it is in these zones that the real obstacles . . . are concentrated." Further recommendations include "preventive" reform in smaller communities before they emerge as large segmented metropolises.

—*New York City Parks Department.*

New playground releases school from prison look.

Administrators Unite!

Teachers talk only to the Board of Education, and the Board talks only to . . . Well, no one talks to the principal these days. At least that is how principals see it, and in Detroit a new Organization of School Administrators wants the power to influence decisions that affect its members. Past indignities inflicted on Detroit administrators without consultation include orders to work as substitute teachers to relieve a teacher shortage, and to supervise lunchrooms after teachers had refused to continue that duty.

"The pendulum of power has swung both ways. We just want to bring it back to center," said Freeman Flynn, president of the new organization.

In Baltimore, Superintendent Laurence G. Paquin declared he is not given enough of a say in hiring and promoting school administrators, and scored the current procedures which put too much emphasis on considerations like length of service and the number of educational courses taken, and not enough on leadership abilities.

The First American Is Last

American Indians have received on the average only five years of schooling and have a dropout rate today exceeding 50 per cent. They learn virtually nothing about the positive aspects of Indian history, and grow up unable to cope well with either reservation life or life in the white man's world. These were among the charges made at a conference last month of the education committee of the Association on American Indian Affairs.

While a majority of Indian children attend public schools, a large percentage are shipped off by the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) to federally run boarding schools, often hundreds of miles from home. These schools were attacked most severely at the conference as harmful to the youngsters' education and to their mental health. Carl L. Marburger, new chief of education at the BIA, declared that he is trying to change the policy and bring more children back to day schools on the reservation.

The Game of Grantsmanship

The getting of a grant is a complicated business and is rapidly becoming a specialized profession. How to fill out the forms, write the request, even find the right title of the right act to meet the need is not a task for the novice. To help communities, school boards, and others obtain federal funds for projects, a new kind of specialist has appeared—the "grantsman"—who is familiar with the technical forms and formal language. A careful wording of plan and purpose can be the key: A vague request will be turned down; a detailed request for the same thing may be accepted.

While grantsmen can be a blessing to needy communities and to government grantors, the danger increases that successful applicants will be not those with the greatest need but with the best consultants. Since such specialists do not come free—indeed, their average fees are about $100 a day—the neediest may sometimes lose out. The war on poverty opened federal coffers, but only to those with the right set of keys.

One new key to add to that set is *The Guide to Federal Assistance for Education*, just put out by Appleton-Century-Crofts (440 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10016). The *Guide* covers all of the significant federal assistance programs of nearly fifty U.S. agencies involved in education, training, and research; assembles the information in easy-to-use form; and updates it each month. The *Guide* directs the harried superintendent through the bureaucratic maze to the specific program he wants. More than 160 "program folders" outline sources of funds, amounts available, how they may be spent, agencies involved, necessary procedure, information available and where to get it. Other folders lead through the labyrinth of state administration. The *Guide* is for use not only by specifically educational institutions, but also by nonprofit organizations, research organizations, health service institutions, state agencies, business and industry—and even by the low

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man on the ladder, the student. Cost: $175, plus $95 annually for updating service.

New University

TWO GIANTS of higher education, both in Pittsburgh, propose to merge. Carnegie Institute of Technology and the Mellon Institute—a major research center for industry in chemistry, physics, and biological sciences—have outlined a plan for a new university—Carnegie University—comprised of the full assets of both institutions.

The new institution would make Carnegie Tech in name what it now is in fact—a university with undergraduate and graduate programs in the arts, humanities, and social sciences, as well as in sciences and engineering, for which it is so well known. A new College of Humanities and Social Sciences, made up of existing departments in these fields, would offer a B.A. degree not presently available.

The name "Carnegie Institute of Technology" would be retained for a college of engineering and applied science, embracing not only Carnegie Tech's departments in these fields, but also some of the industrial and research programs of the Mellon Institute, together with a new graduate program in advanced technology.

The Mellon Institute would bring to the new university buildings, endowment, and other property, valued at more than $60,000,000, giving Carnegie one of the largest increments in the history of higher education. Most of the Mellon research and post-doctoral programs would comprise the proposed new Mellon Institute of Science and would join the Tech departments of chemistry, physics, biology, and earth and astronomical sciences.

A similar plan, though of less grand dimensions, has been outlined by Cleveland's Case Institute of Technology and Western Reserve University, which will establish four joint academic departments to serve both institutions at undergraduate and graduate levels. The departments of physics, chemistry, mathematics, and biology—together with geology and astronomy, which already serve both—will create a science teaching and research complex with a budget of $9,600,000.

Humanities and Sciences

IN AN EFFORT to spread quality around, the National Science Foundation has launched two new programs and revised a third to upgrade science research and training at colleges and universities not yet in the front ranks. Total funds this year for the three amount to $60,000,000, with the greatest share going to graduate programs;

Of all the student movements in America, the one represented by the button above may be the ultimate. According to an editor of the Berkeley *Daily Californian*, the university's student newspaper, the message of the button is "psychedelic." It is being sold by a group interested in communal living which supports itself by selling buttons. Others proclaim "Stamp Out Reality" and "Legalize Pot."

$10,000,000 is marked for predominantly undergraduate institutions.

The new National Endowment for the Humanities, whose appropriation for the current fiscal year is $4,500,000, is expending a major portion of its funds on the "discovery and development of individuals" — postdoctoral fellowships for young scholars and a Senior Fellowships Program for established scholars. Among the endowment's other programs are two to strengthen college-university cooperation in humanities teaching.

They Said It

DONALD BARR, headmaster of the Dalton Schools in New York City, writing in *Book Week*: "A few years ago, after a book of mine on prehistoric men was published, a local supervisor of instruction in Kansas wrote to say that I would have been better employed reading Genesis than in misleading the young. (What books, I wonder, will he buy with Title II money?)"

MAX RAFFERTY, California state superintendent of schools: "There's no question whatever that the East has a lot more original ideas about education than the West. Unfortunately, most of them are bad. What makes them look good to the casual observer is the Easterner's unmatched ability to disguise phony philosophy with slick semantics and to submerge a dubious concept in a Niagara of sparkling and seductive verbiage."

LOUIS S. BLANCATO, JR., teen-ager replying to an editorial in *America* magazine (November 26, 1966): "Please don't try to talk down to us. We 'young people' are not impatient, we have come alive. . . . My generation is calling for dedicated, committed, and unafraid leaders to guide and channel our tremendous vitality. We don't want scared little men. Stop worrying about rebellion and start finding dynamic leaders for us. That's all you have to do."

Notes

The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare is planning a major overhaul, which will reorganize it into three sub-cabinet departments—a Department of Health, a Department of Education, and Department of Individual and Family Services. "This will reduce the number of line agencies reporting to the Secretary from eight to three," said HEW Secretary John W. Gardner. . . . The problems mentally retarded children will face as adults—particularly social and economic problems — are the focus of a new Curriculum Center conducted by Yeshiva University and New York State, with federal support. Such a "social learning curriculum" is the first of its kind and a major departure from past efforts in special education. . . . The American Civil Liberties Union has written 900 presidents who are members of the American Association of Colleges to urge that they "resist vigorously" requests from the House Un-American Activities Committee for membership lists of campus groups opposing the war in Vietnam. . . .

A child might be able to do his homework by watching *Batman*, says professor Raymond S. Ross of Wayne State University. Research at Wayne State has shown "clear evidence" that subliminal communication is possible, and academic material could be broadcast to a viewer at a subconscious level while he watches his favorite TV show. . . . More than 900 physicians-in-exile from Cuba are now helping to meet the critical need for practicing physicians in thirty-five states, the District of Columbia, and Puerto Rico, thanks to a medical refresher training program inaugurated by the University of Miami School of Medicine in December 1960. About 1,500 have taken the course in the last six years.

—*Wide World.*

Max Rafferty—Man of the West.

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Voices in the Classroom

The Neighborhood School?

AMONG THE HOLLOWER phrases in the lexicon of educationese is *neighborhood school,* an idea compounded of geographic convenience, sentiment, and racial fear, and now so full of sound and fury that it rivals *fluoridation* in the list of best-selling emotional words. What is a neighborhood? Do thirty floors of public-housing tenants constitute a community? And what, in a large city, is the difference between an ordinary school and a neighborhood school? Does the neighborhood run the school? Is it consulted on questions of program or policy?

To many ghetto residents, the neighborhood school is often the outpost of an alien empire with pretensions of benevolence. It is run from Livingston Street, or from North La Salle Street or Beacon Street—run, that is, by staffs who are directed by administrators downtown. Sometimes the administrators come forth in the guise of the Friendly Village Schoolmarm ("We are concerned with all children as individuals."); sometimes they are scientists ("our data indicate that children learn better if . . ."); sometimes they are just administrators ("according to the regulations . . ."). Whatever the guise, they are still administrators, and they are still downtown. And downtown, lest anyone forget, is often a long way from the clients.

Segregation is damaging enough, but becomes intolerable when it is exacerbated by absentee management. Five years ago, when all of us were more innocent about our problems and our biases, the civil rights movement looked for middle-class white hostages in order to produce concern for Negro schools. If white children went to school with Negroes, the people downtown would maintain an interest in the quality and style of the local classroom. Where no hostages could be captured, the schools remained neglected—hidden beneath tiers of officialdom, bureaucracy, and formality.

Most plans for integration failed as the hostages escaped to the suburbs. What remains, typically, is a racially segregated school that promises to elevate the children of the "neighborhood" to the high culture with which its middle-class managers profess to identify, but which serves in practice only to amplify and magnify the qualities that the child-clients already possess. If they are bright, cultured, and ambitious, it may help them to become brighter, more cultured, and, ultimately, successful. If the children are already alienated or if they arrive with substantial liabilities, the school magnifies those detriments, and certifies the clients as unworthy of the great gifts the culture can bestow. The school, and the people who direct it, remain distant and unresponsive; they claim to be concerned with the neighborhood and sometimes even boast of contact with it, but the contact often consists of telling parents what they are doing wrong— how they are messing up their children's lives and education. The school rarely listens to the parents and community.

Given the dinosaur characteristics of systems like those of New York, Chicago, and Boston, and given the patterns of geographical segregation, integration, at least in the lower grades, awaits new solutions and new social attitudes. A segregated school does not define a neighborhood. In New York's Harlem, the parents of the supposedly innovative Intermediate School 201, who were ignored in the planning and location of the new school, are now trying to convert the liabilities of segregation into interim assets. They have asked, in essence, that they be given an opportunity to turn 201 into what is rarely seen in any big city: a neighborhood school. They have demanded a veto on the choice of principal and a voice in the determination of the school's programs and policies. No one has yet accused them of being Communists, but they have been charged with other forms of radicalism, even by people who like to think of themselves as liberals.

If there is a flaw in the parents' demands, it lies in their timidity. If the people of Lower Ipswich or Red Wing can run their own schools, why not the parents of 201? What great success can the City of New York claim in Harlem that would be jeopardized by an experiment involving parental management? Why is it so difficult for the residents of the district served by 201 to elect their own school board and run their institution much in the way that every small community conducts its own school affairs? Clearly the Board of Education, in New York as elsewhere, now confronts problems—of finance, of population, and of education—that it did not create and that it is trying desperately to solve. The magnitude of these problems and the increasing distance between the Board and its clients make a substantial degree of neighborhood control that much more desirable.

THE complexities of the related problems of quality education and integration demand a whole new set of approaches to the urban school. And yet big-city systems still suffer from the myth of "local control"—as if a set of arbitrary political boundaries delineated civic virtue. This myth keeps us from developing metropolitan or regional school districts that might offer a chance to mitigate the racial and social inequities produced by the split between metropolis and suburb; it also helps maintain huge urban monsters dressed in the rags of local control. The school district, like the neighborhood school, is infused with mystical powers guaranteed to preserve a set of virtues colored by the romantic glow of the nineteenth-century village. Both school district and neighborhood school perpetuate segregation—economic, racial, and social—thus adding contemporary family fears to antiquated shibboleths.

No one is suggesting that every major city be broken up into thirty or forty school districts, each jealously protecting its neighborhood school. Yet it is clear that in those areas covered by pedagogical glaciers only local power will keep the people downtown honest. If a city can differentiate between schools in implementing new programs and curricula, then clearly it can also make choices about where more local involvement and power are desirable. And if a local school essentially directed by parents turns into a managerial or educational failure, it will at least be the failure of the community and not of some invisible and inaccessible administrator downtown. If the failure is spectacular enough, it might even generate some sympathy and understanding for the problems of which professional school people so often complain.

—PETER SCHRAG.

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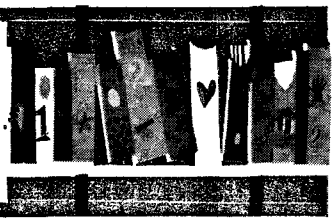
the Editor's Bookshelf



The Liberal Arts College and the Emergent Caste System, *by Earl J. McGrath (Institute for Higher Education, Teachers College Press, Columbia University, 69 pp., $1.50),* is a reprint of three speeches delivered at Hendrix College. Mr. McGrath, who is chancellor of the new Eisenhower College, expresses alarm over a trend in higher education that should be of deep concern to all Americans and especially to the governing boards of colleges—the effort to strengthen a few prestigious institutions at the expense of all the others. McGrath observes that until recently, although our colleges educated many of the leaders of our society, they did not produce a dominant social class because educational quality was not highly concentrated. The nation's leaders emerged from a wide variety of institutions. Today, however, a few prestigious colleges and universities, aided and abetted by the federal government, are making a vigorous effort to monopolize the research grants and the funds for buildings and laboratory equipment and are then using these facilities to attract the best faculties and the most academically talented students.

And they are succeeding. The top ten institutions of higher learning (one-half of 1 per cent of the total number) are said to get nearly 40 per cent of the federal research and development funds while the top 100 get about 90 per cent of the available money. "The vast majority of institutions," says McGrath, "including even the old and reputable independent liberal arts colleges, receive only a trifling share of these grants. Yet this aid to institutions, and the fellowships and scholarships provided to students through government funds, come from taxes resting broadly on the people, and, if the general public knew the facts, they would doubtless consider it a matter of utmost national significance that many respectable colleges outside the gigantic centers of learning become more equitable beneficiaries of the grants-in-aid of the United States Government."

The concentration of both facilities and research talent in a few institutions is producing what McGrath calls "The Rising Academic Elitocracy"—a social club made up of those who make high grades in school and college and who score high on college entrance examinations. "Some of our élitists do not seem to realize," says McGrath, "that high grades at one level of education guarantee little other than high grades at succeeding levels. The fact is . . . that those who have made the most careful and objective investigations of the relationship between academic success and any other aspect of personal, professional, or social achievement find that test scores and grades at present bear little relation to any measures of adult accomplishment. Consequently, some informed and thoughtful observers are questioning whether a broader 'mix' of students in terms of ability, attitudes, values, and life goals might not be better than a more homogeneous academic community."

The big state universities and some of the stronger state colleges are answering the challenge by competing for federal research funds—with the result that they are sacrificing undergraduate liberal education to research in their expanding graduate schools. The real victims of the current trend are the 800 private or church-related liberal arts colleges which now enroll only about 800,000 of the 6,000,000 students now in college. These colleges cannot hope to flourish if all their best student and faculty talent is drained away into a few prestigious larger institutions. And status-seeking students seem unable to discriminate between the two kinds of institutional prestige. Many freshmen select an institution famous for the research scholars on its graduate faculty and then complain about the faculty's indifference to undergraduate teaching.

—Fabian Bachrach.

Earl J. McGrath: "Contrary to the prophets of doom, most independent colleges are not about to sink into oblivion."

McGrath believes that the best chance for survival of the smaller independent and church-related colleges lies in doing what they can do best: providing a common core of intellectual experiences. "But, if they attempt to substitute advanced specialized instruction for genuine liberal learning, they will not only fail in the consequent competition with the universities, but they will fail in their performance of an indispensable public service. With proper planning they can offer liberal education at high levels of quality and at a cost their students can afford to pay." But he warns, "The bloated college curriculum is, I believe, the major impediment to increased effectiveness of most American colleges. One need not deprecate the hundreds of specialized courses of professional or graduate schools to point out that the liberal arts college ought not to offer such instruction. Able undergraduates who have had sound teaching in a selected but limited number of courses in their major fields rarely encounter academic difficulties in their advanced education, and if they do not have the ability and the desire to learn, no amount of premature and specialized forced feeding will give them any lasting advantage over their classmates who seize the opportunity to get a broader liberal education."

ALTHOUGH he fears a decline in quality in the independent colleges, McGrath does not predict that such institutions will disappear from the academic scene. "Contrary to the prophets of doom," he says, "most independent colleges are not about to sink into oblivion or disesteem . . ., the liberal arts colleges are neither dead nor dying." It seems clear, however, that if small private colleges are to compete with other institutions for faculty members—as they must because all professors come from the same graduate schools—it will be necessary for them to raise faculty salaries substantially.

Where the money will come from is not at all clear. Perhaps if all congressmen will read McGrath's book, the federal government will decide that good undergraduate instruction in the liberal arts college is no less important than research in the graduate school and is, indeed, an essential prelude to it. But if the decline of the small independent colleges is to be stopped the decision must be made soon.

—PAUL WOODRING.

Coming January 21

"Reform and Revolution in English Education" by James D. Koerner

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Books for University Regents and College Trustees

MORE THAN 35,000 American men and women serve as trustees or regents on the governing boards of colleges and universities. Some have a sophisticated understanding of the problems of higher education but many, particularly the newly appointed members, are bewildered by the complexities of the problems facing them, and are unclear about their duties and responsibilities.

Below are listed some recent books which are of particular interest to such people. It is not likely that any one person will find time to read them all but it seems fair to say that any trustee who has read none of them is behind in his homework. Millett's *The Academic Community* would be a good one to start with. Millett says, "The board of trustees is the keeper of the social conscience and the protector of the public interest in higher education . . . [it] provides a collective expression of value judgments drawn from beyond the academic community itself." He also has some things to say about the proper limits of board authority. —P.W.

A Century of Higher Education, by William Brickman and Stanley Lehrer (Society for the Advancement of Education, 1834 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023, 1962).

Trustees in Higher Education, by Gerald P. Burns (Independent College Funds of America, Suite 7004, Empire State Building, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001; 1966).

Graduate Education, by Oliver C. Carmichael (Harper & Row; 1961).

Governance of Colleges and Universities, by John J. Corson (McGraw-Hill; 1960).

The College and Its Students, edited by Lawrence Dennis and Joseph Kauffman (American Council on Education, 1785 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; 1966).

Higher Education in Twentieth Century America, by William Clyde DeVane (Harvard University Press; 1965).

The Academic President—Educator or Caretaker? by Harold W. Dodds (McGraw-Hill; 1962).

Education at Berkeley, a report of the Select Committee of the Academic Senate (University of California; 1966).

Crisis in College Finance? by Roger A. Freeman (Institute for Social Science Research, 917 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005; 1965).

The Uses of the University, by Clark Kerr (Harvard University Press; 1963).

The Urban University, by J. Martin Klotsche (Harper & Row; 1966).

The Smaller Liberal Arts College, by Lewis B. Mayhew (Center for Applied Research in Education, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.; 1962).

The Academic Community: An Essay on Organization, by John D. Millett (McGraw-Hill; 1962).

The State Universities and Democracy, by Allan Nevins (University of Illinois Press; 1962).

A University President Speaks Out, by Carroll V. Newsom (Harper & Row; 1961).

The University in Transition, by John A. Perkins (Princeton University Press; 1966).

American College and University, by Frederick Rudolph (Knopf; 1962).

Memo to a College Trustee, by Beardsley Ruml and Donald Morrison (McGraw-Hill; 1959).

Accreditation: The Struggle Over Standards in Higher Education, by William K. Selden (Harper & Row; 1960).

Bureaucracy in Higher Education, by Herbert Stroup (Free Press; 1966).

The Administration of Academic Affairs in Higher Education, by Robert L. Williams (University of Michigan Press; 1965).

"Equal Education"

Continued from page 66

integration of residentially segregated student populations.

5) Increased busing from overcrowded to under-utilized schools.

6) Development of "magnet" high schools, each specializing in a different subject area with enrollment open to the entire school district on the basis of interest rather than ability.

7) Development of supplemental educational centers, comprehensive community schools, and shared-time programs to draw district-wide enrollment as well as participation.

8) Open enrollment, voluntary enrollment, and free transfers.

9) Creation of metropolitan school districts to include urban and suburban areas.

10) Suburban-inner-city pupil exchanges.

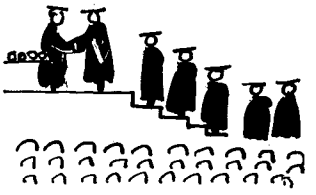
11) In-class pupil grouping to avoid racial separation; development of upgraded primary classes; remedial and compensatory programs within the framework of regular classroom structure.

12) In-service training for teachers and other school personnel; employment of specialists to advise school personnel, parents, children, and the public on problems of desegregation; improving guidance and counseling services.

13) Development of new curricular materials, particularly those including proper representation of racial and religious minorities.

14) Teacher assignment to assure faculty integration at all schools.

15) Improvement of recruitment and advancement of minority-group teachers and of white teachers who are motivated to teach in ghetto schools and in transitional programs.



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Growing Pains

Continued from page 70

renewed for only two years. We shall start testimony on its further renewal in the winter of 1968. Evaluative information which will provide that testimony with reliability will have to be in the hands of researchers for analysis by a year from now at the latest. It is possible that changes in schools or in children over such a short time span may become evident through intense and careful study. But they are unlikely to present a clear basis for public policy decisions for the future.

THERE is an understandable tendency in the federal government to want quick evaluation of new endeavors. The appropriation process is a yearly cycle, and the committees of Congress, the Bureau of the Budget, and the Office of Education itself cannot proceed with rational planning for future expenditure if there is no evidence of the effect of current programs. The political officials of the government must go before the people for re-election on two-, four-, or six-year cycles. These officials have supported or opposed education bills or appropriations, and when they talk with their constituents they quite properly want to know how the programs are going. Such demands for objective evidence about new programs are reasonable and necessary, but we need to keep in mind that they can force us into quick and superficial judgments about efforts which require time to mature if they are to produce change.

Looking ahead to the further development of the federal role in education, one broad position which has several implications is clear: The federal government, through the Congress and the President, and with substantial agreement from both political parties, has decided to use education as a major tool in solving some of the most urgent problems of the society and the economy, while at the same time helping individual citizens to find rewarding personal lives. A corollary of this position is that we have decided to emphasize building into each person the capacity to support himself, express his citizenship, and solve his problems. To strengthen education so that it can accomplish these ends for all citizens does not mean that Washington should usurp control over our schools or our universities. It does mean, however, that there must be mutual understanding between federal officials and those who do operate and control education, so that a number of critical problems of common concern may be identified and answered effectively. My list of those problems is neither complete nor arranged by priorities, but it includes at least some matters on which many educators agree:

1) In many communities and states, tax resources for the support of high-quality education at both the school and college levels are inadequate. Ways must be found by which the federal government can sensibly help to bridge the financial gap which creates the quality gap.

2) Inequality of educational opportunity is a problem for a large proportion of our citizens and even more of a problem for our racial and cultural minorities. The federal government must make adequate resources available to educational authorities to help them establish equal opportunities in education for all Americans. In addition, the government has an obligation to see that the rights of American citizens as defined by Congress and the courts are as well protected in the schools as elsewhere.

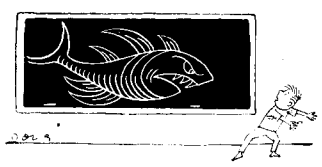
3) The professional and subprofessional manpower to serve education is not available in many places. Local and state educational agencies must be enabled to receive federal support and planning resources in this problem area, since it crosses state boundaries.

4) The growing proportion of Americans seeking education beyond high school or re-education during adult years points to the possibility of greater federal assistance to higher education. Programs which will help new as well as established institutions are called for.

5) The forward planning, research, and development capacities of education need strengthening. The federal government can sponsor research and development activities, but much of the planning for change must be done at the state level. One answer may lie in additional federal programs to help the states do this job better.

Anyone surveying the educational scene from Washington runs the risk of reaching the superficial conclusion that more federal money is the solution to just about any problem. Clearly it is not. Local and state leadership, jealously guarded university independence, and growing financial efforts from the private sector—each of these is necessary if our schools and colleges are to serve us as well as they should.

The touchstone of success for American education lies in marrying these independent traditions with the new and growing necessary federal contribution.



Desegregation South

Continued from page 74

by law and they cannot correct racial imbalance, although studies are being made to get at de facto segregation.)

Spurred by the election-year political campaigns, the attacks on the guidelines and federal compliance officials grew in number and sharpness. The guidelines were described as "arbitrary, unreasonable, capricious and unlawful." Commissioner Howe became the "Commissar of Integration," a "misfit," and an "idiot" out to destroy the public schools. Where the issue entered into Southern politics, the candidates usually vied for the most extreme position against compliance.

Shortly after school opened, the attacks on the guidelines spread to Washington, where the Senate Appropriations Committiee criticized the tougher guidelines. The House Rules Committee conducted hearings on the HEW regulations and the House Judiciary Committee decided to look into federal compliance practices. Congress in October limited to ninety days the period that federal funds can be deferred without a hearing. Even the President admitted: "I realize that in some instances there has been some harassment and some mistakes have been made. Some people have been enthusiastic and differences have developed."

The first set of guidelines, in 1965, drew only one court attack, filed by the Bessemer, Alabama, School Board; the case is still in the courts. This year, the guidelines have been contested in suits filed by Pasco County, Florida; Taylor County, Georgia; Lee County, South Carolina, assisted by the state; and Dermott, Arkansas. The allegations in these suits repeat the main points of criticism made generally by Southern opponents. In the Taylor County case, the only one decided so far, the federal judge ruled that Negroes could not be transferred against their will, but directed both sides to agree that a misunderstanding had occurred between USOE and school officials.

In handling regular school desegregation cases, several federal courts have referred to the guidelines without ruling directly on their constitutionality. The Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, in ruling on two cases, said, "We attach great weight to the standards established by the U.S. Office of Education." Only Alabama has adopted the legislative approach to evading the guidelines. At the direction of Gov. George C. Wallace, the legislators met in special session to declare void any compliance agreements made by Alabama districts. The legislature replaced in part some of the federal funds expected to be lost by the local schools.

Opposition to admission of Negroes

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to white classrooms triggered incidents of intimidation, public protest, and violence in two dozen Southern communities and even in the border state of Kentucky, which is considered one of the most thoroughly desegregated in the seventeen-state Southern and border region. Whites at Grenada, Mississippi, clubbed Negro children arriving to attend two desegregated schools, and a month later the Negroes conducted massive boycotts and demonstrations to protest alleged harassment within the school.

Meanwhile, white Southerners have been establishing a growing system of private schools as a refuge from desegregation. In Virginia, where the private school movement got an early start in the mid-Fifties, another fifteen private schools opened this year. Mississippi has issued sixty-one state charters for private schools since 1964, and South Carolina gained twenty-eight in the last three years. G. Thomas Turnipseed, executive secretary of the South Carolina Independent School Association, explained the growth of private schools in his state:

"If our only ambition was to set up an equivalent of the public schools without Negroes, I wouldn't be here. The South has needed private schools for years. . . . However, I must admit that integration and increased federal control of the schools were the impetus for the private-school movement. Without it, the movement would never have got off the ground."

The number of students in these schools remains comparatively small, although supporters of public education have expressed some alarm over the private school movement's growth and the tuition grants that they claim take money from public schools. In South Carolina, for example, only 4,500 students have enrolled in private schools, compared to 660,000 students in the public systems. Court suits are under way to attack the tuition grant laws where they still operate—Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Virginia.

THESE events in the South this fall point to the development of several potential problems. The removal of legal barriers to desegregation could be replaced, especially in the cities, by the more subtle de facto barriers frustrating federal officials in the North. Systems employing Negro teachers in desegregated schools during periods of federal pressure might not hire as many Negroes once the dual system of schools is ended. Growth of the private school movement, even on a continued small scale, could pull away the upper economic and social classes from the public schools, leaving them desegregated racially but segregated by social class.

Integration in the South, Fall 1966

Official figures showing the number of Negroes attending schools with whites in the South this fall have not yet been released by the U.S. Office of Education. Below are the best estimates available.

The number of Negroes attending schools with whites in the eleven southern states doubled this fall. During the previous school year (1965-66) approximately 6 per cent of the South's Negro students were enrolled in desegregated schools which was triple the figure for 1964-65. Every border state and the District of Columbia has at least three-fourths of its Negro students attending schools in which some white students are enrolled, except for Oklahoma where the figure is still less than half.

The following table gives a rough indication of the progress of desegregation in the eleven southern states.

Per cent of Negroes Enrolled in Schools with Whites—By Groups

	1% and Under		*2 - 10%*		*10 - 20%*		*20 - 50%*	
(Fall)	*1965*	*1966*	*1965*	*1966*	*1965*	*1966*	*1965*	*1966*
Alabama	x			x				
Arkansas			x			x		
Florida			x			x		
Georgia			x	x				
Louisiana	x			x				
Mississippi	x			x				
North Carolina			x			x		
South Carolina	x			x				
Tennessee					x			x
Texas					x			x
Virginia					x			x

Desegregation North

Continued from page 76

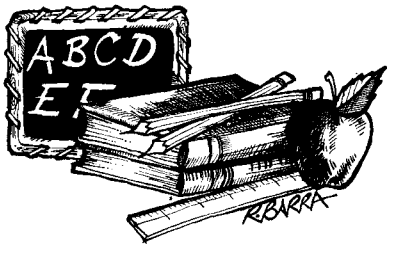
and people. Diversity is as essential to learning as reading primers."

For a number of Negro leaders the idea of all-black schools is not simply a necessity produced by geographic and political conditions, but a virtue in its own right. Preston Wilcox, a professor at Columbia University's School of Social Work and a key strategist in the Harlem struggle, said recently, "If one believes that a segregated white school can be a 'good' school, then one must believe that a segregated Negro and Puerto Rican school can be a 'good' school also."

Wilcox believes that a large part of the salvation of children in the ghetto lies in convincing them of their own worth, not that they've got to sit next to "whitey" in order to be something. He is persuaded that community participation in the schools gives Negroes pride in themselves because they are controlling their own destiny. Once Negroes feel that "if you are black you can be something," integration will take care of itself. "You can't contain a community that believes in itself," he said.

No one can be sure whether the voices of Wilcox, Carmichael, and other militants are the voices of the future. The pressure for Negro power and for upgrading ghetto schools could postpone even further any major breakthrough in integration, as whites salve their consciences by voting more funds for slums; or it could break against the barriers of political resistance and stalemate. It is more likely, however, that demands for revolutionary changes in slum schools will spread, raising a host of issues for teachers' unions, school boards, and administrators; at the same time, the moderate civil rights organizations will step up their efforts to achieve major integration gains, pointing to the excesses of Black Power as the alternative to meaningful progress in desegregation.

But whatever direction the Negro leadership takes in the future, it is clear that for the moment we are hearing two distinct sets of demands—demands for integration on the one hand, and for "quality education, segregated style" on the other. If there is not a split in the civil rights movement on the ultimate goals for Negro education, there is clearly a split in tactics and priorities.



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Education Letters

Continued from page 67

public education, "The Plain People vs. The Common Schools" [*SR*, Nov. 19].

If this nation is based on freedom, what right do we, the American public, have to impose our ways on a group whose beliefs and value structure differ from ours? The Amish value system we are trying to change is one founded on "self-reliance, hard work, and frugality," according to Dr. Erickson. It would seem wiser to emulate these principles if the purpose of education is to build better citizens. If we are so determined to mold the nation's various subcultures into a uniform society, let us work more diligently in the "underprivileged" (or is it now "disadvantaged"?) areas where the principles of the government dole and "the nation owes us a living" are a way of life.

GEOFFREY R. MCKEE,
University of Illinois.
Urbana, Ill.

DONALD ERICKSON'S points are well taken. Scholars the Amish are not—but in their field they are a very knowledgeable people. Their farms speak for them.

WILLIAM F. HARTMAN, M.D.
Lancaster, Pa.

THE GLARING FLAW in Donald Erickson's reasoning is highlighted in his sentence: "It is one thing, however, to forbid invidious distinctions in public functions and quite another to stifle self-determination in private affairs, when the individual infringes no rights of others." The rights of others *are* being infringed. Amish children are being deprived of the right to decide whether they would rather be an airline pilot or a doctor or a disc jockey, instead of an Amish farmer.

MARILYN R. VENABLE.
Galveston, Tex.

THE ENTIRE economic system of the Amish is built on the exploitation of child labor and the labor of women. If the opportunity for this child exploitation, which would not be permitted for a minute by anyone else in American society today, was stopped, their economic system would stop. These little children are worked from dawn to dusk as many days as the Amish can keep them out of school. This is the real reason for their fighting the school system. The basis of religious principles is a façade.

In communities where there is a large population of Amish, the fact that they fight and refuse to cooperate in the school system results in greatly inferior schools for those people who depend on public education. We found that in order to have a satisfactory public education system, we needed the participation of the entire community. By our permitting the Amish their "way of life," children suffer.

JOHN ELLIOT.
Saratoga, Calif.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL today holds a position in American life similar to that held by the State Church in earlier times, in that one school system instead of one church receives favored treatment and tax support. Such an official establishment of education imposes exactly the same restrictions on the liberties of minorities as an established church. When parents are forced by law to have their children exposed to teachings that are alien and inimical to their own beliefs, it doesn't really matter to them whether that teaching takes place in a church or a school, whether it comes from a state-approved preacher or a state-approved teacher.

PHILOMENE DI GIACOMO.
New York, N.Y.

WHAT THE STATE seems to be asking is that individual school boards and schools comply with minimum standards that are agreed upon by consensus within a particular state. It is not asking that the minimum standards be applied discriminately or selectively. When any group, be it Amish, Black Power, neo-Nazi, Protestant, Catholic, or whatever, demands exclusion from publicly derived standards, it is threatening the very process that guarantees its existence. For the larger society to comply with its demands would be to brush aside completely the instrumental meaning of democratic dialogue and process.

NEIL R. PHINNEY.
Brecksville, O.

DR. ERICKSON'S is certainly one of the most interesting of recent articles evaluating the necessary conflict between cultural pluralism and the mass society, and he does present a convincing case for the Amish position. Nevertheless one wonders if the problem may have further implications.

That the Amish culture is a valid, meaningful alternative to the surrounding mass culture is not, I believe, to be questioned. What is, though, is whether the child should have the opportunity of choosing between these alternatives. Does an adolescent possess full freedom of development without the tools with which to evaluate the qualities of competing social norms and a chance to make informed rational choices? Should he be assured of the ability to see himself in the perspective of the social outlook of his fellow citizens? Should, moreover, the right to abstain from the democratic process be extended to prevent one's children from responsible political participation, which presumably demands some understanding of the interests of large segments of the citizenry and of the practical needs and capabilities of one's society?

ROBERT GOLDMAN.
New Orleans, La.

LET US REGARD with horror the brutality and bigotry of the Russians in trying to force the Jews into their cultural mold, and contemplate with pride the humanitarianism that inspires us to bring to the Amish the blessings of a modern industrial civilization.

ELOISE LEHNERT.
Blairstown, N.J.

Nursery Controversy

THE SWEEPING generalizations in Estelle Gilson's article, "Is Nursery School Necessary?" [*SR*, Nov. 19], are typical of ill in-

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formed attacks on any part of the educational system. Educators have never claimed that nursery school benefits *all* children; there is no level of the education process that benefits all.

Mrs. Gilson contradicts herself by stating that the three-year-old learns to submit to social pressure in nursery school, while several sentences later she says, "It is unlikely that he can learn or retain anything of value for future social living."

Since most nursery schools keep children away from home only three hours a day, the argument that "at age three the unshaped child belongs at home developing a conscience . . ." is hardly defensible. The child can certainly assimilate a sense of values the remainder of the day at home.

Bernice H. Fleiss,
Associate Professor,
Hunter College.

New York, N.Y.

I WISH some foundation would give me a few million dollars to investigate scientifically whether nursery schools are better than homes. I can think of a few locations that would bring up an answer quite different from Mrs. Gilson's. Things aren't so good in a lot of homes. Two main problems: poverty, or a mother who is absolutely dying to do something that requires concentration for a few hours a day.

Catharine Fels.

Hermosa Beach, Calif.

IN WANTING to keep children away from the social and educational pressures of school as long as we possibly can, are we showing our own fear and resentment of the treadmill upon which centuries of progress have placed us? Perhaps by sheltering them from such things as the perils of nursery school, we risk instilling in our children the same fear and resentment of a world they never made, but in which they will have to make their way.

Mrs. Clifford A. Leventhal.

Broomall, Pa.

I MUST AGREE with Mrs. Gilson that some children do not benefit from some nursery schools. I also agree that there are many reasons for sending children to nursery school and some of these reasons are better than others. It is unfortunate that Mrs. Gilson has chosen to support these two reasonable propositions with a meat-ax attack on nursery school education in general.

It would be tragic if our present national efforts to provide effective early childhood education for disadvantaged children all over America were to be hamstrung by people who might take Mrs. Gilson's arguments at their face value.

John M. Stevens,
Assistant Professor of Education,
California State College.

Hayward, Calif.

MRS. GILSON'S review of research on the efficacy of nursery school is generally accurate as far as she went.

It is true that IQ and reading ability are rarely affected by the preschool experience. This failure to achieve early gains is largely attributable to ignorance of the preschooler's potential, and a fear of "pushing" him beyond his "readiness level." And, indeed, if popular educational methods, which are more appropriate for older children, were used with Johnny, age three, he would be pushed, probably frustrated, and possibly soured on the potentially exciting and enjoyable experience of early learning.

Fortunately for our children, there are training programs, such as Dr. Donald Baer's at the University of Kansas, in which nursery school teachers are learning how to combine personal warmth with keen appreciation of how children come to learn social and intelligent behavior. In contrast to Mrs. Gilson's cynical conclusion, programs like Dr. Baer's are much to be encouraged, offering a positive, optimistic approach which works well.

John M. Belmont,
Department of Psychology,
Yale University.

New Haven, Conn.

A MOTHER does not become less concerned and less enthusiastic about her offspring after he's had three years of schooling—or even nine. She may react differently in ways more appropriate to the child's age. Because a mother is not able to provide that "messiest, most boisterous fun" at home is all the more reason she would like her child to have such an experience in a nursery school. She is not so jealous as Mrs. Gilson thinks that she would prefer to deny such fun to her child.

Violet Weiland,
Pre-Kindergarten Teacher.

Flushing, N.Y.

I MUST EXPRESS my sharp disagreement with Estelle Gilson. There may be parents already caught up in the college panic when they look for a good nursery school, but so what? By and large, nursery school teachers are a sensible lot as far as I know, and they're not primarily concerned with preparing the child for college entrance. I'd guess that if public school teachers find that children who have been to nursery school have more problems in school than non-nursery children, it's because they are unable to challenge such children.

Mrs. Frederic T. Kapp.

Cincinnati, O.

"Who shall I say is calling . . . Karl Marx or Johannes Brahms?"

Medical Schools and ITV

I WAS DISTURBED by one part of the article, "The Unfulfilled Promise of ITV," by Judith Murphy and Ronald Gross [*SR*, Nov. 19]. On page 89, I see a picture with a caption, "UCLA's series for doctors, . . ." UCLA is handling this medical educational TV series with the cooperation of the other medical schools in the area, mainly the University of Southern California Medical School. Actually, the individuals portrayed in the picture are from USC School of Medicine.

USC Medical School is a very poor private medical school with virtually no endowment, competing with a very wealthy state medical school. We need all of the publicity we can get about the many fine things we do. At no place in the article does it say that the UCLA series is being put on jointly with other medical schools. USC is doing quite a few of the programs for this series.

Helen E. Martin, M. D.,
Professor of Medicine,
University of Southern California.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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Letters to the Editor

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Those interested might then exercise their democratic prerogative by writing letters expressing their views.

ELIZABETH WRIGHT.

Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Letters on this subject should be sent to the President of the United States.*

The Brothers Defended

Can Kenneth Rexroth really mean what he writes in his CLASSICS REVISITED devoted to *The Brothers Karamazov* [*SR*, Dec. 3] or is he putting us on? I find it hard to believe that anyone acquainted with Dostoevsky's writings could criticize *The Brothers* with such a combination of puerile phrasemongering and sophomoric pretentiousness.

To take but a few examples: "Smerdyakov is the literary embodiment of pure embarrassment." "Who is the hero . . .?" "What is the solution of the detective story?" "Who killed the old man?" "There is no message." "Dostoevsky is the first major novelist to make a literary virtue of the incorrigible immaturity of his people." The questions are shallow and fatuous; the declarative statements are pseudo-intellectual rubbish.

DONALD B. RINSLEY, M.D.

Topeka, Kan.

WHAT A DISHEARTENING article! Was Kenneth Rexroth's critical and biased account of Dostoevsky's novels written mainly for the purpose of arousing dissension? In this day and age we could use a few writers with "dying ideologies." I grant that some of Dostoevsky's characters seem absurd in the twentieth century, but so do some of Jane Austen's. Are we going to ridicule and reject the classics because of this?

(MRS.) FRANCES M. BOERGER.

Park Ridge, Ill.

Famous First Words

CONCERNING MR. CIARDI'S method of judging a poem by reading its first line and coming up with a wisecrack [MANNER OF SPEAKING, Nov. 5], how about his own three poems in the issue of November 19? I quote: "I adored her and she giggled and I adored her." (I am this kind of bore, you see.) "For you, or of you? It can't be both." (Some people would rather write a poem than look up a dictionary.) "This itch to sit at paper and to say . . ." (Scratch and don't say it.)

HUGO SCHMIDT.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Keeping Up With the Aldens

MAY I SUGGEST that Goodman Ace ask Santa for a new edition of his ever dependable *Reader's Encyclopedia*. The editors of my favorite reference book cannot be held responsible for his difficulty in deducing the identity of John Alden's sweetheart [TOP OF MY HEAD, Nov. 26]. Last year's revised edition quickly clears up the mystery of Priscilla's surname and supports the claim of the New York Historical Society that the Longfellow poem has no factual background anyway.

DOROTHEA KATZENSTEIN.

Salem, Ill.

A GLANCE at page 1968 (one-third of the way down, middle column) of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition, could have provided Mr. Ace, *et al.*, with Mrs. John Alden's maiden name.

DON STROUSE.

Rockbridge, O.

THE REASON John Alden didn't "speak for himself, John" seems to have been that he was reluctant to tell the gal that he already had a wife in England. The first John Alden family flourished and produced descendants, even today called John and much amused at the Longfellow poem. John was a carpenter in the old country. I imagine this kind of desertion was not uncommon, with several weeks' voyage between wives . . . or even husbands.

MRS. HERBERT BEST.

Sharon, Conn.

"It says here that more and more women are taking up sky-diving."

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S. Seasickness.	149 30 111 123 70 133 10 82 90
T. Practice of shooting game by usual weapons.	155 170 60 162 66 84 147
U. Crushed into a ball (as with paper, soft cloth, etc.; 2 wds.)	61 116 31 41 96 58 126 69
V. Laboriously.	81 124 122 100 138 54 16 8 167
W. Both principles of the dualistic Chinese philosophy, usually given in reverse sequence (3 wds.)	132 148 141 53 63 26 83 119 145 35

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 A	2 K	3 J	4 D	5 N		6 N	7 E	8 V		9 D	10 S	11 G	
12 N	13 C	14 G	15 K	16 V	17 E	18 M	19 A	20 D		21 K	22 M	23 J	24 N	25 H	26 W	27 D
28 R		29 E	30 S	31 U		32 P	33 L	34 E	35 W		36 G	37 C	38 L	39 H	40 E	41 U
	42 O	43 A	44 J		45 E	46 M		47 H	48 I	49 A	50 O		51 C	52 O	53 W	54 V
55 I	56 F	57 B	58 U		59 M	60 T		61 U	62 A	63 W	64 M	65 G	66 T	67 I	68 B	
69 U	70 S	71 G	72 B	73 J		74 P	75 G	76 C	77 E	78 D	79 F		80 I	81 V	82 S	83 W
	84 T	85 P	86 I	87 R	88 F		89 G	90 S	91 E	92 I		93 Q	94 R		95 K	96 U
97 A		98 D	99 N	100 V	101 B	102 O	103 L		104 F	105 M		106 M	107 A	108 F	109 O	
110 P	111 S	112 N		113 R	114 Q		115 L	116 U	117 I	118 J	119 W		120 N	121 O	122 V	
123 S	124 V	125 J	126 U	127 A		128 R	129 I		130 H	131 Q	132 W		133 S	134 C	135 A	136 Q
	137 R	138 V	139 J		140 A	141 W	142 Q		143 E	144 G	145 W	146 M	147 T		148 W	149 S
150 G	151 N	152 H	153 P	154 C		155 T	156 K	157 R	158 O		159 G	160 F		161 L	162 T	163 G
164 O	165 D	166 B	167 V		168 Q	169 M		170 T	171 Q	172 J	173 H	174 D	175 K			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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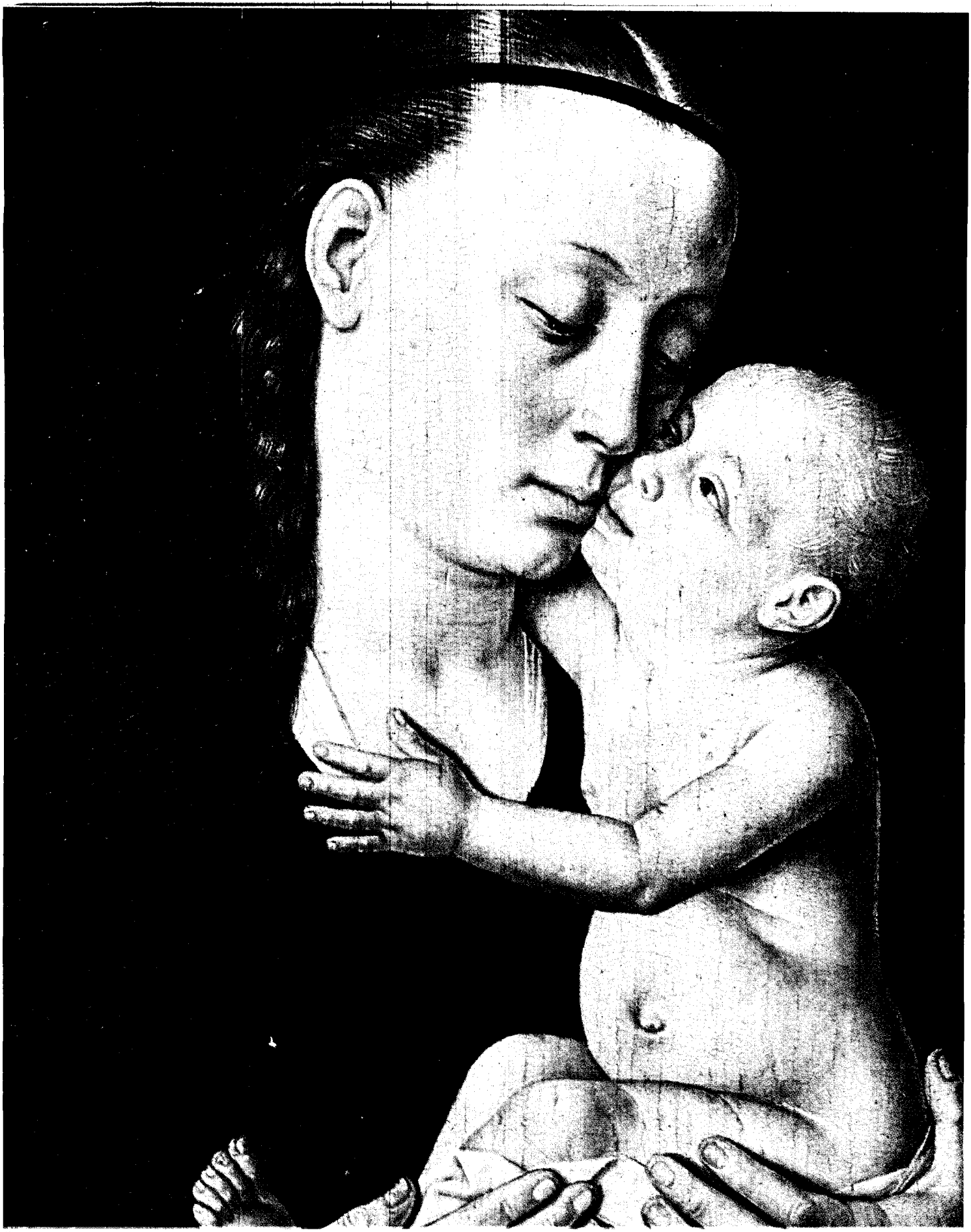

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